

★ PHOTOPLAY

combined with Movie Mirror

5¢

September



JENNIFER JONES
BY PAUL HESSE

Elsa
Maxwell
names the women
HOLLYWOOD

ON-M 2/47 3Y R
MRS C GLOBBERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE MASS

A lovelier you... **Skin's Softer, Smoother** *with just One Cake of Camay!*



Mrs. John Louie
OF CLEVELAND, OHIO

"A lovelier complexion may mean romance—so do try my Camay," suggests Mrs. Louie. "I found my first cake brought delicate new softness to my skin."

Tests by doctors prove Camay is *really* mild

A softer, fresher, more captivating complexion *for you*... with just *one cake* of Camay... when you change from improper care to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Yes—doctors tested this care on over 100 complexions... on girls with skin like *YOURS!* And most complexions simply bloomed. They looked clearer, fresher... with the very *first* cake of Camay.

...it cleanses without irritation



These tests gave proof of Camay's *mildness*... proof it can *benefit* skin. The doctors reported, "*Camay is really mild. It cleansed without irritation.*" No wonder Camay can bring such exciting new beauty to skin.

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

So easy—you simply cream Camay's mild lather over face—forehead, nose. Rinse warm. Add a cold splash for oily skins. Repeat morning and night.

That's all—and with your *first* cake of Camay, your complexion takes on softer, sweeter appeal!



Your Camay is precious—make it last!

Vital materials go into soap. Be patriotic... use *just* what you need.

★ Whip up a lovely Camay lather... with just a few rubs on your cake. ★ Return your Camay *at once* to a dry soap dish. ★ Tuck your Camay slivers into a bathmit for *grand* lather!

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

A radiant smile wins
admiration!



Let your smile bring new happiness. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

LET YOUR HOPES SOAR, Plain Girl! It doesn't take beauty to rate special raves.

Watch the girls who score the biggest hits—the girls who invite popularity and romance. See how often their appeal lies in their smiles!

So smile, plain girl, smile. Not a smile that hesitates, timid and uncertain—but one that is gay and flashing, bright as dancing sunbeams. Remember that such a smile

needs sparkling teeth—bright teeth that depend so much on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink Tooth Brush" a warning!

If your tooth brush "shows pink", see your dentist! He may tell you your gums have become sensitive—denied natural exercise by soft, creamy foods. And he may, as many dentists do, suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage".

For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, aids the health of the gums. Every

time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. Circulation steps up in the gums, helping them to new firmness.

Start today to let Ipana and massage help you to have brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more radiant smile.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE



On Top of the World—that's the girl whose smile is a sparkling charm. Let Ipana Tooth Paste and massage help you keep the heart-stirring radiance in your smile!

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

We made lots of promises about what to expect in this year of grace and the Number Twenty anniversary of M-G-M.

One of the promises was "The White Cliffs of Dover". And from the success and the opinions, guess we've a right to say—promise fulfilled.



Another—and what another!—is the forthcoming "Dragon Seed".

You'll see "Dragon Seed" on the billboards. You'll see "Dragon Seed" on

the express trucks. You'll read about "Dragon Seed" in your newspapers. You'll hear about "Dragon Seed" on the "M-G-M Screen Test" radio program.

And all the shouting will be about something that deserves the shouting.

Pearl Buck's best-seller is the story. M-G-M, you may recall, is the producer of her "Good Earth". But "Dragon Seed" makes this former remarkable production pale into whatever things pale into.



Mask of Katharine Hepburn
by famed W. T. Benda

Katharine Hepburn as "Jade" gives one of the outstanding performances of this or any year.

But others—Walter Huston in particular—Aline MacMahon,

Akim Tamiroff, Henry Travers—are right up there. As is the splendid direction of Jack Conway and Harry Bucquet.

Pandro Berman produced. Misses Roberts and Murfin did the screen play. It's all a wonderful package.

This tremendously dramatic, unquestionably tender personal narrative stands in the foreground of China's magnificent resistance to inhuman aggression.

Other publications are calling "Dragon Seed" the Picture of the Month. Certainly that. It is really the Picture of the Year.

But even more—it is the Picture of the Hour.

—Lea



PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S FIRST MILLION MOVIE-GOERS

Presents for September

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September, 1944

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M-G-M
Twenty Years Of
Screen Leadership



Pearl Buck's best seller
has become one of the
truly fine motion pictures
of our time ...



The glorious story of a
girl with a fighting heart
and the man who fought
by her side ...



Katharine Hepburn as the
brave and lovely "Jade"
gives THE performance of
her career ...



For its tremendous drama
and great tenderness, a
triumph that exceeds even
"The Good Earth"!

M-G-M's
**DRAGON
SEED**

KATHARINE HEPBURN
WALTER HUSTON
ALINE MacMAHON
AKIM TAMIROFF
TURHAN BEY

Hurd Hatfield • J. Carrol Naish
Agnes Moorehead • Henry Travers
Robert Bice • Jacqueline de Wit
Frances Rafferty • Robert Lewis

Screen Play by Marguerite Roberts
and Jane Murnin • Based on the
Novel by Pearl S. Buck • Directed by
Jack Conway and Harold S. Bucquet
Produced by Pandro S. Berman



Young lady, young beauty: Shirley Temple is service man Dave Archer's premiere date

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK

HEARTS AND DARTS: Judy Garland finally got her divorce from Sgt. Dave Rose, who was too busy courting pretty little June Allyson to worry about it. And Peter Lawford, who all but ate his heart out for Judy, was so busy beaung Lana Turner about he pretended not to notice. But John Hodiak, lurking in the background of Lana's life, knew where Lana's heart really was—so—now, just maybe, mind you, Judy and Peter will get together again.

Cal glimpsed Anna Lee and her handsome big boy aviator, Capt. George Stafford, whom she met overseas. Somehow they seemed incongruously mated. She so smart and English and he so obviously Texan and rawboned.

Friends wouldn't be at all surprised, now that Major Clark Gable has gone back to civilian life, if he and the blonde Kay Williams married. Clark still maintains his Valley ranch and life can be pretty lonely for a man used to companionship.

With a traffic citation clutched in one hot little hand and the beauteous Georgia Carroll in the other Kay Kyser stood before Justice of the Peace Paul O'Malley in Las Vegas, Nevada, and got himself married. After their air show at the Victor-

ville Army Air Base, the couple started out for Nevada without telling a single friend they were going. But two policemen soon found it out when they picked up Kyser for speeding. The law was so entranced with the elopement idea, however, they went right along as escorts—but not till they wrote out that ticket.

Hear tell Kay will take his beauteous bride, who always sings with his band, overseas with him when he sets out to entertain some of the lads.

Odd, but somehow Hollywood refuses to take as serious that engagement between John Conte and Marilyn Maxwell despite the fact John has given her a ring. Friends claim Marilyn's heart belongs to a bigger songster than Mr. Conte—bigger in popularity, that is.

Speaking of Wives: Mrs. Gary Cooper parts her auburn hair down the middle of her head front and back and ties it in two smoothly shining braids across the top. And, what's more, she has a million freckles.

Lily MacMurray is the best dressed woman in town and husband Fred couldn't be prouder.

Mal Milland with her soft gray hair is the most distinguished-looking of all wives. Husband Ray thinks so, too.

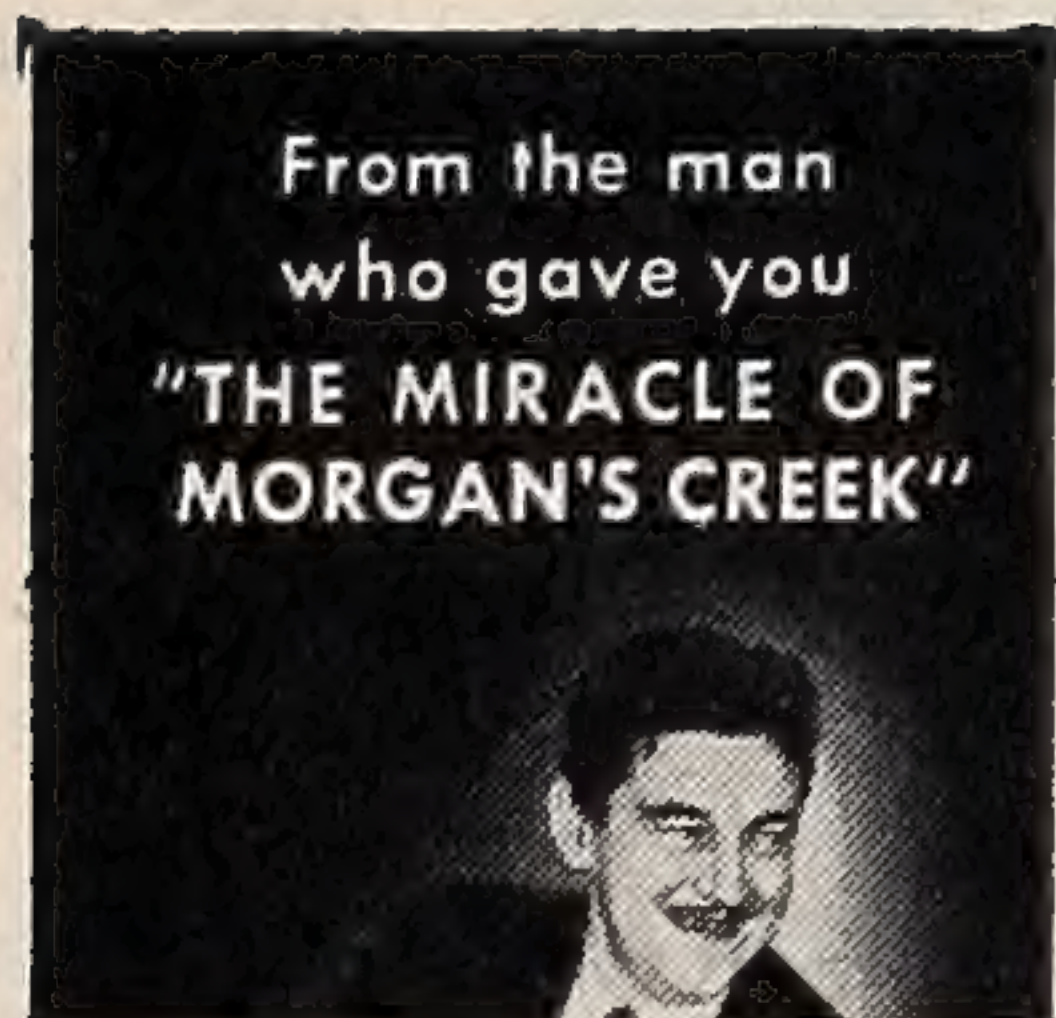
Mrs. Sonny Tufts makes all her own clothes and cooks wonderful dishes in her array of European copper kettles.

When it comes to being downright kind, gentle and thoughtful no one can beat Mrs. Bill Bendix. Incidentally, she thinks Bill is the handsomest man she ever saw anywhere in the U. S. A., which shows you.

One of the best golfers in town and head of the A.W.V.S. of North Hollywood, Mrs. Bob Hope declares she's never had a dull moment since she married.

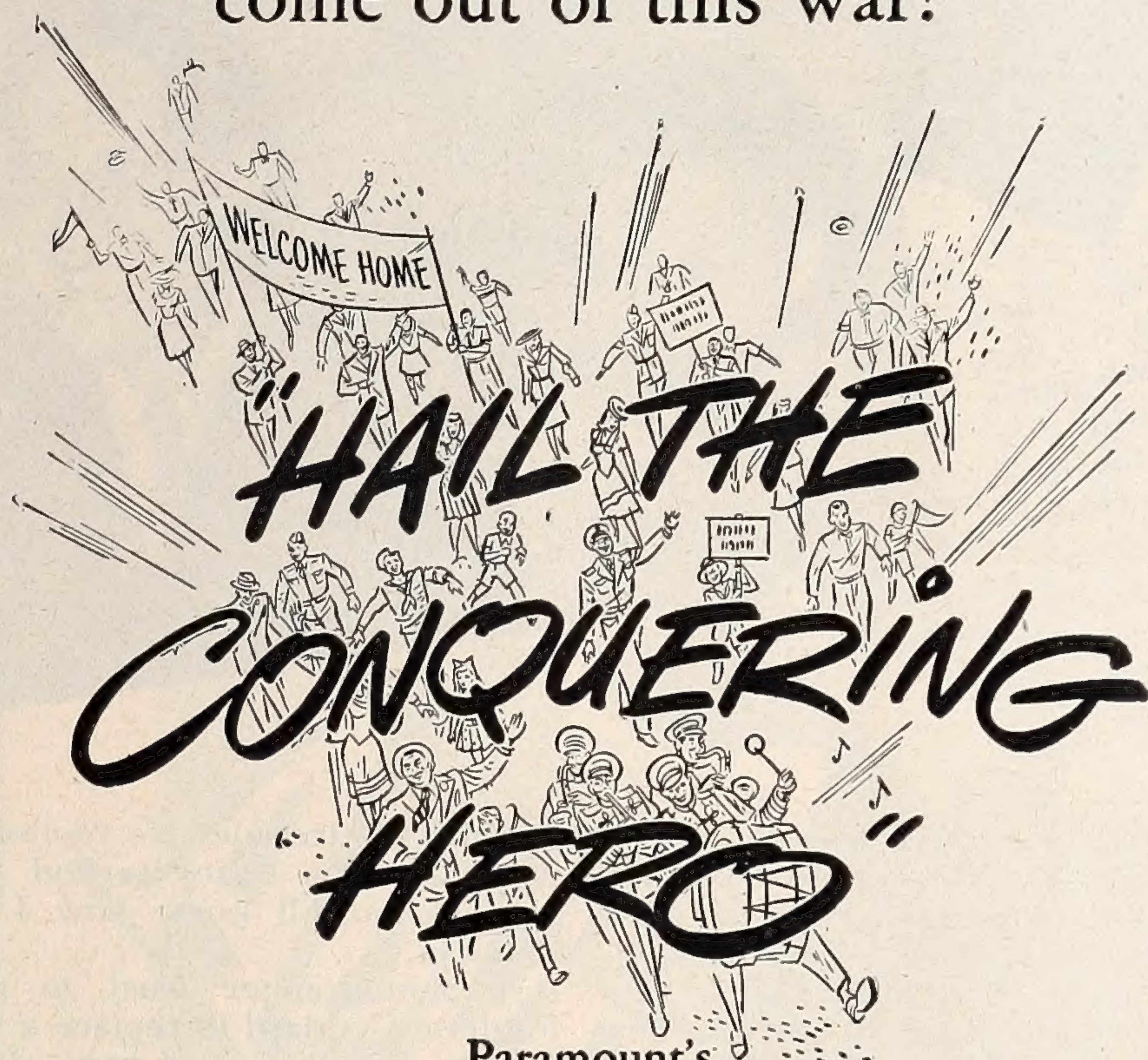
Mrs. Spencer Tracy started the John Tracy clinic for deaf children and has given hope to thousands of children.

Betty Montgomery, wife of Robert, and Julie (Continued on page 6)



Preston Sturges...
your favorite
humorist...with

LOVE and LAUGHTER gives
you the greatest comedy to
come out of this war!



Paramount's

"Miracle" men are at it again

EDDIE BRACKEN

(the unwilling father of "Morgan's Creek" becomes the unwilling hero of Oak Ridge)

Ella Raines

Life's new candidate for a gal who'll go far!

William Demarest

Papa Kockenlocker becomes a Marine Sergeant—and on him it's becoming!

Raymond Walburn • Franklin Pangborn

Elizabeth Patterson • Bill Edwards

Written and Directed by **PRESTON STURGES**

what a riot!



what a heart!



The story of a man who
didn't go to war... but became
a hero to his home town!



PUBLIC ACCLAIM for his private life!

His romantic roistering story is being hailed as great entertainment all over the country! Don't miss it!

MICHAEL O'SHEA
ANNE SHIRLEY

IN

Man from Frisco

WITH
GENE LOCKHART

DAN DURYEA • STEPHANIE BACHELOR
RAY WALKER • TOMMY BOND



A REPUBLIC PICTURE

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Front face: Judy Garland sits in a bright Mocambo corner with her date of the evening John Hodiak



Shoulder scene: Eleanor Parker at Mocambo with newcomer Paul Brooks, who's famous for his look-like-Flynn appearance. . . .

(Continued from page 4)

Murphy, wife of George, are Nurses Aides and have completed motor mechanic courses besides taking care of their two children respectively.

Mrs. Herbert Marshall drives her husband to market each day and shops faithfully while her husband sits in the car and cat-naps.

Overheard: Walking past Bette Davis and an interviewer on a Warner Brothers' set, Cal heard the interviewer ask, "What would you consider your best picture?" And the reply was, "I hope it hasn't been made yet." . . .

When the genial colored forty-six-year-old actress, Hattie McDaniel, was questioned about the name of her baby, due in September, Hattie blushed and replied, "Hattie McDaniel Jr. If Cobina Wright can do it, so can I." . . .

When Joan Blondell encountered her ex-husband at the door of her home she gasped and asked what he wanted, expecting he'd come for the children. But Dick replied, "I've come for my canned goods, what else?" . . .

When Benny, the Brown Derby waiter, stared at Frankie Sinatra eating a plate of spaghetti alone except for his four-months-old son seated in the booth beside him, Frank said, "The baby doesn't like spaghetti yet." . . .

Mickey Rooney, running madly among the boys in the Hollywood Canteen just before he left for camp, was stopped by a hostess who asked

Rooney the trouble. He replied, rather wistfully, "I'm trying to find a soldier my size so I'll know how I look in uniform." . . .

A photographer tried to persuade Paulette Goddard to replace a ruby pin with a flower in her hair, stating he thought the pin wouldn't show. "I'm sorry you think it too small," Paulette said, "but I've had it seven years and it was the best I could do at the time."

This Town, This Town: Charlie Chaplin is willing to pay for the support of the eight-months-old daughter of Joan Berry, pending trial, of course, but still claims the baby is not his. Incidentally, Cal hears the Chaplins are staying at the Connecticut farm of Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith.

Not since United Artists credited Sam Taylor "with additional dialogue" on Shakespeare's "Taming Of The Shrew" has there been such a howl as went up when the first cut of "The Climax" flashed on screen, reading—"Music by Schubert, Chopin and Eddie Ward."

On D-Day a girl mimeographer sent out the call sheet on "Bowery To Broadway" headed with her own title "Bowery To Berlin," and turning to a fellow worker remarked, "If anybody changes that, I'm quitting." No one has and although the story has nothing to do with Berlin, it's now called "Bowery To Berlin" by everyone on the lot.

(Continued on page 8)

NOW YOU CAN SEE IT AT POPULAR PRICES!



If you like
ROMANCE
with your
ADVENTURE
-you'll love

THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN



WARNER BROS.

story of the man who
made the Wild West
wild with laughter
and the girl he
crossed a continent
to find!



Starring

FREDRIC MARCH • ALEXIS SMITH • DONALD CRISP • ALAN HALE • C. AUBREY SMITH • JOHN CARRADINE

BILL HENRY • WALTER HAMPDEN • ROBERT BARRAT • JOYCE REYNOLDS • Screen Play by Alan LeMay • Adaptation by Alan LeMay and Harold M. Sherman • Additional Dialogue by Harry Chandler • All biographical material based on works owned or controlled by Mark Twain Co., and the play "Mark Twain" by Harold M. Sherman • Music by Max Steiner

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer • Produced by **Jesse L. Lasky** • Directed by **IRVING RAPPER**



**Don't keep it
to yourself!**

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

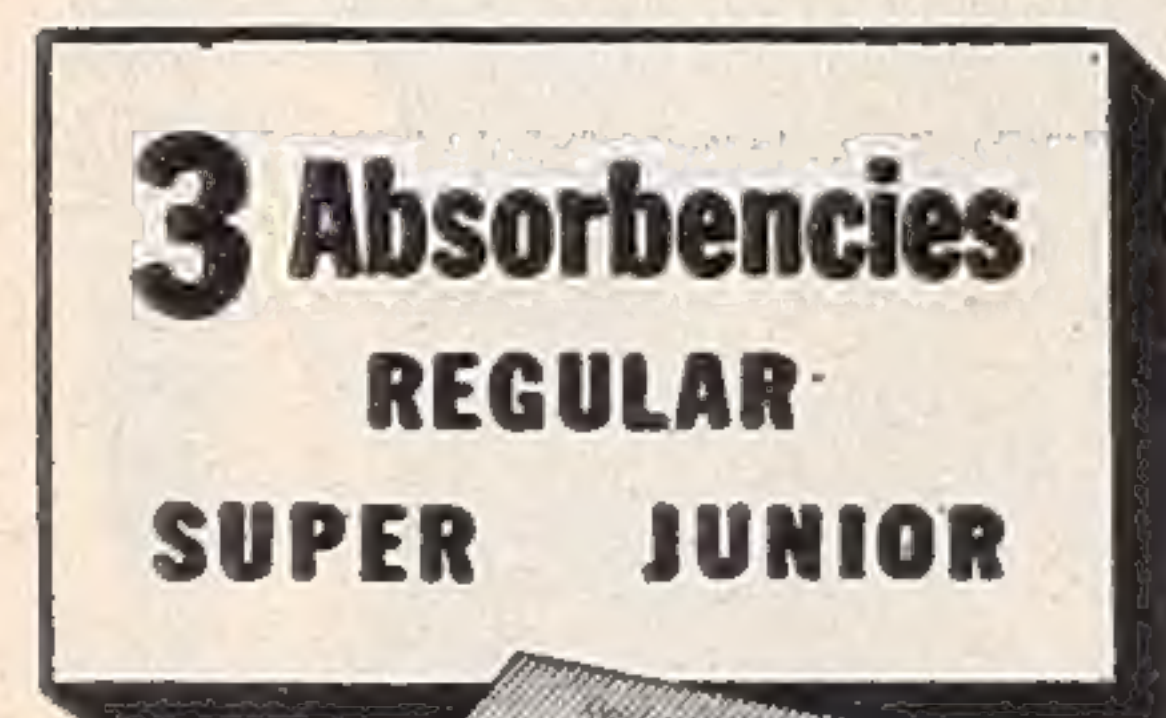
When you discover a good thing like *Tampax* (for monthly sanitary protection), don't keep it to yourself! Give your friends the benefit of your experience and they will probably want to put an end to *their* pin-and-belt troubles too. For *Tampax*, which is worn internally, requires no supporting harness—no external pads whatever!

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

This is good news especially for those office girls, nurses, war workers, sales women and others who feel they *must* keep going whenever there is work to be done... Millions have turned to *Tampax* to help them through "those days of the month" they usually dread so much. No pins or belts. No odor or chafing. Quick to change—easy to dispose of—perfected by a doctor—*that's* *Tampax*.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Tampax consists of pure surgical cotton compressed in one-time-use applicators. Neat, handy and hygienic—your hands needn't touch the *Tampax*. *Three sizes* to suit early days, waning days and different individual needs. Sold at drug and notion counters. Month's supply will go into your purse. Economy box holds 4 months' supply (average). *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the
Journal of the American Medical Association.



Best wishes to the bride: Joan Fontaine and Ingrid Bergman send out congratulatory beams to Anna Lee and new husband Capt. George Stafford



Encore on congratulations: Mr. and Mrs. Kay Kyser (Georgia Carroll) celebrating at Villa Nova

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 6)

The Story of Lew Ayres: Lew Ayres is going into the ministry.

A chaplain who works with Lew in New Guinea picked up the story. He wrote to his wife here about Lew:

"Ayres still is under contract to M-G-M and may do a few films before entering the ministry. He is the most gracious person I ever met—rates high with the entire personnel at the hospital and knows how to serve men.

"Here he is right in the middle of a combat zone," continues the chaplain, "while so many of his critics are back home and safe. This boy has learned life the only way a man can—through hardship and suffering. He took a bust from a sergeant's rank to a private first class to become a chaplain's assistant.

"He knows his Bible and is a Christian. But the best thing is he's not a Utopian. He's wise and smart. He'll make a fine minister."

Our Boys in Service: Jimmy Stewart is now a lieutenant colonel in the U. S. Air Corps, a veteran of fourteen combat missions, including flights over Berlin, Brunswick and Frankfurt.

Cesar Romero has been promoted to a coxswain in the Navy, is deep in the

heart of the South Pacific fighting and writes he wouldn't miss it for the world.

At present back in Miami, Florida, after having participated in the invasion of Burma, glider pilot Jackie Coogan is en route to a new destination under sealed orders. Jackie holds the Air Medal for meritorious service.

Lt. (j.g.) Richard Ney now stationed in Florida with a small craft unit has been visited by his wife actress Greer Garson.

Dickie Moore writes friends he just can't seem to get off K.P. duty at Camp Sibert, Alabama.

Lt. Robert Taylor of the Navy is taking advanced flying courses at Livermore, California.

Almost certain to have been in the invasion are Lt. Col. James Stewart, Lt. Commander Robert Montgomery, Lt. Commander Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Lt. Robert Preston and several others who are in that area.

Pvt. Donald O'Connor has been confined to an Army hospital with complete exhaustion and fatigue. Donald worked day and night at Universal to finish up a flock of pictures before entering the Army. Hear tell he may even be sent back to civilian life.

(Continued on page 10)

Beautiful Hair

Don't let INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF threaten its charm

This all too common condition, if neglected, can raise hob with the appearance of the hair and scalp. Don't be one of the thousands who, through ignorance or indifference, foolishly overlook possible warning symptoms . . . excess flakes and scales . . . itching and irritation . . . germs present in millions.

Get After It Now

Fortunately, there is a simple, easy, wholly delightful home treatment to guard against this troublesome condition—Listerine Antiseptic and massage. Countless women and men combine this pleasant treatment with their regular hair-washing.

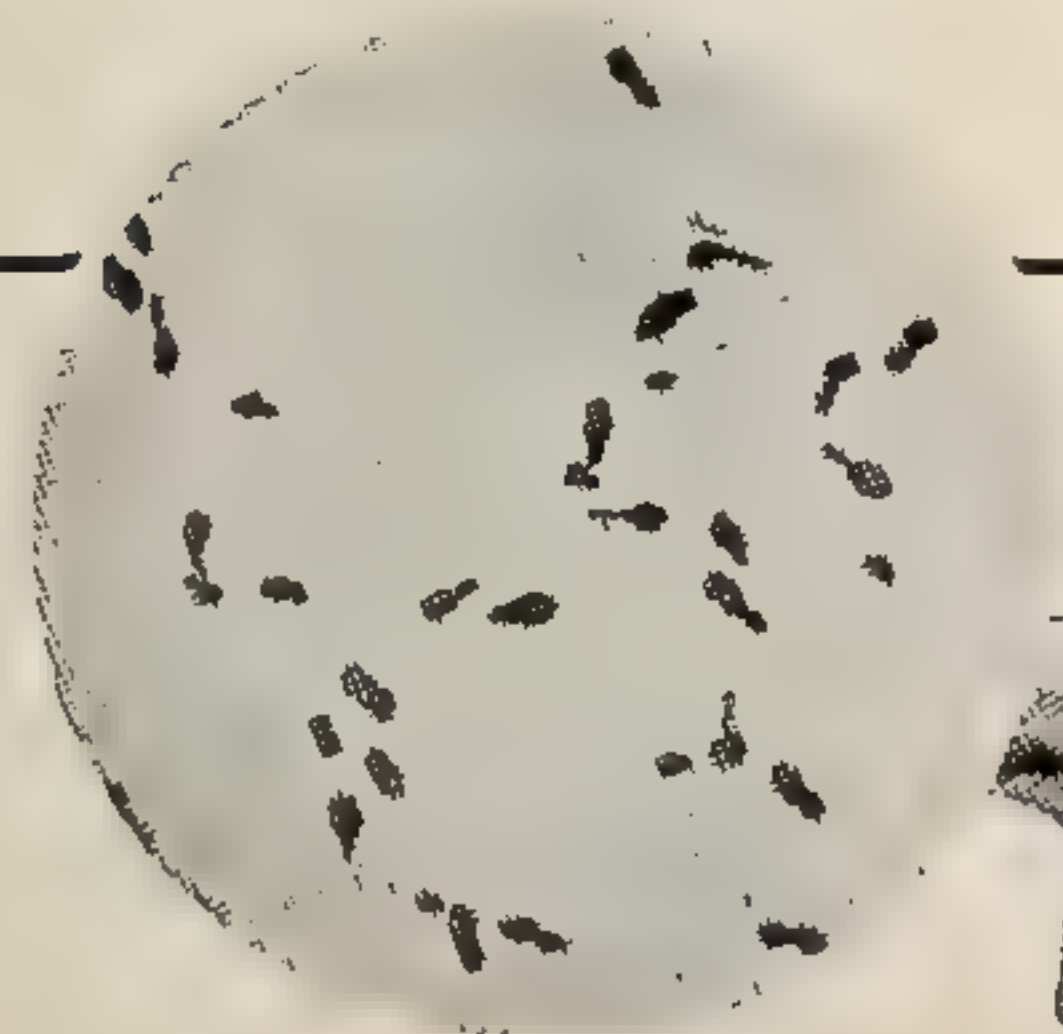
You simply douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp and follow with vigorous, rotary, finger-tip massage for several minutes. That's all there is to it!

Kills "bottle bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills millions of germs, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (*Pityrosporum ovale*), regarded by many a noted dermatologist as a causative agent of infectious dandruff. As Listerine Antiseptic goes to work those ugly flakes and scales begin to disappear. Itching, too, is alleviated. Your scalp tingles and glows, and seems pulsing with life, and your hair feels wonderfully fresh.

If infectious dandruff has started, repeat the Listerine Antiseptic treatment twice a day. This is the method that in tests brought improvement or complete disappearance of symptoms to 76% of dandruff sufferers in thirty days.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.



The TREATMENT

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic. **MEN:** Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

The Tested Treatment

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC and Massage

EVEN IF YOU CAN'T Wear One of These



...YOU CAN STILL DO A War Job!

IF you think you can qualify for enlistment as a WAC, WAVE, MARINE or SPAR, apply now. You are needed! Men must be freed for *active* service.

But other war jobs need doing, too. So if you can't serve in uniform, don't quit. Less glorious jobs are equally vital to victory!

Find your right war job today. Every woman working will speed the day when our men return victorious. Read the Want Ad section of your newspaper to see what war jobs now are open, and consult your local U. S. Employment Service Office for advice.

Published in co-operation with
the Drug, Cosmetic and Allied Industries
by the makers of

MIDOL

When you've got the job, keep at it! Avoid absenteeism by remembering Midol. Use it regularly to relieve menstrual discomfort—functional cramps, headache, blues.

★ A product of General Drug Company

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Standouts in the premiere line: Alan Ladd and Sue Carol take a bow from the autograph group



Looking at each other at the Ice Capades: Turhan Bey with blonde Louise Allbritton

(Continued from page 8)

Pvt. Bobby Jordan of the Dead End Kids spent most of his furlough visiting his best girl Edith Fellows who was playing "Janie" at the Los Angeles Biltmore Theater.

Red Skelton, by the dawn's early light, caught the street car that carried him off to Ft. MacArthur and the Army. The thirty-one-year-old star hoped his top sarge would turn out to be a guy with a good sense of humor.

That wonderful character actor Lee Cobb who played the doctor in "Song Of Bernadette" is securing a leave from camp to appear as a medical officer in "Winged Victory" the big Broadway hit which Fox is bringing to the screen.

Gloomy Sunday?: Strange sight it was, the day that Brian Aherne showed up at the outdoor terrace of La Rue for Sunday brunch, with Mervyn Le Roy for a companion. A few minutes later in walked his just-ex-wife, Joan Fontaine, accompanied by her only sister, Olivia de Havilland. Nobody looked very happy. But it didn't seem to interfere with their appetites! Joan has certainly been doing the town like mad. Never used to step out much, but she seems to be making up for lost time all at once—out with a different escort almost every night.

Odds and Ends: Ava Gardner is still saying "No" to Mickey Rooney—and even his getting into uniform didn't change her mind, but that doesn't mean she mightn't . . . Ramsay Ames (did you know she was once the leader of a rhumba band under the name of Rita Phillips?) plays the field more than any gal in town. If there's a loose male around that she hasn't dated, old Cal can't think who it might be . . . Ilona Massey back in Hollywood looked so radiant after her South American trip and much peppier than she used to be.

Laraine Day's championing of the G.I. Joes didn't hurt her one bit. Her fan mail has jumped up to the point where only Lana Turner and Judy Garland top her at the M-G-M studio . . . Brenda Marshall may quit pictures to be near Bill Holden who is not stationed near Hollywood . . .

The Bride Didn't Know: Irene Manning was a beautiful bride. She wore a smile of happiness as she walked down the church aisle to marry handsome Keith Kolhoff, a Los Angeles investigator for the police department. Her brother Richard's hand was firm upon her arm as he smiled at her reassuringly. But there was real sorrow behind that smile that Irene knew nothing about. Her father had died the night before in a Los Angeles hospital.

(Continued on page 12)

The Greatest Romantic Comedy of All Time !

If you think Mr. Deeds
Went to town
Keep an eye on
Casanova Brown

INTERNATIONAL PICTURES, INC., PRESENTS

GARY COOPER • TERESA WRIGHT

in
"Casanova Brown"

*"A great love
in spite
of himself!"*

Directed by SAM WOOD
A NUNNALLY JOHNSON Production

"Good
Entertainment"



is
International

with FRANK MORGAN • Anita Louise
PATRICIA COLLINGE • Edmond Breon • Jill Esmond

Produced and written for the screen by Nunnally Johnson • From a play by Floyd Dell and
Thomas Mitchell • Presented by International Pictures, Inc. • Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.



(Continued from page 10)

His last request had been that the wedding go on without Irene's knowing, his last gift to the daughter he loved.

It wasn't until after the happy couple had posed for photographers, cut the cake and rejoiced in the congratulations of their friends that the bride was told.

Hollywood and Its Service Men: It's about time some of our wonderful character actors got some recognition for their unswerving devotion to the boys at the Hollywood Canteen, showing up week after week without fail, doing any and everything that is asked of them. And how our boys love them—Arthur Treacher, S. Z. Sakall and Sig Ruman throw the service lads into stitches. Cupid-faced Ernest Cossart and amiable Walter Brennan can always be counted on to be there and on the job. In fact it's these men, rather than the more impressive stars the boys feel at home with. And those wonderful women, Helen Broderick, Una O'Connor and Fay Holden (*Andy Hardy's* mother) are the idol of the soldiers, Marines and sailors.

Ann Lehr's Guild Canteen, the most unique of its kind in the world, we're told, continues to grow and expand beyond even the belief of Cal who was in on its very beginning. In fact, that corner on Crescent Heights Boulevard and Fountain Avenue is always a busy one with civilians constantly driving up to unload their service lad passengers. Here the boys can obtain free meals hot

and good, served and cooked by women volunteer workers. Here, too, the boys can find a bed and even be wakened in time to reach bases in time. Almost every night over 700 soldiers, sailors, Marines of every allied nation sleep in the annex of the corner house they call home. Their clothes are mended, their laundry done and even letters home are written for them if they ask it. The boys may stay overnight or spend their furlough at this home.

Mrs. Lehr, the woman with a heart, who began on a small scale with accommodation for some thirty men or so, tells me that only last month the boys at her home canteen consumed 11,500 quarts of milk, 1,950 dozens of eggs, 5,151 pounds of fresh meat and 1,000 pounds of smoked meat, 2,921 loaves of bread, 165 gallons of ice cream, 1,775 pies, 582 pounds of coffee, to say nothing of 340 crates of fresh vegetables.

For this and their beds the boys pay nothing. They are guests who are provided not only with necessities but with music, dancing, pretty girls for partners, games, books and the comforting solace and advice of Mrs. Lehr and her co-workers.

The money for this amazing organization is donated. Sometimes the entire proceeds of the opening night of a film are donated to the Guild. But these donations need not be confined to Hollywood and its citizens. You outside the city who may have a boy

passing through here and who wish to contribute to this canteen that is ever in need of more and more, may help too. Ask any service boy who has visited out this way about the Guild Canteen; then help the Canteen give some boy a home for a night.

Keeping Up With Jones: Interested in Allan Jones? Then maybe you'd like to belong to an Allan Jones fan club. Cal has news of a new one; if you're interested, you can write to Dorothy Mayer, 85 Astor St., Newark 5, N. J.

Cal Gets a Letter: From Melvin W. Glover RM3c, of the U.S.S. Drayton comes this tidbit: "I would like to inform you that the crew of the United States Destroyer Drayton No. 366 have chosen Miss Dona Drake as 'the star we would like most to navigate by.' Miss Drake was sent a letter to this effect. We are going to send her a letter every month and are calling it 'the monthly sugar report.' When we return, she will receive an invitation to be the guest of honor at our ship's party."

Re Flynn: Errol Flynn has certainly been the quiet wolf—if a wolf at all lately. Oh, sure—you see him nightclubbing once in a while—but the "whiles" get further and further apart. And old Cal has a hunch that the reason for Errol's change of pace can be found in two words—Nora Eddington. The fact that he is seen about with another gal every so often seems to

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Love begins with your lips when you dare to wear IRRESISTIBLE's most ravishing lipstick shade . . . RUBY RED. Its enchantment is positively hypnotic . . . like a fire that flashes from a priceless ruby. The secret WHIP-TEXT process gives your IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK luxurious creamy smoothness, making your lips so much lovelier longer! Get this exquisite, exciting lipstick today.

10c—25c SIZES

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A touch of
IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME
assures glamour



have most of the gossips fooled. But this department insists that Nora is his one and only for all his "playing around"—just as old Cal insisted that Georgia Carroll was the Sun and the Moon for Kay Kyser—even though he was seen about with plenty of stars.

And why do we think that Errol and Nora are it? Well, maybe you've forgotten that the first rumors about them started over a year ago—when that "elopement" to Mexico turned out to be phony. But don't lose sight of the fact that they were together then—and still are. They're always together—even though people don't see them out places. Errol goes out with others as well as Nora, but when Errol entertains at home, Nora is always there—usually acting as hostess for him. She does a million and one little things for him—that most people don't know about or even suspect.

She is so attractive and she's had several bona fide picture offers. She has turned them all down. Maybe Errol talks her out of them. Or maybe he doesn't have to! Maybe she'd rather be doing just what she's doing—which is devoting herself to Flynn—and nothing else. And maybe she's already his devoted wife. Wouldn't be surprised!

Party Note: Certainly were some mix-ups for the photographers when the Frank Morgans gave that big anniversary dinner party at Mocambo. Instead of being with Dave Rose, little Gloria De Haven was with Ted Briskin, a very wealthy businessman, with whom she's seen about a lot lately. And George Brent, who has been giving a big rush to Dorothy Day (her name used to be Vicki Lester), was back with his old girl friend, Janet Michael, famous for her long blonde hair. But that night it was red—or the lights were very deceiving. Jimmy Cagney was stag that evening, but just to keep the record straight Jane Withers was with her best beau, who is still Johnny Miles. Neither success nor growing up have changed Jane a bit. She's still the same sweet, unspoiled kid she always was. The Pat O'Briens were along too. And Pat was telling jokes as usual.

Cupid's Corner: A certain young corporal seems to be getting an awful lot of Bette Davis's spare time . . . and Bette was very reticent about him the times they dined at La Rue, which has been going great guns since its glamorous opening. . . . Bob Lowery seems to be definitely cutting out Jess Barker with Susan Hayward. And speaking of hair—hers is still the most glorious mop in Hollywood, Greer Garson's red tresses notwithstanding. . . . The night after their elopement, Kay Kyser and Georgia Carroll thought they might wrestle with some Italian spaghetti at the Villa Nova without anyone's catching up with them. But they were spotted . . . Dolores Moran is turning all her blonde charm on for Fred de Cordova, a young director who gets around. But Dolores thinks she



TRUSHAY* . . . THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION

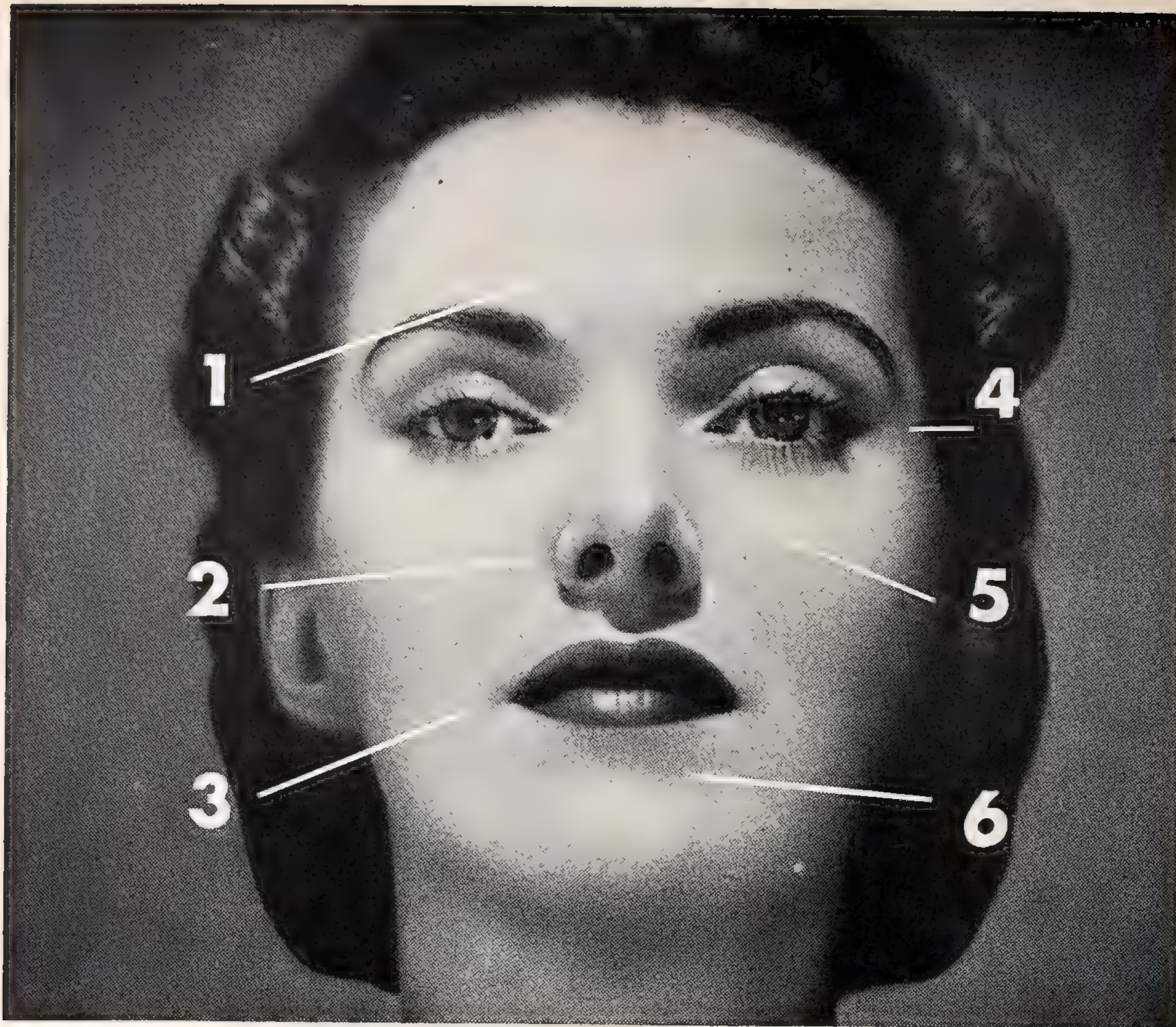
Smooth it on before you tackle daily soap-and-water jobs! Helps keep busy hands soft!

A marvelously *different* idea in lotions! Trushay, used *before* you wash undies—*before* you do dishes—guards smooth, white hands. Helps *prevent* soap-and-water damage, instead of trying to correct it after it's done. This rich, creamy lotion's grand for all-over body rubs, too—soft and soothing for chapped elbows and knees. Trushay's economical, so you can use it *all* these ways. Ask for it today—at your favorite drug counter.

*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A different spelling—but the same wonderful "beforehand" lotion.



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Who else wants to say "Goodbye" to these 6 Face Powder Troubles?

1

Does the face powder you use fail to give a smooth, even finish?

2

Does the face powder you use fail to stay on?

3

Does the face powder you use fail to stay fresh and fragrant?

4

Does the face powder you use fail to hide little tired lines?

5

Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny freckles?

6

Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny blemishes?

Women say this new-texture face powder makes their skin look smoother, years younger!

There's a thrilling *new-texture* face powder that helps end all these 6 "face powder troubles"!

It's Lady Esther Face Powder—and it's different because it's *made* differently! It isn't just mixed in the usual way—it's blown by *TWIN HURRICANES*. And this patented hurricane method of blending not only makes the texture much smoother and finer than ordinary powder—it makes the shades richer—it makes your skin look *younger*!

Lady Esther Face Powder goes on your skin like a film of beauty. It helps hide little lines and blemishes, even tiny freckles.

Living Proof—In Your Own Mirror!

Just try Lady Esther Face Powder! Get the smallest size box, if you like—but *try it*! When you see how much softer, smoother and younger it makes your skin look—it's time enough to get the largest and most *economical* size. But for living proof in your own mirror that this is the most flattering face powder you have ever used, get the small-size box *today*!

TUNE IN Lady Esther "Screen Guild Players"
Monday nights, CBS.



Lady Esther
FACE POWDER



Young and coming up: New starlet Gloria De Haven

can make him stay put... Lana Turner and John Hodiak still duck around corners all over the M-G-M lot to talk to each other—and everyone wonders why! The looks they give each other would warm up Alaska—and if they think they're keeping a secret, they're just kidding themselves. But Peter Lawford isn't kidding about Lana—he's nertz about her. So it looks as though Cupid needs another set of arrows or something.

Dantine Data: Just as you might suspect, when someone plays the "wolf game" as hard as Helmut Dantine does, there must be somethin' eatin' on him. In one single week, old Cal spotted him with Judy Garland, Myrna Loy and K. T. Stevens by turn. But if you ask me, each was just another date in Dantine's life—though any one of these gals would probably spell heaven to most lads. Helmut tried awfully hard to effect a reconciliation with his ex-wife, Gwen Anderson, the original star of the play, "Janie." But he didn't make it. And you don't have to be a mind-reader to realize that he is carrying a torch a mile high!

There's a romance in the making (that's been building steadily for weeks) that really gives Hollywood a giggle—even though it's rather mean to laugh. But you just can't help it when you see them together—Paul Brinkman (the studio has changed his name to Brooks) and Patricia Donnelly. For he is an absolute double for Errol Flynn and she is positively the image of Ann Sheridan. And just to top things off, the Donnelly gal is about to be signed at Warners which already has tabbed Paul. And this is the studio which already has Ann Sheridan and Errol Flynn as stars. Well—everybody

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Young and up-and-coming:
Van Johnson plus grin

gives Paul and Patricia a "double-take" and asks, "What goes on???"

Household Hint: Much excitement over at the Alan Ladds. Not long ago they decided it would be nice to do the living room over; then Sue thought they might do some prettying up of one or two of the others. But weeks went by and they just couldn't decide on anything for the new rooms that wouldn't make the ones they were leaving undone look too forlorn and forgotten. Well, they had a big conference and decided to make a clean sweep of the whole thing. So they put up every single thing in their entire home for auction at a gallery in Beverly Hills. And now they'll have everything shiny new from top to bottom.

Christina's Party: One party that the photographers were welcomed to was the wonderful kiddie party that Joan Crawford gave to celebrate her daughter Christina's fifth birthday. She invited about thirty children and most of their parents came along. Joan provided slides, a carrousel, a complete magic-show, clowns, a roller coaster, games and a big feast that neither the kiddies nor the grownups will forget for a long time. It was beautifully done.

But just as Hymie Fink was about to point his camera in all directions, the Gary Coopers and the Freddie Astaires objected to having their children photographed! The Bob Hopes didn't like the idea much either, but at least they had a reason—their children are adopted and there is always the fear among foster-parents that their children may be recognized in magazine photographs and that some possible trouble might arise with the real par-



"What can you say?"

Yesterday I met her for the first time since we heard that Tom was killed. Poor woman! She looked much smaller . . . seemed more frail . . . had a tightness in her face. We stood there talking. Trivialities. What *can* you say to a mother who has lost her only son?

"If only there was something I could do," I finally blurted out. Her eyes took in my slacks, my work shoes, the lunch-box in my hand. Her smile was real . . . like I remembered his. "You're doing it, my dear," she said. "God bless you, child, and thank you."

THE more you do to help speed our victory the more lives you'll help save. Women are needed in war plants . . . necessary civilian work . . . the armed forces. Most communities are desperately short of workers. Skilled . . . or untrained . . . you're needed . . . *urgently needed.*

There are hundreds of different jobs to be filled . . . hundreds of jobs in which you will find the satisfaction of speeding victory. Make up your mind to join the millions of women at war . . . *today!*

See the Help Wanted ads in local newspapers. Visit the nearest U. S. Employment Office. Or apply at Army or Navy Recruiting stations.



*The more women at war
—the sooner we'll win*

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Stronger Grip



Won't Slip Out



Try again next time if your store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today. We're making more now, but still not enough to meet the demand.



Best Hymie Fink candid of the month: Bette Davis snapped on a busy night at the Hollywood Canteen

ents who might recognize them. The Ray Millands and the George Murphys and others were perfectly willing to let Hymie go ahead and snap the children. But it was finally decided that no pictures would be used. Too bad.

Wedding Note: By the time you read this Anna Lee will have married her handsome pilot, Captain George Stafford, who not only guided the airship which carried Anna, Adolphe Menjou and the rest of their troops across Africa, but has been personal pilot for Admiral King as well. The once-blonde Ann was a natural redhead at the ceremony in a Beverly Hills church. A last-minute arrangement—the church, we mean; because the Captain suddenly got a leave and she didn't have to trek to Las Vegas to become his Mrs. after all.

Baby Note: Nancy Coleman may be the proud momma of twins even as you read this. The day the doctor told Nancy and her husband Whitney Bolton, the handsome publicity head, to expect a double blessed-event, the two of them rushed right out and bought two of everything—just in case! Nancy expects to be back before the cameras as soon as recuperation permits. And come to think of it, if Martha Raye really has those triplets (and the doctors have practically promised them!) do you suppose she'll stay out of movies three times as long as other stars usually do?

Coincidence Dept.: Looks like the Kathryn Grayson-John Shelton divorce is definitely off. He just won't permit her to get one for the duration. And speaking of Kathryn, if anything about having a tooth pulled could be funny—then her experience in a dentist's office one day really was amusing. Just as she walked in the door with an awful ache, why, so did Bob Young—with an awful ache. Within a half-hour the same dentist pulled a tooth for each of them, almost at the same time—and in both cases, it was the same tooth!

Musical Note: Believe it or not, but the night that Cobina Wright threw a party for a whole crowd of young folks, Van Johnson phoned five different gals to date them for it and couldn't get a single date! So he came stag! The little house was so crowded that everyone sat around the floor after dinner (buffet) and listened to Judy Garland, sitting on a piano bench beside Hugh Martin (who was at the piano), sing some of the wonderful numbers from her new picture, "Meet Me In St. Louis." Even in that roomful of talented people which included the Gene Kellys, Walter Pidgeon, Alan Curtis, Gene Tierney and her Oleg (who had just arrived on leave), Johnny Green and his bride—Judy held everyone spellbound, as usual. Artur Schnabel, the world-famous pianist, was there and he said of her, "It is fascinating to watch and listen to that girl. She sings from the heart. She is a great artist!" Praise from a master indeed!

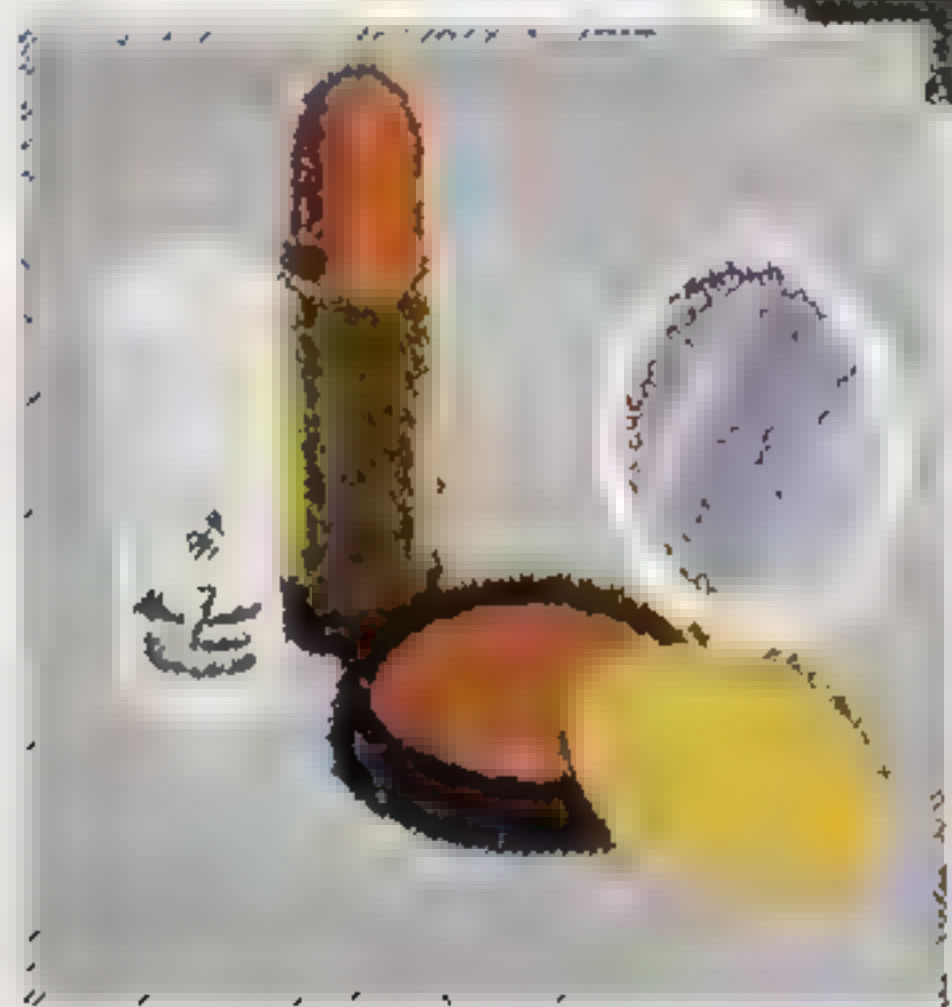
Anne Shirley in RKO-Radio's "HAPPY HOLIDAY"



Max Factor * Hollywood Face Powder!

- 1..it imparts a lovely color to the skin
- 2..it creates a satin-smooth make-up
- 3..it clings perfectly...really stays on

HERE is the famous face powder created in Color Harmony Shades for each type...*blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead*...that will give your complexion a lovely, youthful-looking color tone. Try your Color Harmony Shade of Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder today...one dollar.



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The elaborate portfolio, together with plans for a brilliant success are sent you without a penny of cost. We will show how you can enjoy for part time work, as much as \$25 weekly, and besides get your own dresses free. Mail coupon for full details.



A navy blue crepe classic is banded with scarlet and topped with white for victory colors.

Style 329



A precious all-wool jersey suit in intoxicating colors, with a tie-as-you-wish scarf.

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CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

AT THE NIGHT SPOTS: There is no place like Hollywood, absolutely no place. Where else in all the world pray tell, would a head waiter stop a customer, Errol Flynn to be exact, and say, "Mr. Flynn, look please, no egg business." "Go on, search me," Errol suggested, "I haven't an egg on me."

Of course, he had had an egg very very much on him—on his head, to be exact. For only the night before Errol, an innocent bystander at a Mocambo quarrel between two girls, stopped a thrown and very raw egg. Spl—ash! it went all over Mr. Flynn's face!

When Shirley Temple in one party and Jane Withers, with her best beau Johnny Miles, attended the Palladium opening of Jan Garber's orchestra, the news photographer saw a chance to revive and at the same time end an old feud between the two girls by photographing Shirley and Jane together. But Shirley, who had had strict training under Mama Temple, took no chances and raced to the telephone to call her mother for advice. By this time Jane had gone upstairs with Hymie Fink for special art so photographers downstairs snapped Shirley alone after searching madly for Jane. By the time Hymie had finished with Jane, Shirley had gone home all mixed up because Mrs. Temple had cautioned "no pictures."

Then the fun really started. In came Lana Turner accompanied by the English Mickey Rooney (only taller)—one Peter Lawford. Lana, looking a dream as usual, spied the photographers en masse at one table and strolled over. "Please boys, if you love me (no one had said they loved her) don't photograph me tonight. My divorce you know. Please say you won't." The boys, gentlemen always, reluctantly agreed. All but one, who hadn't heard the plea, or at least claims he hadn't. At any rate he later attempted to snap Miss Turner and her escort and suddenly it happened. Young Lawford leaped to his feet, made a grab at the camera and the photographer. In a second there was a swirling of actor, photographer, a sailor, a Marine and a middle-aged woman who had it somehow fixed in her mind her husband was being assaulted. He later showed up under a table.

Anyway it was just another quiet evening among the townsfolk with everyone having such a good time.

OKXO

Photoplay's Front Door: In answer to the queries of several readers who have asked us about Photoplay in Hollywood (where we are in movie city, do we ever see any stars near our office, are we actually in the thick of it all) here goes.

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

A letter, delivered by mistake to our offices for Jerry Colonna, didn't have to be dropped in the mailbox. We simply took it down one flight of stairs and shoved it under the door of Jerry's office which is directly under ours.

We can look out the window of our penthouse office at the penthouse office of Edgar Bergen just two blocks away.

The Cock and Bull, Hollywood's popular restaurant, is two and a half blocks away from our front door. Here the English contingent gather daily for lunch or dinner.

We are within walking distance of Hollywood's newest and swankiest restaurant—LaRue, its bright night clubs, the Trocadero and Mocambo, and the two romantic rendezvous, the Villa Nova and Little Hungary restaurants, are only four doors away on either side of us.

Bing Crosby's building, which houses his multiple business ventures, to say nothing of his brother's offices, is within a stone's throw.

There's even a jujitsu school three doors down the street and Hollywood's popular market The Westside is our neighbor to the west. Here one can glimpse Betty Grable, Harry James, the Nelson Eddys, Mrs. Herbert Marshall (with Herbert asleep in the car outside) and many others doing their daily marketing.

The world of movies passes our door and we never miss a trick. Our address is 8949 Sunset Boulevard. Anything else, please?



Hollywood Knows, But Do You? That Danny Kaye's own name is David Daniel Kuminsky.

That Gloria Jean answers to the name of Miss Schoonover.

That June Haver, just eighteen, has solemnly promised her bosses at Twentieth, where everyone marries and has babies, that she won't wed until she's twenty-one.

That Orson Welles is the father of a six-year-old daughter Christopher and has just been sued by his first wife for more alimony.

That George Raft and Alan Ladd wear lifts in their heels which give them that slightly overbalanced look.

That Jennifer Jones, despite the fact she's an Academy Award winner, remains the most natural and human person in Hollywood.

That Rosalind Russell is fretting because she believes Warners are trying to make her look too old in the picture "Roughly Speaking" in which she plays the mother of several children.

That Gene Kelly's dance in "Cover Girl" resulted in chilly weather on the "Ziegfeld Girl" set where Gene and Fred Astaire are both emoting with Fred no likee.

HOW TO MAKE MEN'S SHIRTS STAY CLEAN LONGER WITH LINIT STARCH



$\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$

KEEPING a husband supplied with clean shirts is no problem to **LINIT**-wise wives.

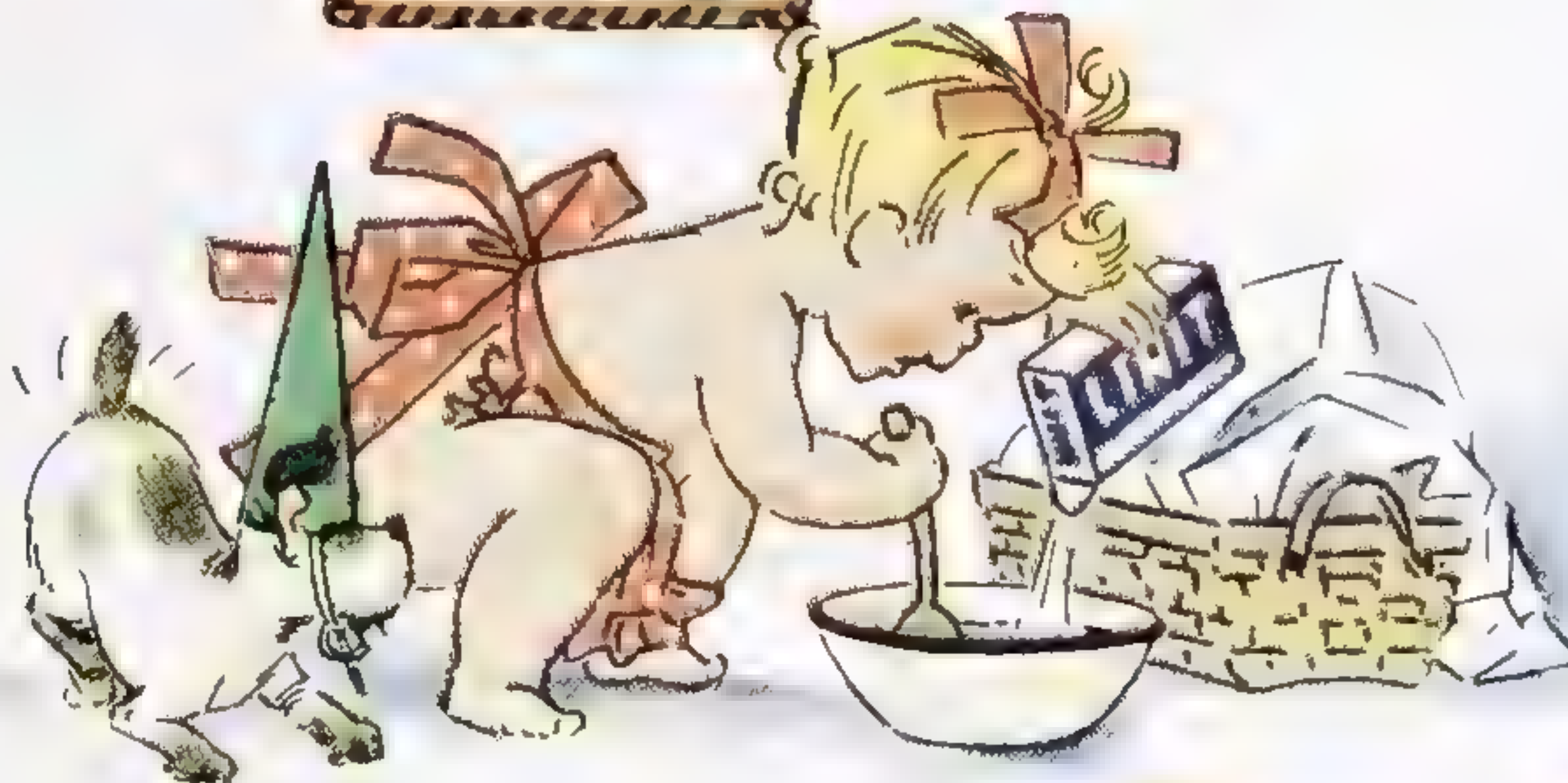
LINIT, the modern starch that penetrates and protects fibres, makes ironing easy because **LINIT** never sticks. **LINIT** gives a smooth dust-shedding "finish" to all fine fabrics.



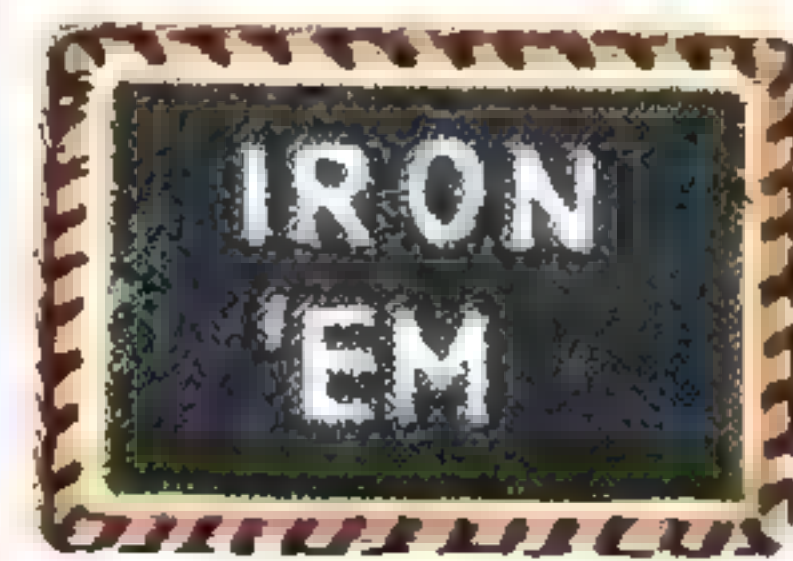
RUB SOAP into collars and cuffs. Soak 10-15 minutes in warm soapy water. Wash in plenty of hot water. (8-10 minutes, if using machine.) Don't skimp on soap.



RINSE three times in clean hot water. To restore the "finish" of the fabric, improve appearance and make ironing easier, add a light **LINIT** starch solution (1 part **LINIT** to 10 parts water) to final rinse.



WORK basic **LINIT** starch solution (full directions on package) thoroughly into collars, cuffs and button-hole band. **LINIT** penetrates easily and evenly, protects and preserves fabrics.



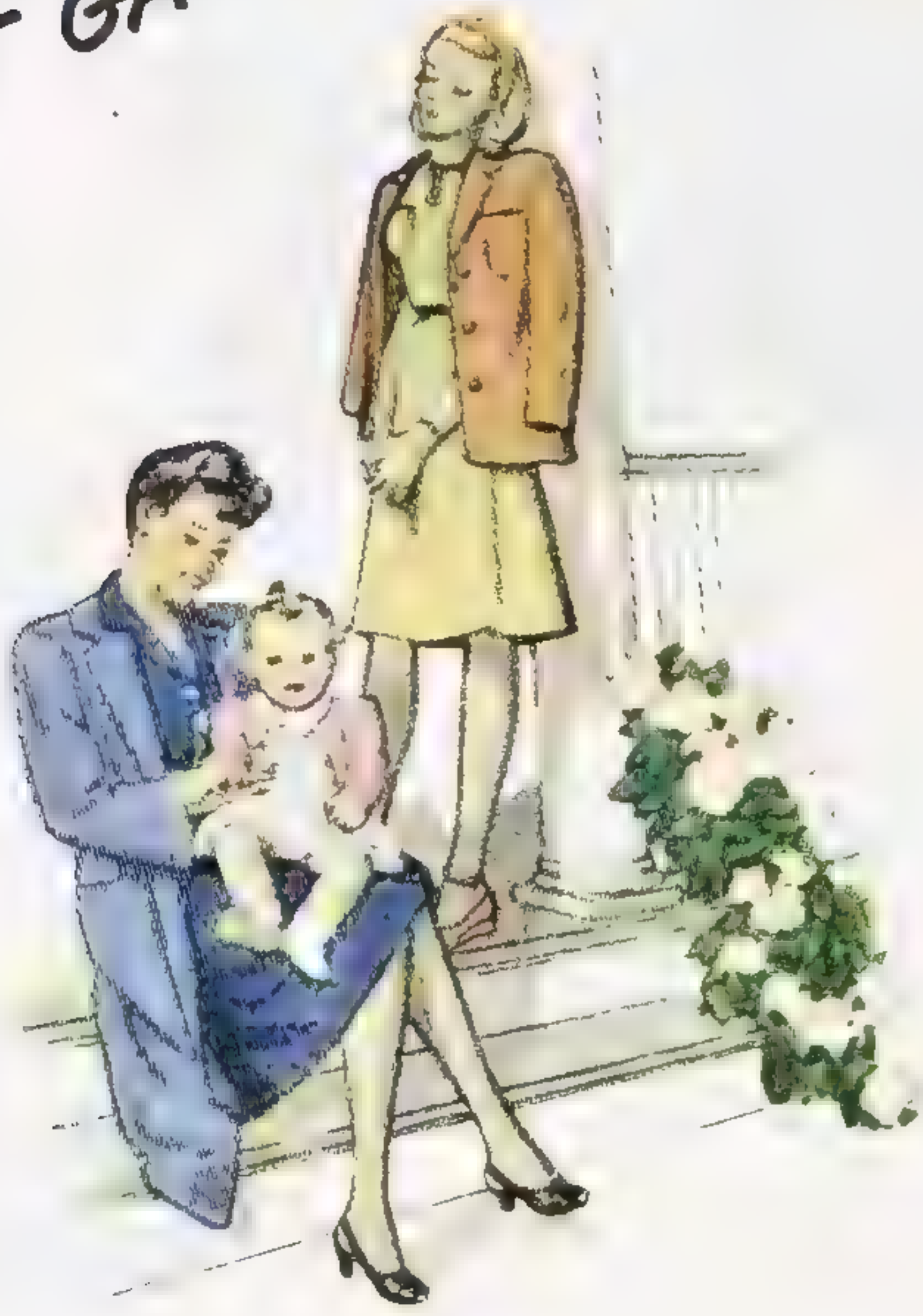
DAMPEN collars, cuffs and button-hole band more than body of shirt. A light iron at correct heat does better work than a heavy iron—but any iron glides easily over **LINIT**-starched fabrics. **LINIT**-starched collars and cuffs are soil-resistant, long wearing.

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NELL REPPY

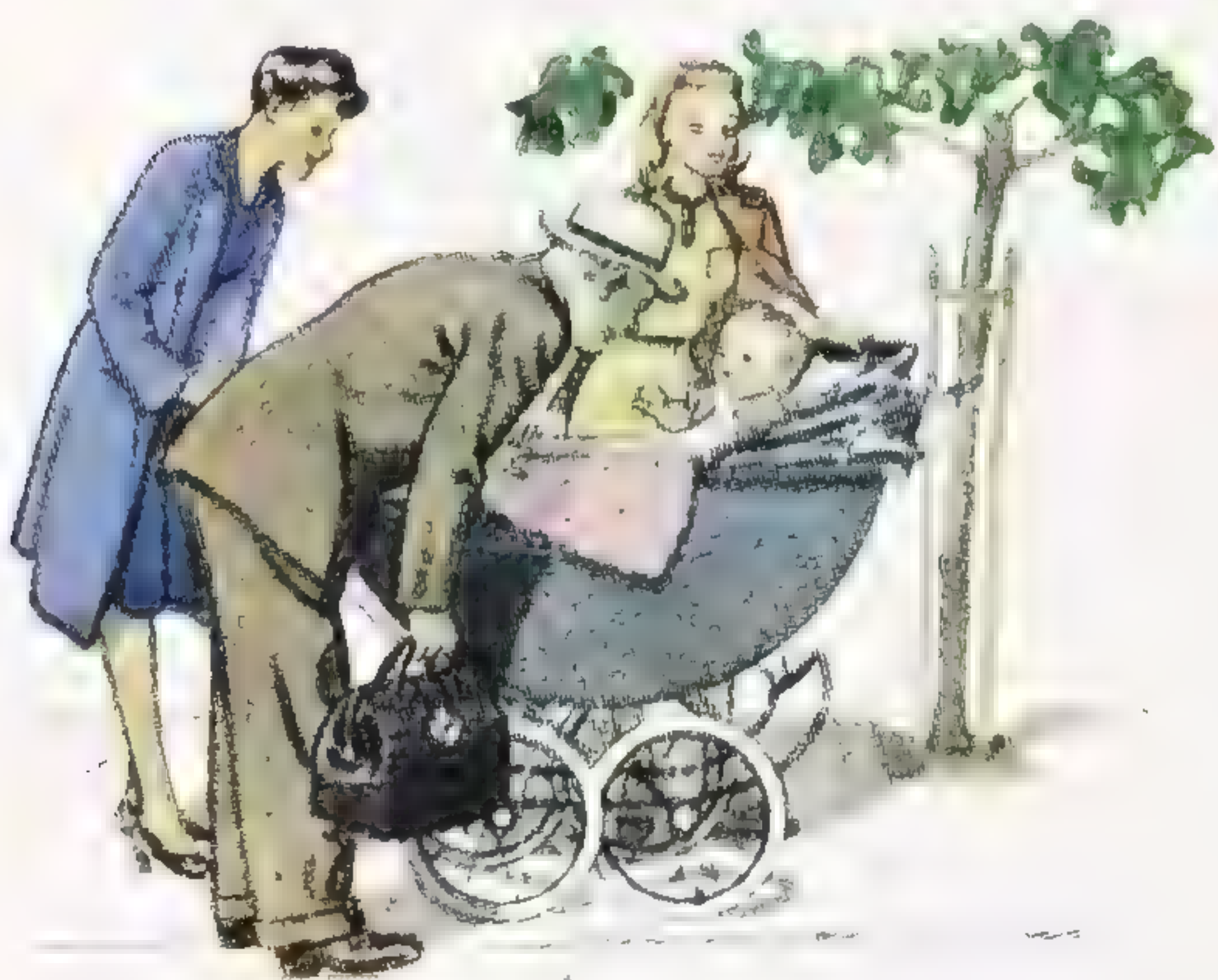
3 Cheers for my Beauty Tip!

(IT GAVE MARGE THAT IVORY LOOK!)



"Life's a mess!" Marge said.

"Last night I met the nicest Navy Lieutenant at the club dance—then some glamour girl danced him away. Gee," Marge said, pointing at me, "if I *only* had your baby's radiant complexion!" Mommy winked. "That's her *Ivory Look*," she said. "You can have it, too—ask Doc."



Doctor told her my beauty secret.

He just happened by in time to agree with Mommy. "Stop being careless about skin care," he said. "Change to regular Ivory cleansing! Ivory Soap has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate tender skin. More doctors advise it than all other brands combined!"



Now she's getting
all the breaks!

Yep, regular, gentle cleansings with my mild Ivory gave Marge that smoother, lovelier Ivory Look her Lieutenant loves. (He says *every* girl ought to know it's easy to have that Ivory Look—with regular, gentle Ivory care.)

Look lovelier with Ivory

—the soap more doctors advise
than all other brands together!



99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure

THUMBS DOWN ON WASTE—you help save vital war materials when you make Ivory last and last.

The Shadow Stage

BY SARA HAMILTON

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

✓✓ Mr. Skeffington (Warners)



High interest: Bette Davis and Claude Rains in "Mr. Skeffington"

THIS runs entirely too long but the fine performances of Bette Davis and Claude Rains keep your interest high throughout its meandering length. Bette portrays superbly the utterly selfish, shallow, vain woman who is interested in only two things—her beauty and the admirers it brings her.

The story begins in 1914 when Bette, an impecunious socialite, marries wealthy Mr. Skeffington, Claude Rains, who adores her though he gets little from her but tolerance. Nevertheless, he remains in love with her throughout her many flirtations until Bette finally divorces him. Incapable of a maternal love for her daughter, she allows him to take the child to Europe.

Continually surrounded by admirers, Bette goes on her merry, selfish way until she's stricken by a severe illness as a result of which her beauty is completely

destroyed and she finds herself old and alone. Although her make-up makes her look a good eighty-five, at this point she's only about fifty years old. Neglected by all her former admirers except her cousin, Walter Abel, she finds herself imagining that she sees Mr. Skeffington watching her always. His final return, a victim of Nazi cruelty, provides a moving climax. As her patient, loving, enduring husband, Rains has never been better.

Marjorie Riordan is charming as the daughter grown into a young woman who marries Douglas Drake, one of Bette's suitors. Richard Waring is Bette's weak brother, for whose sake she really marries Rains—and Jerome Cowan and Robert Shayne are the most notable of her succession of admirers.

Your Reviewer Says: Women will love it.

✓✓ Step Lively (RKO)

FRANKIE SINATRA is back on the screen, everybody. And a very pleasing, natural Sinatra he is. In fact, we had the suspicious feeling the "Voice" knew the whole thing was a little bit silly but he'd decided to make the best of it and have as much fun out of it as possible. As a result, the audience is on his side right from the start.

But will you believe it, the story is another rehash of "Room Service," the oldie about the stranded theatrical troupe that takes cover in one room of a hotel and won't be ejected. George Murphy is the theatrical producer, sweet on Gloria De Haven but short on ethics, who guides his little band of hysterical people in and out of more farcial nonsense than the law should really allow.

To Murphy comes Sinatra to ask about the play he'd written and sent along to

the producer with \$1,500, his life's savings. The troupe makes the discovery Frankie can sing so they try to kid him about his awful play in order to keep him on as a singer. Well the kid proves he can go along with a gag as well as the next one and after Murphy's quarrels and bickerings with the furious hotel efficiency expert Adolphe Menjou, Sinatra decides to forget about his play and sing with the gang.

The songs aren't so catchy as the tunes in his former film "Higher And Higher" but the boy knows how to sell them—"As Long As There's Music" and "Some Other Time" are the best.

The dream boy of the story, however, is Walter Slezak as the harrassed hotel manager and Murphy's brother-in-law.

Your Reviewer Says: Swoon, croon, moon, June—what do you care?



Songs plus Sinatra: Frank and Gloria De Haven in "Step Lively"

✓✓ I Love A Soldier (Paramount)



Pleasant film: Paulette Goddard, Sonny Tufts in "I Love A Soldier"

THERE'S a warmth in this story of a girl who kisses the boys good-by but won't marry them.

Dunno exactly what it is but something happens when Paulette Goddard and Sonny Tufts get together on the screen. The pair complement each other engagingly, one so alluring and one so unbeautiful, Paulette so vixenish and Sonny such a romp.

They meet when Sonny returns from the front with a few keepsakes of a buddy who believed that he was engaged to Paulette.

But Sonny soon discovers the charmer, who works by day as a shipyard welder and dances her feet off at night with the service lads, never has and never intends to get serious with any of her many admirers lest heartache be her sad and weary lot.

So Mr. Tufts sets out to change all that.

The ensuing fun is enjoyable and while it should be but isn't a "best" picture, it's still one that you'll not regret having seen.

There are good bits by Mary Treen and Walter Sande that won't be easily forgotten. And Barry Fitzgerald as the cable-car motorman and Beulah Bondi as the wealthy recluse who eventually has a change of heart and opens her home to service men are, as usual, splendid additions to the cast.

The locale is colorful San Francisco with its beautiful hills and harbors, cable-cars and ferry boats, all of which add to the story.

Your Reviewer Says: This is a pleasant way to spend an evening.

(Continued on page 22)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 23

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 121

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 66

smooth,
more beautiful legs

EASY

with Bellin's
WONDERSTOEN
dry hair-remover

Just stroke the rosy disc
over legs and arms. It
removes hair easily, quickly
and leaves no stubble.

Makes legs silkier, smoother.

A perfect start for cosmetic
stockings; ideal for bare legs.

Dainty. Completely odorless.

Nothing wet... nothing to
spill, stain or prepare.

Safe. Accepted for advertising
by publications of American
Medical Association.

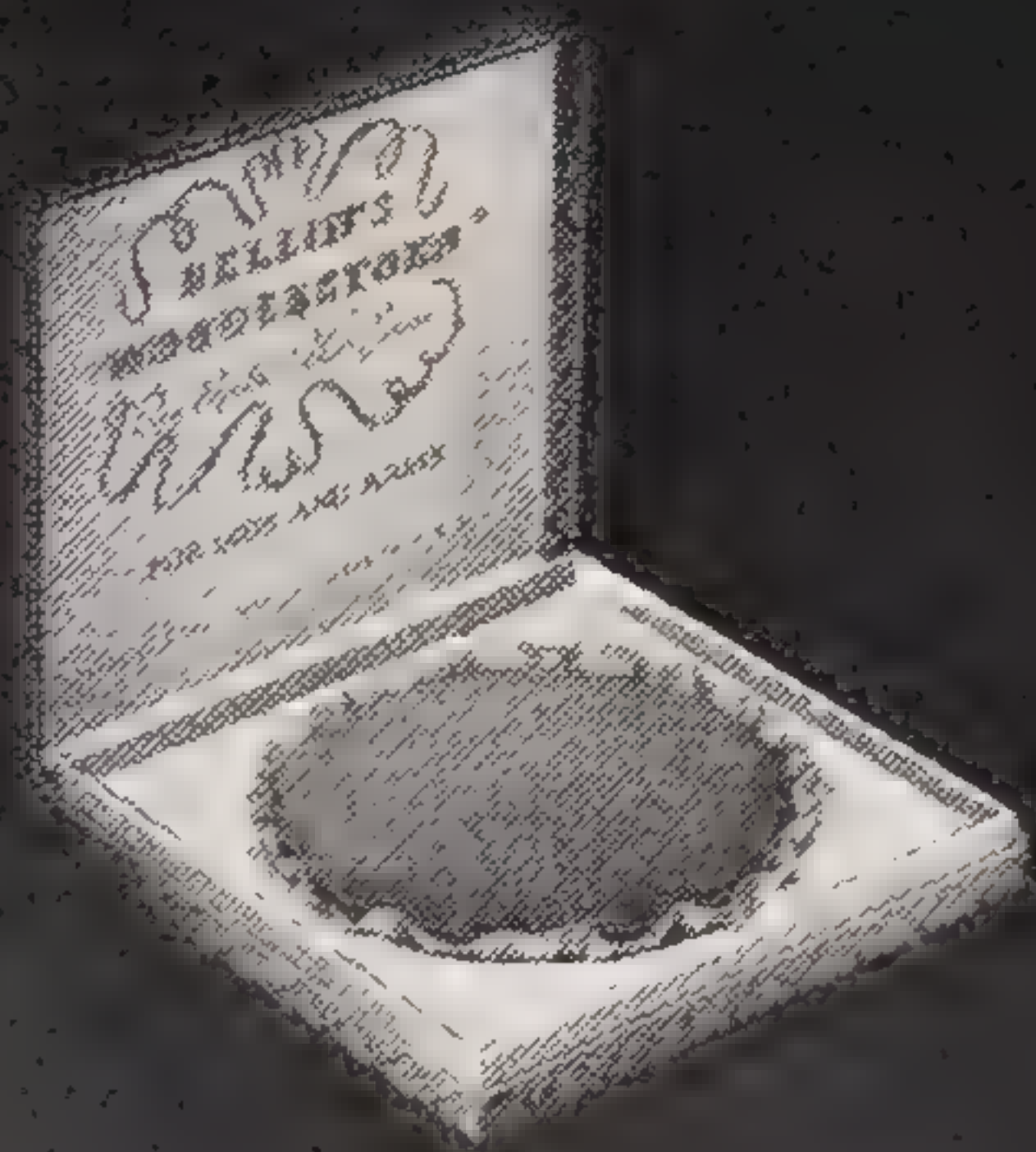
Economical. One Wonderstoen
lasts all season.

53 at department stores.

hair on face?

Ask for Wonderstoen
"Special Face Formula".

Safely removes hair on lip,
chin, cheeks. \$1.25



✓✓ Bathing Beauty (M-G-M)

COMBINE beauty, comedy, melody and aquatic perfection with Red Skelton and what have you? A great big plushy, lushy M-G-M musical that will throw you into stitches when it isn't catapulting you into the throes of beauty. Every ingredient that is necessary for a plum-pudding surprise is used with a few extra nuts and raisins thrown in for good measure.

There's the beauteous Esther Williams, for instance, whose swimming perfection is sheer artistry and what's more she's good to look at. And there's Red, who is so likably funny, to say nothing of the music of Harry James and Xavier Cugat that keeps things tripping along.

The specialties are swell; Ethel Smith at the pipe organ, Carlos Ramirez warbling like mad, Lina Romay with her rhumbadumba business and Helen Forrest's singing against a background of Harry James's music. And speaking of casts, just take a look at this line-up: Basil Rathbone as the villain, Jean Porter who sings cutely, Bill Goodwin as a professor and "wittle" Donald Meek in a funny "wittle" bit.

The story comes way down here in the review because everyone else seems like so many Amazons trampling the poor little thing to death. And yet the picture really couldn't do without it as a motivation highway. It tells us that Red, a song writer, loves and weds Esther only to have the marriage end at the altar when Basil, anxious to have Red continue writing music as per contract, rings in a phoney extra wife and three redheaded improvisos supposed to be Red's progeny. Esther promptly flounces off to become a swimming instructor at a girl's boarding school and Red follows, which is where the fun begins. It's big and bouncy, like an overgrown baby. The numbers are spectacular and—well, you'll love every minute of it.

Your Reviewer Says: Bonanza!

✓✓ The Mask of Dimitrios (Warners)

DIMITRIOS is an insidious, unscrupulous fig packer who incites hatred wherever he goes. Murder, treason, betrayal are an everyday diet in the life of this remarkable gentleman.

Peter Lorre, writer of mystery stories, finds himself so fascinated with the unmoral life of *Dimitrios* that he decides to learn more about him. So from Sofia to Geneva to Paris he travels and enroute meets up with another fabulous character, Sydney Greenstreet, also on the trail of *Dimitrios*.

From Faye Emerson, former sweetheart of the former fig packer, from Victor Francen, employer of spies, and others, Lorre, step by step, comes closer and closer to the truth and at last with Greenstreet he comes face to face with it. The result? Well, there it lets down a bit into hammy melodrama but, brother, you've seen a good show up till then.

Lorre reminds again what a remarkable actor he is even in straight roles and of course Greenstreet is frightening and awful and hoydenish all at once.

Now to Zachary Scott who plays *Dimitrios*. There are times when he takes on the very breath of evil itself and then again he seems incongruously cast. And yet, despite the conflict between the man and the role he plays, there exists a definite fascination.

Steven Geray, Florence Bates, Edward Ciannelli and Kurt Katch as well as Miss Emerson and Victor Francen are so intelligently cast.

Your Reviewer Says: A knockout chiller.

✓ The Canterville Ghost (M-G-M)

IT TAKES the charm and astounding versatility of seven-year-old Margaret O'Brien to sustain the whimsy-pooch intent of this charming story of American raiders who find lodgings in an English castle that is haunted by a cowardly ghost. Or at least he proved a coward way back 300 or more years ago and was doomed to his job as a night-watchman spook until some *Canterville* descendent performed a heroic act. The ghost could then retire to his grave in peace.

The last of the *Canterville* line, *Lady Jessica*, played by little Margaret, is living in the castle when the troops move in and it is discovered the American Robert Young is actually a *Canterville* descendent. The ghost, played by that plump old romp, Charles Laughton, warns Young the *Cantervilles* are really yellow at heart, so Young, filled with this fear, muffs his first chance—but inspired by little Margaret eventually comes through a hero by saving his entire troop from a terrific blockbuster.

To our notion Young was a little out of focus as far as the casting went. It needed a younger, perhaps more dashing type of fellow, but little O'Brien steals the picture anyway so what does it matter? Laughton, the mischief, is superb and Bill Gargan, Rags Ragland, Reginald Owen, Una O'Connor, Donald Stuart, Elizabeth Rorand and Peter Lawford form a splendid working crew.

Your Reviewer Says: Everybody needs a good dose of fantasy this time of year.

✓ The Invisible Man's Revenge (Universal)

SHHH, don't look behind you but that scientist is here again, that darling delightful sadistic (Continued on page 112)

Best Pictures of the Month

Mr. Skeffington

The Mask Of Dimitrios

Bathing Beauty

Best Performances

Bette Davis in

"Mr. Skeffington"

Claude Rains in

"Mr. Skeffington"

Sydney Greenstreet in

"The Mask Of Dimitrios"

Zachary Scott in

"The Mask Of Dimitrios"

Peter Lorre in

"The Mask Of Dimitrios"

BEAUTY IS A BIT OF VEIL....

... sometimes, it blooms suddenly ... announced by a new glow gracing your skin, a new fragrance weaving an aura of romance around you. Beauty is the reward of delightful little details ... like making "Bond Street" by Yardley your very own perfume, and matching its other-world loveliness with the treasured series you see here.



"BOND STREET"

PERFUME: \$13.50, \$8.50, \$4.50, \$2.50

FACE POWDER: 8 "English Complexion" shades, \$1

LIPSTICK: in costume-keyed fall colors, \$1

DRY SKIN CLEANSING CREAM: \$1; large jar, \$2

ADD 20% FEDERAL TAX TO ALL PRICES

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Ave., Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

ADV. BY N. W. AYER

Keep Your
Eyes in the

SAFETY
ZONE

with **COOL-RAY**
SUN GLASSES

Here's what
happens when
Sun Glasses
provide no
Zone of Safety



GUARD AGAINST brilliant sunlight. It's hard on your eyes. Ultra-violet "sunburn" rays and infra-red (heat) rays are both annoying and harmful. These rays pass right through some sun glasses, as shown above.

Here's how
Cool-Ray
Sun Glasses
provide the
"Safety Zone"



COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES, made by American Optical Company*, provide the eyes with a "Safety Zone." These AO sun glasses have lenses of scientifically-compounded glass that absorbs ultra-violet and infra-red rays, and excessive light. Your eyes feel comfortable within the "Safety Zone."

"SEEING RAYS"—plenty of them that let you see clearly and comfortably—are admitted by Cool-Ray Sun Glasses. That's why you'll like them.

Cool-Ray Sun Glasses have been supplied in great quantity to the armed forces, so the civilian supply is limited. Price \$1.95 and up.



COOL-RAY
SUN GLASSES

Provide "The Safety Zone"

American  Optical
COMPANY

*World's largest makers of ophthalmic products

BUY U.S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



\$10.00 PRIZE
Overseas Echo

I HAVE been a movie fan for a long time and at one time I worked in a theater, thus giving me a better opportunity to observe pictures and stars. Movie-star fan clubs have also been a pastime of mine.

Right now I have been overseas for more than a year and I have seen plenty of movies, numerous ones several times. But I have only seen one "big" movie star in a show over here. But that show was tops.

It was Christmas Eve in ——— and the show was two hours late. The star and her show had a previous engagement and had to eat before they put on our show. Even though they were tired from working all day they put on a swell show for us. It was very informal with only three people in the cast, but it was good. Halfway through the show the star was so cold from performing in the beaten-up hangar that she had to don a flying jacket, but still the show went on. There was an actress for you—and from someone born outside of our boundaries but now one of us. It was a swell informal show—no patriotic hullabulloo.

My hat's off to Ella Logan!

Pvt. Ken H. Seidel,
c/o PM, New York, N. Y.

\$5.00 PRIZE
Big Tip on Big Names

HEY, movie aspirant, want to know how to become a big name in the movies? Get yourself drafted for the Army. The cinema article, of course!

A few years ago, Bob Hope's publicity agents worked long and diligently to put him across with only mediocre results. Then Mr. Hope made something called "Caught In The Draft" and from then on it was easy sailing.

Abbott and Costello made a rookie film called "Buck Private" and right away landed as No. 1 box-office stars. Lon McCallister got top attention as a shy draftee in "Stage Door Canteen."

Now Robert Walker, of meagre physical endowments and meagre acting ability (as

Speak
FOR YOURSELF

Worth a one-dollar prize is Virginia Vickery's description of Danny Kaye; "Trigger-tongued blitz, a one-man musical comedy . . ."

far as I can discern), walks into "See Here, Private Hargrove" and walks out a full-fledged top star.

See what I mean, fellers?

Emily Lee Dove,
Jersey City, N. J.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Blessings On a Young Sailor

ON this evening of D-Day I came home from my job at the defense plant and there in my mailbox was the welcome sight of "Photoplay." I dropped into a chair and the magazine fell open to the picture of a young sailor and his story, "I Go To War." I read it straight through before I turned another page!

Farley Granger! Several months ago I saw him in "The North Star" and thought to myself, "This boy just *must* be real—he can't be only another actor!" I noticed it, too, in "The Purple Heart." And now, once again, I find the same qualities in the story, "I Go To War."

It is *necessary* to believe that there are boys like Farley in the world, *not* just in fiction! If there is Farley Granger, then there are others and between them, after the battle—with their clear-thinking, their understanding of fellow humans, their *courage*—they shall restore the world to sanity. May God bless and keep them all!

C. L. Parker,
Santa Monica, Calif.
(Continued on page 26)

PHOTOPLAY awards \$10 first prize, \$5 second prize and \$1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted, as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Are You in the Know?



Do you think she is headed for—

- ☐ "Heart" trouble
- ☐ A high date quota
- ☐ Complexion blues

Snacks at the hamburger hangout are fun! But too many "fries" and double desserts may bring complexion blues. Go easy on rich foods. With sensible diet, daily scrubbing, your face can defy the keenest ogling. You can challenge costume closeups, too, on "those" days. Kotex sanitary napkins outwit telltale lines—for those patented Kotex ends are *pressed flat*—they don't show, because they're not thick, not stubby like *some* napkin ends. They're scientifically designed to keep Kotex snug-fitting . . . smoother!



In WAVE slanguage, she's—

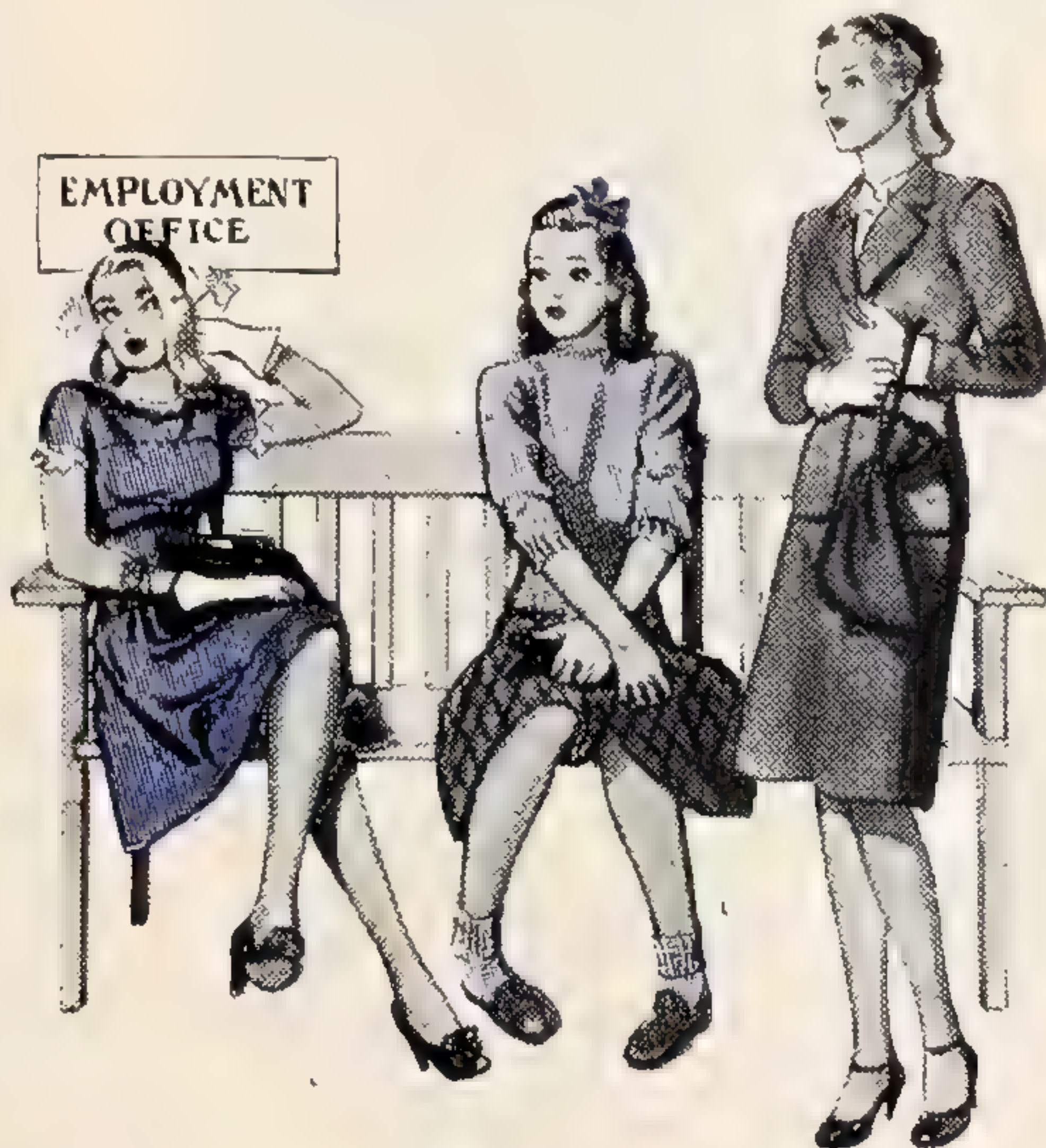
- ☐ A destroyer
- ☐ On see duty
- ☐ Being convoyed

WAVES have words of their own! For instance, "being convoyed" means being on a date. "See duty" means the movies. The girl above is a *destroyer* (pretty WAVE)—and busy at her job. Any girl can sail through dates or duty with confidence, on calendar days—when she chooses Kotex. Because Kotex is the word for *protection* in sanitary napkins. That special 4-ply safety-center keeps moisture away from the edges of Kotex—giving extra protection where you need it *most*. And Kotex has no wrong side to confuse you and cause embarrassing accidents!

Which is most likely to get the job?

- ☐ The girl on the left
- ☐ On the right
- ☐ In the center

Want to launch your life career, or land an after-school job? That first interview is important! Be alert, brief, frank. Show the boss you mean business, and *look* it—like the girl on the right. Then, stick to your job, *every* working day. You can, with the help of Kotex. Kotex is more comfortable—has *enduring* softness, so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. No bunching, no roping, as flimsy napkins do. You'll find Kotex holds its shape . . . actually *stays soft while wearing!*



This is her lucky day for—

- ☐ Honeymoon Bridge
- ☐ Russian Bank
- ☐ Gin Rummy

Too bad, sailor! But a gal can win *some* of the time, can't she? Today, she's lucky at Gin Rummy. And tomorrow, and at all times, a girl can be a winner at any social doings—when she plays safe about personal daintiness. Especially at certain times, a *powder* deodorant is needed. That means Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, for sanitary napkins. Quest is unscented. It's the safe, sure way to avoid offending—to destroy all doubt completely!

Know your napkins —

More women choose KOTEX^{*} than all other sanitary napkins

TIPS FOR TEENS. To know how to stay in the fun . . . to know exactly what and what not to do on difficult days, send now for the free, newly-edited booklet, "As One Girl to Another". Puts you on the beam about grooming, sports, social contacts. Write to P. O. Box 3434, Chicago 54, Illinois.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

IT'S A WISE GIRL who discovers that a *powder* deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest Powder, the Kotex Deodorant, was created expressly for this use. So see how completely Quest destroys odors. It's unscented, safe, sure.





Lady... Attention!

For All-Out Loveliness try the New Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick

A recent portrait of Constance Luft Huhn



By **CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN**
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

Whatever you're doing—in or out of uniform—you're terribly busy these days—and you want a lipstick that *really stays!* We've found that women everywhere are grateful to find a smooth, soft, flattering lipstick that clings to their lips for *extra hours*.

Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks give your lips that exquisite perfection

you've always wanted. Not too moist, not too dry, they make your lips glow with a satiny, lineless finish. Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks come in four exciting shades—Tangee Red-Red, Tangee Theatrical Red, Tangee Medium-Red, Tangee Natural. So remember to try a Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. And match it with Tangee Petal-Finish Rouge, and the remarkable new Tangee Petal-Finish Face Powder, for all-out loveliness!

Buy That Extra War Bond Today

TANGEE *Lipsticks*
with the new Satin-Finish

TANGEE *Face Powder*
with the new Petal-Finish

SAMMY KAYE IS ON THE AIR IN TANGEE SERENADE... Listen Every Sunday at 1:30 P. M. (EWT) Coast-to-Coast... Blue Network

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 24)

\$1.00 PRIZE

Trigger-tongued Linguist

ATENTION! I would like to salute one of the greatest comedians ever to hit Hollywood. This trigger-tongued blitz with a lingo like nobody's business has really hit Hollywood with a bang!

A superb mimic, this tall, lean blond dynamo is a one-man musical comedy who leaves you exhausted with laughter at his amazing antics. 'Tis said he can rattle off fifty Russian composers in thirty-eight seconds, which is really going some.

His face is not only constantly in motion, but rather on the handsome side. He sings, too, and dances. There's hardly anything this fellow can't do.

Well, you must have guessed by now—this sensation is none other than Danny Kaye of Broadway and Goldwyn's "Up In Arms" fame. May he continue to keep his audiences limp from laughter.

Virginia Vickery,
Hingham, Mass.

\$1.00 PRIZE

State-Wise

WE Kansans have a bone to pick with Hollywood studios! It is beginning to get a trifle monotonous to have the heroine or hero in various movies shyly report that he or she comes from Kansas. It isn't that we mind the fact that movie characters do come from here, but in nearly every movie they keep repeating that if they don't get married or become a howling success they will have to go back to Kansas.

Gee whiz, this state isn't actually that bad! Not all of our towns and cities are named Bumpkin Corners or Cactus Falls. It's true we have plenty of small towns, but I'm willing to bet that there are plenty of other states that are in a similar position. We realize that the characters have to be from some state, but must *all* of the dissatisfied ones be from Kansas?

Norma Lee Schultz,
Great Bend, Kan.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Calling The Plumb Family

MY name is Jimmie Plumb; it was my father's name and my son in the Army is Jimmie Plumb. One evening my wife and I dropped into a movie in the middle of a picture and we heard from the screen the name "Jimmie Plumb."

Then we strained our ears and there it was and remained all through the picture. Perhaps the Smiths and the Browns are used to this, but it is a new thrill for the Plumb Family. We sent all our relatives to see the picture.

It was Donald O'Connor in "This Is The Life." It sure is.

James E. Plumb,
Utica, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Drama vs. Musicals

AFTER a steady diet of musicals that aren't musical, comedies that aren't funny and war pictures, straight drama like "Gaslight" with plenty of emotion and suspense is a godsend. The story was gripping and the acting superb. Thinking it over afterward, I realized that Joseph Cotten and Charles Boyer could have exchanged roles and still portrayed believ-

able characters and that is, in my estimation, proof of two really good actors. Ingrid Bergman is, of course, one of the best.

I can't praise "Gaslight" highly enough; I can only say that knowing Hollywood can produce pictures like this makes me even more impatient with low-quality movies.

Elna W. Burchfield,
Aliceville, Ala.

HONORABLE MENTION

WHY is Hollywood shortchanging the Protestants? Nearly every religious picture that Hollywood is producing is Catholic. Even the news items show only Catholic services in the jungles and other places of war activities.

I'm not demanding that the Protestant faith be displayed on the screen any more than the Catholic or Jewish, but I do rightfully say—Protestants go to movies, too, so come on, Hollywood, play fair!

A movie-goer,
Atlantic City, N. J.

EVEN though it is after twelve o'clock I knew I could not sleep a wink if I did not write to you and express my opinion of "Going My Way." The superb acting and those wonderful catchy songs summed up the entire picture to one word—colossal.

Bing, as usual, was wonderful, but who really stole into our hearts was that ingenious old character Barry Fitzgerald.

Helen M. Logue,
Newark, N. J.

HOW about a decent break for Philip Dorn? After finishing the dynamic "Underground," Metro promptly thanked Mr. Dorn for his spectacular performance by tossing him to the crocodiles in a "Tarzan" series!

Philip Dorn is quite a relief from Hollywood's usual run of "glamour boys," appeals to men and women alike. Hollywood, give Philip a break!

June C. Pumphrey,
Long Beach, Calif.

FIVE years ago I came from Poland with my mother. We lived in a small village on a farm.

When I went to see "The North Star," I felt as if I were there myself, although this picture was about Russia. I told my mother about it and, that same night, I went again with her. I wanted to see it again but couldn't.

Theresa Fedorczyk,
Newark, N. J.

I AM a Canadian and I am writing to thank Hollywood for the splendid aid rendered to us in our war effort. We would like to see more pictures about Canada at war. To my knowledge "Captains Of The Clouds" and "Corvette K-225" are the only good movies based on our contribution to the Allied cause. We like to feel we're shoulder-to-shoulder with our American Allies, whom we admire as "good neighbors" and a hard-fighting nation.

Donald McMurchy,
Huttonville, Canada.

THE motion-picture industry has gone a long way in producing pictures dealing with the common, everyday life of ordinary people and after seeing "Tender Comrade" I am more than ever convinced of this fact. I have never seen a motion picture that was so very true to life as this one.

Gay Eagle,
Lonoke, Ark.

LOST: *One husband's Heart*



Another quarrel! Bill was drifting away from Kay. If only she could understand his coldness! Then she went to see Dr. S. Quite frankly, he told her about the "one

neglect" most husbands can't forgive—carelessness about feminine hygiene. He advised Lysol, the method so many modern wives use. See what happened!

FOUND: *A second Honeymoon*



Bill and Kay—happy as newlyweds again! As Dr. S. told Kay, Lysol disinfectant is an effective germ-killer that cleanses thoroughly, deodorizes. Yet is so gentle

used in the douche; won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. Just follow simple directions. Lysol is *easy* to use, *economical*—and it works! Try it for feminine hygiene.

Check this with your Doctor



Lysol is **Non-caustic**—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is **not** carbolic acid. **Effective**—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter

(such as mucus, serum, etc.). **Spreading**—Lysol solutions *spread*, thus virtually *search out germs* in the deep crevices. **Economical**—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for the douche.

Cleanly odor—disappears after use. Deodorizes *completely*. **Lasting**—keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE USE

Lysol
Disinfectant



Copr., 1944, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new **FREE** booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter to Dept. A-44. Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

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THE MOST WARMLY
HUMAN STORY ...
THE MIGHTIEST
PANORAMA OF THRILLS
EVER FILMED!

Five women in love!
Intrigue in
Washington!
Flaming passions at
Versailles! Famous
stars . . . 12,000
players . . . surging
through 200 sets . . .
echoing with
87 beloved songs!

*Darryl F.
Zanuck's*

WILSON

in **TECHNICOLOR!**

with
ALEXANDER KNOX • CHARLES COBURN
GERALDINE FITZGERALD • THOMAS MITCHELL
RUTH NELSON • SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
VINCENT PRICE • WILLIAM EYTHE • MARY ANDERSON
AND A HUGE CAST OF 12,000

A
20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

Directed by **HENRY KING**
LAMAR TROTTI

Written for the Screen by

THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENT IN 50

YEARS OF MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT!



Their usual quiet date—
Deanna married once before;
Felix, divorced from his former wife

Deanna's in love

—with Felix Jackson, forty-three, a man of intelligence
and charm. The newest news about a rare romance

DEANNA'S in love again; this time with Felix Jackson. Felix, a European, a musician and writer, currently Deanna's producer, and forty-three years old, is the third or fourth gentleman who has besieged her troubled heart during the past year while she has been divorcing Vaughn Paul. Vaughn, remember, was Deanna's first love. For here lies the motivation of her human and romantic story.

Preceding Felix, unless rumor is false, there was another man, also fortyish, with enough charm to get the birds out of the trees. But he was not free. For a few short weeks Hollywood held its breath lest catastrophe befall the girl it loved and the man it liked. Meanwhile, no doubt, there were heart-breaking talks as the two tried to help each other find the courage to call quits before harm was done. It was a hard pull, but in good time they succeeded, to their great credit.

Then Deanna was seen here and there with her old friend, Henry Willson. Probably she was convinced

BY JANET BENTLEY

she couldn't be serious about anyone again for a long, long time. If so, she underestimated the adaptability of youth and the attraction of one Dean Harens, the young actor appearing with her in "Christmas Holiday." For soon enough she and Dean were dancing and driving together, as ecstatic and carefree as befitted their slim years.

Before this could develop into a full-fledged romance, Felix Jackson came along. Felix and his third wife had just agreed upon a divorce which gave her the custody of their two small children. He was free. With his smooth authoritative charm, he appropriated Deanna completely. Dean, on the rebound, became engaged to Joan Winfield. That engagement is now broken. Possibly he will ask Deanna to go dancing again.

Possibly not. It is known that Felix is inclined to be possessive.

They were not new acquaintances, Deanna and Felix. Ever since she was a little girl they have known each other when Felix worked as a writer on several of her early pictures. He had, however, just become her producer, just been brought back from Metro to replace Bruce Manning who had been sent on an Army mission overseas. "Hers To Hold" was in the middle of production. But Felix picked up the reins so quietly and smoothly that there was no upheaval. Deanna made her recordings, reported on the set and went for wardrobe fittings as meticulously as usual.

Then came a day when Felix had occasion to reprimand her. Without his permission she had ordered the projection room to show some rushes of her picture for her friends.

"I'm the producer," Felix told her. "I'll order rushes shown—when I want them shown!"

Deanna conceded his point and promised, (Continued on page 100)

P
M
M

You Wouldn't



Alice with Alice Jr., who, overcome by her new little sister, politely asks every visitor to please "take the baby home with you"

Know Alice Faye



A different person after the birth of her second daughter, she's now talking about something you were afraid she'd never mention again

Family foursome: Mr. and Mrs. Phil Harris, daughters Alice Junior and new baby Phyllis

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

ALICE FAYE, who has twice gone down to the very shadow of the valley of death that she might know the joys of motherhood, has emerged the second time with a very different attitude toward her career and her studio.

So, to say I was surprised the day she came in from the Valley to see me, with a new gleam in her eyes, a fresh alertness about her I hadn't seen in three years, is putting it mildly. She was wearing red-and-blue pajamas, her blonde hair beautifully groomed and looking as if she had just come from the hairdresser's. Phyllis, her second baby, was just five weeks old—and Alice had driven into town with Phil, who was rehearsing for a radio program.

I reminded her that five weeks after Alice was born she hadn't raised her head from a pillow, that when she finally had regained her strength she had wanted no interviews, that she had turned down all Fox's pleas to come back to work with "I'm tired—I'm not well enough to work. I want to devote the rest of my life to being with Phil and the baby."

What a different Alice this was—a girl excited over the possibility of her return to the screen and already busy with plans for her first picture.

"I know now, Louella," she said, "that I will never give up my work. I told the studio I would make only one picture a year—but if I get another good story—don't be surprised if I make two or three."

Was I hearing right? I could hardly believe my ears. Of course I wanted to know what had brought

about this change in her plans.

"The difference is in my health—and a change in my mental attitude," she admitted. "When you are ill nothing seems important to you but those who are closest and dearest in your life. When Alice was born I had thought I was going to lose my life. It made me think I wanted to spend every precious moment with her with nothing to divert me from my baby and Phil."

"But after that ordeal—I should think it would have made you more fearful about having a second child. Weren't you frightened to go through it all again in so short a time? And why did you?"

"Both Phil and I adore children and we wanted a family. There were a few bad moments at first when I realized I was going to have a second child. I thought, 'Maybe this is foolish. I am so happy with Phil and little Alice.' Two babies within twenty-four months is really having a family in a short time. But I got over that line of thinking in a hurry. I knew I wanted this baby as much as I had wanted the first one."

"There was only one other bad moment in the whole time of waiting. That was when they wheeled me into surgery. You see, I was completely conscious all the time I was having Phyllis. I took a spinal anesthetic which does not make the mother unconscious but just deadens the pain. I knew all that was going on. The minute I saw little Phyllis I was ashamed of my moment of fear and worry."

It will never cease to be amazing to me that the little blonde torch

singer who used to give swimming parties when she was my next-door neighbor and sometimes sang under my window, has put so much dignity into being a mother. Of all the young actresses I have known, I would have said that Alice was the least likely to risk her life twice because she wanted children.

I KNEW her so well in those early days after Rudy Vallee brought her to Hollywood, one of the first girl singers with a name band. There are many such singers today. But Alice was the first to create interest in the throaty, husky type of feminine crooning that won her not only acclaim from the younger generation, but a motion-picture contract with Twentieth Century-Fox as well.

When I first met her she was making "George White's Scandals" for Winnie Sheehan. Her hair was as silvery white as Jean Harlow's famous platinum locks and her eyebrows were plucked into a thin line à la Dietrich. Alice was painfully self-conscious and she had many mannerisms when she sang. Sometimes she twisted her mouth into such funny shapes that the lovely resonant quality of her voice seemed lost. In those early days she worked too hard at putting over a number.

I used to wonder how long she would last. "It's because she is content to just trail along in Rudy Vallee's wake" I thought—and in that, I couldn't have been more mistaken. Her broken romance with Vallee may have hit Alice hard—but her real improvement did not begin until (Continued on page 101)

Betty Grable:
Charm or a press
agent's job?

HOLLYWOOD

—the women who know how to charm

IT IS perpetually bewildering, this attraction between the sexes. In Hollywood, for instance, there are girls who are lovely to look at, rich and famous, opulent hostesses who, virtually, have no beaux at all. If I wanted to be unkind—which I do not—I could name half a dozen top-ranking stars who rarely go anywhere because there is a shortage of men for dates. Their escorts at those functions they must attend are young men under contract at their studios, young men only too happy to be seen and photographed with great and “glamorous” stars.

Other girls sometimes equally famous and sometimes less so have a constant stream of men trailing them, whatever they do, wherever they go. . . . One thing I have noticed, however, is that certain women have appeal for certain types of men. Some Hollywood girls, for instance, always attract foreigners, others attract men considerably older than they or younger, and so on.

Olivia de Havilland is one of the exceptions to this rule, with great charm for a variety of men probably because she is a dual personality. For while Livvie is a bachelor girl independent to a degree and entirely oblivious to things that do not interest her at the moment, she is also contrarily, distinctly a one man's woman who adores, but utterly, one man at a time.

I saw Livvie and Major John Huston at luncheon the other day with Artur Rubinstein, the pianist. And I remembered the days when Livvie and Jimmy Stewart, now a lieutenant colonel in

If the law of attraction were “reasonable”
Ida Lupino's men friends would be musicians



Talk plus is the appeal of Joan Fontaine,
here with General Scanlon



MEN PREFER-

Another appeal
question mark:
Lana Turner

them. Here are their favorites named—

BY ELSA MAXWELL

our Air Force, adored each other. Jimmy, at dinner parties, used to sit with a starry look in his eyes and—not playing or singing too well—serenade Livvie with “Judy.” Livvie would sit on the floor by the piano and gaze at Jimmy completely fascinated as one by one my dinner guests and I would steal from the room, unable to endure Jimmy’s singing “Judy” once more, much as we loved him and Livvie.

The day of the Rubinstein luncheon Livvie, recently returned from the Aleutians, which is a dangerous trip because the flying conditions are so bad, talked of Jimmy and the fine brave effort he has put into this war.

“I have always known he would make any grade he wanted,” she said. “He is so capable. Also so charming. He’s billeted now with English friends of mine in the country. They adore him!”

She talked of Jimmy with warm friendship, but her eyes were warm upon Major John Huston, recently returned from Salerno, where he saw much action. John, by the way, is very much Jimmy’s type. These two gentlemen, however, have little or nothing in common with Livvie’s other admirers; with Jock Whitney, Howard Hughes, Errol Flynn and George Brent, to name a few.

Veronica Lake delights foreigners. Andre De Toth, the Hungarian director, is her big moment at this writing. Before him, among others, there were Jean Negulesco and the young Baron Phillip de Rothschild. Phillip (Continued on page 69)



Not beautiful certainly, but an overwhelming appeal for certain men: Miriam Hopkins



Different types of men go for “different” Livvie de Havilland (with Capt. McKeon)

Thank You, Irene Dunne

... unfolding the
gentle mystery of a
lovely lady

By
Adela
Rogers
St. Johns

OF COURSE you have all written Thank You notes for gifts, for hospitality and congratulations, for a friend's sympathy in your sorrows. So you'll understand when I announce right here that this is a Thank You story.

For a long time I've been wanting to say Thank You to Irene Dunne and I have a hunch that when you stop to think about it a good many of you will be glad of the chance to join me.

In a way, I suppose we express a thank you when we go to see her pictures. I never miss a picture she's in, never have. Her name is to me always a guarantee of some moments of entertainment and beauty even if by chance the picture shouldn't be good. But where Irene Dunne is concerned it seems to me we have more than just her acting, her personal charm and her voice for which to be grateful. Something goes far beyond that. Something reassuring, comforting, absolutely real, shines through from inside and reaches your heart and spirit, like the sight of the plum tree putting forth its blossoms while the snow is still on the ground, like an airplane fighting its way above a storm or a small boat braving a rough sea.

When she was in New York recently, I decided I'd like to see her again, to talk with her since her great triumph in "A Guy Named Joe" and her personal success in "White Cliffs Of Dover." Her days in New York were limited and she had a lot to do, so I went up to have breakfast with her one morning.

The suite in the Waldorf Towers was strictly hotel stuff and Miss Dunne, floating in lightly, had left it just as she found it except for pictures of her husband Dr. Frank Griffin and her daughter Mary Frances on the white mantel in the drawing room. She had come East on business and business was being done, as anybody could see, pretty efficiently. The third year of the war found a good many women who hadn't really shopped for a long time down to their last rags—literally. While Miss Dunne tied up hat boxes to be returned, I told her how shocked and furious I had been when a favorite dress, already three years old in 1942, had suddenly had the impudence to go right through at the elbows—and she laughed and said she knew exactly, it had happened to her, too, and she'd thought, of course, if she was willing to wear them they'd last out the war.

Miss Dunne wore white, a simple housecoat with nothing but good lines to recommend it. Her hair, which is much lighter than you figure from seeing her on the screen, a real autumn red-brown, lay smoothly about her head. Her eyes are really gray—not blue-gray or gray-green or any of those in-between shades—but a warm, dark gray, with very black lashes and fine black arched brows. She wore a dusting of powder over a skin that had obviously been washed in soap and water not very long before and a hasty bit of lipstick, the kind of make-up you put on when you get up in the morning. But the serenity of her beauty was exactly the same as when I saw her a few nights later at the theater, made up and dressed up and very elegant indeed, as a movie star must be when she goes out in public in New York.

In the morning light she looked some ten years younger than she has to be, since she was starred by Ziegfeld in "Show Boat." Looking at her then I was aware that she will always be lovely—she is lovely in youth and she will be lovely in all of her life. It's your utter conviction of that which is one of the things she has to give—one of the things that warms the heart of every woman who looks at her.

HER manners, I noted, have easy grace without fuss and feathers and yet—they are definitely *manners*. Not exactly old-fashioned, but ever so slightly formal. Gracious as she is you don't somehow see anybody taking liberties with her or being slipshod about the little things. You imagine that in the big, comfortable house in Holmby Hills, where she lives with her doctor husband and her adopted daughter, the people who serve her love her but—they don't try to put anything over on her!

The echo of Kentucky, where she was born, is stronger in her off-screen speech than it is on; you find yourself remembering that she's from Louisville all right.

We talked about a lot of things—the war first, of course, how long it might last, and about how people in these times of pain and extremity are turning back to God for help. About New York, which she loves, and how it has changed and sort of—jelled, settled down at last to a tremendous personality of its own, like London. About the way to bring up children and the juvenile delinquency problem. (And about bringing up children I found Miss Dunne a little old-fashioned, inclined to believe that parents were given authority and responsibility and had better look to them both.) The conversation wasn't



any different than that of any two women who know each other slightly, haven't met for years but feel they might have a good deal in common.

All the time, though, I was thinking and remembering and trying to put together what it is that Miss Dunne has that nobody else has.

I thought it might be something you could never define, something nameless, but I kept on trying.

Years ago when radio was less magnificent than it is now, I used to do occasional unrehearsed interviews with Hollywood stars. One never-to-be-forgotten evening I had Irene Dunne and Jean Harlow on a joint session. Miss Dunne had just scored a terrific hit as that wonderful American pioneer woman in Edna Ferber's "Cimmaron." And Jean was sensational at the moment only for her platinum blonde sex appeal. They seemed, sure enough, an oddly assorted pair and I wondered how things would go. Jean was always inclined to be edgy and a little on the defensive because of the roles she played and Irene Dunne, I thought, might be a wee bit stuffy.

But it was Miss Dunne who put the show over. Her genuine friendliness, her warm interest, her unexpected gaiety swept both Jean and me along with her and I realized then that she would always get along with anybody anywhere, if she wanted to, because she was really interested, she was really friendly.

When Leo McCarey, my selection for one of the three best directors Hollywood has ever produced and I'll prove it with his latest success, "Going My Way," decided to cast Irene Dunne for one of his maddest comedies, everybody thought he had gone stark raving nuts. Dunne? In comedy? His best friends took him off in corners and argued with him. Fine actress. Beautiful girl. Nice person. But—not comedy. Leo's stubborn Irish answer was the Academy Award winner "The Awful Truth."

Leo is a creative genius and a tough, sentimental, piano-playing temperamental gent, with a real heart-understanding of human beings. I once wrote a story for him over long unhappy months when everything went wrong and finally he and producer Howard Hughes landed in court about it. During those hectic and sometimes grim days, I found that the woman—maybe the person—that Leo admired most in the world was Irene Dunne. Not just because of her superlative

performances in his "Awful Truth" and the even more spectacular "Love Affair." But because—well, she was great to work with, she was inspirational, she had a crazy sense of humor—sure—but—

He'd talk about her and the days when they were making pictures; he'd underline her patience and her good cheer and how she'd take any kind of a mad joke on the set but always come back at you, you never got the best of her. And still he couldn't quite find the answer either, I thought, remembering all he'd said.

Of course there was music. I have

never lose the rest of your life. Music, in Irene Dunne's early life, was as necessary, as natural, as breathing and when it turned out that she had a crystal voice with a nightingale quality—of course she went on with it.

For a while, like most girls, she determined to be a nun. You almost always do, in the peace and beauty of a convent. But she didn't have a vocation and soon knew it—and so she went out to become a singer—or a teacher. It seems to me there's something I'm reaching for in those two possible professions, the only two she ever considered. Teaching—and singing. To give something to others. To find her own life in either teaching children or in music which is perhaps the greatest gift you can give to others.

Yet all musicians are by no means on the giving side. They can be difficult. They haven't that special quality which Irene Dunne has, not many of them, by any means.

Life has never been harsh or difficult for this girl from the Blue Grass country. Her home was a charming and delightful one. The Dunes weren't rich, but her father was an important man in the United States Government, a supervisor of steamships. Her school life was pleasant, they belonged to the kind of folks that are the backbone of America. When she was only a kid she won a singing contest in Chicago, and with that under her belt went on to New York and before she hardly got her breath, Ziegfeld had chosen her for "Show Boat."

In Hollywood, "Cimmaron" made her a star overnight.

In 1927 she met and married Dr. Francis Griffin and she's still married to him, very happily—in spite of the fact that for many years they lived on

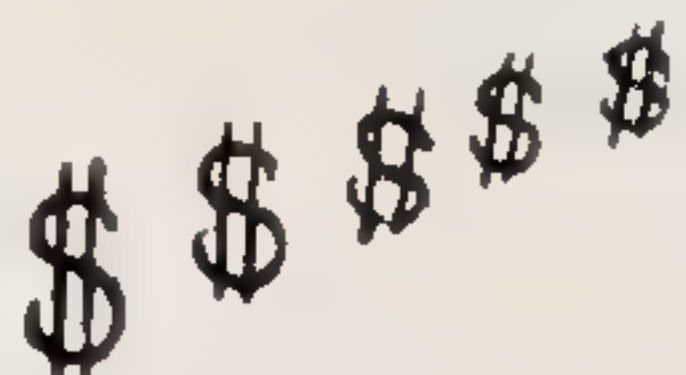
different sides of the continent, she working in Hollywood, the doctor keeping his offices and practice in New York, so that they met only on their vacations.

Having no children of her own
(Continued on page 99)

You and Your Man in Service Should Know This!

*If You've Been Worrying About These Things,
Forget Them; Here's What Your Gov-
ernment Is Ready to Give You*

Money:



As a buck private or apprentice seaman, \$50 a month. As you go up the ladder, your salary rises. For foreign service, 20% increase in base pay.

Help for Your Family:

For your wife and children, regular monthly checks. You contribute your share of \$22 a month; the Government gives \$28 for a wife, \$58 for a wife and child; \$78 for a wife and two children; \$20 for each additional child.

Old Bills:

You get a deferment on bills and taxes until after your discharge from the Army. Be sure to consult the legal assistance officer at your camp about a matter such as this.

Your Family's Medical Expenses:



Wives and children of servicemen may get medical help at certain hospitals. The Red Cross in your home town will help your family in any problem. In case of serious illness at home, you will probably be granted emergency leave.

ANYTHING ELSE ON YOUR MIND?

Write to Miss Frances G. Knight, Public Counsel Division Chief, Office of Civilian Defense, Dupont Circle Bldg., Washington 25, D. C.

a pet theory that people who really love music are very lucky, that they are closer to the source of things than others. Little Irene Dunne had started with music at home in Louisville, with her mother who was apparently the kind of teacher who could make a child love music. And then she'd gone on to study under the nuns at the Loretto Convent in St. Louis. I studied music first myself in the old Conservatory at the Convent of Notre Dame in San Jose. I remember Sister Cecele Marine about the same way I imagine Irene Dunne remembers Madame Dolores. They don't always make musicians of the girls they teach, but they give you an inner love of music that you

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S
COLOR PORTRAIT GALLERIES



Lon McCallister



Seen at Camp Crowder: Lon McCallister of Fox's "Winged Victory"

Naturally—Lena Horne

Story of an American phenomenon, a great interpreter of great music, a delightful person intriguing to meet

BY

ELLIOT PAUL

Hollywood scenario writer and author
of "The Last Time I Saw Paris"



"Talented young woman,
anxious to please, am-
bitious, sensitive . . ."

HAVING seen Lena Horne on the screen, always glowing with animation, her face and movements expressing a song that transformed her into an exotic creature of some half world on the borderlines of jazz, I was pleasantly surprised when, entering a quiet peaceful room, I saw sitting near the window, her slender body relaxed and quiescent, her lovely oval face in repose, the real Lena Horne.

None of us who rub elbows with the screen stars has escaped disappointing experiences on meeting in person an actor who, stripped of the goods he had been taught so well to sell, seemed less than we had expected. Under those conditions we wonder just what it was that thrilled us, how much of it came from the artist, how much from ourselves or from elsewhere. This was the opposite of what happened when I met Lena Horne.

Immediately I realized that her performances, in musicals that were for the most part unworthy of her talents, were like a series of masks that she put on reluctantly and took off with relief. None of this disappointment with the material that had been handed her showed through to mar her acts. Certain things were expected of her, certain showmen had conceived ideas of her, and she always had tried to enter into the spirit of the show and contribute what she could. What saddened and depressed her were the things she wasn't permitted or encouraged to express.

In spite of its popularity, the hold it has on American generations, its influence on all our shows and our arts, Negro music is little understood by the public and in many cases, an astonishing number, by its practitioners. And of the various kinds of Negro music and musical influence, the purest of all, nicknamed

music in America. According to Miss Horne, who not only sings but tries to understand what she is doing, the public confusion about jazz, blues, barrel-house, torch songs and just plain corn is not discouraging. The whole art is in a ferment, is alive and growing and developing.

"Ellington, for instance," Miss Horne explained, "gets effects that no white band on earth would be likely to duplicate. I'm not weighing the music or one race or land or time against another. I mean that musical personalities, like Duke Ellington, enrich present-day music with qualities that do not copy the Dixie-land style, which so many jazzmen contend is the beginning and the end of jazz."

Miss Horne looked at me hopefully, with those expressive brown eyes. I tried to convey that she was speaking my language and that she need not hesitate to say whatever was on her mind.

"I like all kinds of music . . ." There I hesitated, groping for the exact word.

She smiled. "If it's good," she said.

Miss Horne is the kind of thoughtful conversationalist who does not think talking, especially talking about what is very close to the heart of both parties to the conversation, has to be kept bobbing back and forth through the air like a badminton gadget. She is not afraid of a pause, or a moment in which to formulate the next remark or reply. How rare it is to see a talented young woman, anxious to please, ambitious, earnest, sensitive, who does not fidget in her chair, who makes no unnecessary gestures, whose forehead is not straining to put something over, who doesn't wring her hands, or extend them, palms upward, who once having crossed her exquisite legs feels no momentary impulse to (Continued on page 106)

"jazz," is more often misused, misunderstood and badly diluted than any other.

"I never knew what 'blues' were until I got to Cafe Society," Lena said to me frankly. This from an artist who had danced in the chorus and sang in the heyday of the old Cotton Club, who had toured the land with "colored" shows, appeared with "hot" orchestras, made "blues" records and stirred the pulse of our broad land of the free since she had graduated from high school.

That simple statement, if one thinks about it, tells a bookful about



Lena Horne

Symphony in blue: Lena Horne of M-G-M's "Two Girls And A Sailor"

Hymie Fink

Record-winner as Garson's
celluloid spouse: Pidge
of "Mrs. Parkington"



Perennial Pidgeon

WALTER PIDGEON once had stolen from him by a royal thief credit for starting a worldwide fashion. Credit for a second trend of intercontinental proportions—the business of being nuts about Walter Pidgeon—is solely his. He may be the most undiscovered gent in Hollywood, for no one producer, no one director, no one picture “made” him. He just kept on being himself until he finally crept into the top-billing sector of the cinema ads; and, having arrived there, he should remain practically forever.

The story of the stolen style is a good one. It was in 1920. Pidge had just been given a job by one of his early discoverers, Elsie Janis, and had been taken to London to be her leading man in a revue, “At Home,” at the Shaftesbury Theatre. During rehearsals he ate and even took tea in a near-by tea shop, where a

waitress was thrilled at serving a real, handsome actor. Pidgeon gave the young woman a gallery ticket for the opening night and her delight and gratitude were boundless. When he arrived in his dressing room across from Miss Janis’s he found a box of home-grown red carnations, with a note of appreciation from the waitress who had raised them in her little back yard.

As he was changing for a scene during the progress of the show—a number requiring full dress—Pidgeon’s eyes lighted on the box. “It will give the girl a thrill if I wear one of these,” he thought. So he put a red carnation in the lapel of his tailcoat.

After the show an old friend of Miss Janis came backstage to congratulate her—the Prince of Wales, the world’s unsurpassed glamour boy. The pin-up Highness met Pid-

geon and said, “That flower in your buttonhole was interesting. Have you got any more?” The actor gave him a red carnation and the Prince, putting it in his own lapel, grinned and said, “You have started a new fashion—but I’m afraid you won’t get the credit for it.” H. R. H. Edward was right on both counts.

We know what has happened to Pidgeon since then, and to the Prince of Wales. If I were in London I’d like to find out whatever happened to the waitress.

Pidgeon’s good looks have improved with the years—which now number forty-five—and are the happy kind which men don’t mind yet which give females the beautiful flutters. But, should they fade, the personality will be there, and the ability before the camera—for these are the simple and permanent result of a lifetime spent being Walter

Women sigh over Walter; men admire him. The reaction to

this brief-and-better review on him will be quite the same

BY
JOHN CHAPMAN



Outdoors man—
with a flourish:
Walter and his
wife Ruth Walker
in their garden.
He's a good
cook, an inveter-
ate pipe-smoker,
a dignified style-
setter for men

Pidgeon, of East St. John, N. B.

Not all male stars are attractive to men, who are violently prejudiced; and women sometimes snort because of male enthusiasm over some likely frail whom her sisters just can't see. When you have a star who is popular with both sexes you can relax on riches; just keep him working for his agent and his manager and you're all set.

Pidge has just completed the third film in which he is Greer Garson's husband, and every time the picture was named for her. First she was *Mrs. Miniver*, next she was *Madame Curie* and now she has become Louis Bromfield's *Mrs. Parkington*. Some day somebody should give the other half of the team a break and think up a picture simply titled "Mr. and Mrs."

Pidgeon's career, although it is no saga of rags to riches, does involve

some struggle. First was a year-and-a-half fight to live after an injury suffered in World War I. Walter, a Canadian field artilleryman, was crushed between two gun carriages at Camp Petawawa. He served out the rest of the war in a hospital, licking pneumonia, pleurisy and even tuberculosis, and was pronounced cured only a month before the Armistice.

A wounded war veteran who had never got overseas, he went to Boston looking for work. He invented a stage career and lied his way into E. E. Clive's stock company, but after a few months of this decided to become a financier and hired out as a bank clerk. Once he earned \$10 singing at a party given by a bank client, and here it was that a discoverer turned up. One of the party guests was Fred Astaire, and Fred said (Continued on page 73)



Dancer: With daughter Edna of the M-G-M art department



Just a thought: What a good-looking USO is Sheila Ryan to John Payne

That's Hollywood

It's the little things about the big

WONDER if Betty Grable, Alice Faye and Gene Tierney ever pass each other out at Twentieth Century-Fox and say to themselves: "What's she got that I haven't got?" . . . Although I am supposed to be hep to what's going on with the movie set, I must admit being always a little amazed when I read someone like Joan Fontaine is announcing her marriage is through, especially when only a few days before this news Joan tells me that she and Brian Aherne are very contented.

Metro must have a Ziegfeld complex, for they made "The Great Ziegfeld" there, then "The Ziegfeld Girl" and now they are making the "Ziegfeld Follies." With all their star players and new material and songs, they could have started the Metro Follies, but at that, it is nice to introduce "Ziegfeld" to another generation of entertainment shoppers.

I should like to sit in on a story conference for a picture with Sam Goldwyn as the producer, Mike Curtiz, the director and Gregory Ratoff, the author of the original story. That would be "the battle of the accents" . . . My favorite view of Hollywood is from the top of Sunset Strip, looking down on a bowl of varied colored electric bulbs. And I couldn't get excited when I saw Catalina on a clear day. . . Clark Gable looks exactly like what a movie hero should look like. . . Ann Sheridan may be your idea of a sexy actress and that she is, but I must admit that it is Anne Baxter who sends me. Miss



Looking luscious in red: Jane Wyman has dinner with khaki-clad Ronald Reagan



Another thought: Wonder if Helmüt Dantine calls Myrna Loy "Minnie"?

for you!

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

The noted writer and newspaper columnist

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK

names that make the best news in town

Baxter, by the way, occasionally forgets to pull down her shades and if it weren't for the OPA, rents would have gone up in her neighborhood.

I do not miss what used to be called vaudeville, for as I cover the Hollywood beat I can see a better vaudeville bill any afternoon than ever played the famous Palace Theater. Curtain going up, and the opening act is Gene Kelly doing a dance routine. From there I wander to a recording stage and listen to Lena Horne singing a song. Then for an act that is different I catch Sonja Henie doing her skating exhibition and I sit there and watch for as long as I desire. Not a bad bill so far, eh?

Then, while they're setting the stage for the dramatic sketch—all good shows at the Palace featured a dramatic sketch—I can drop in and watch a hunk of talent like Mickey Rooney do his imitations. By now the set is staged for the dramatic act and none other than William Powell and Myrna Loy come on and do a scene from the picture they are making. Then, if a novelty act is required, I walk over to where Gypsy Rose Lee is doing her stuff in front of a camera and this is a novelty act, for Gypsy Rose Lee is working with clothes on.

For a hot band number there is Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra which is a sure show-stopper and then to close this Hollywood vaudeville bill there is the line of snappy chatter and wise-cracks from those (Continued on page 104)



New friends, new hats: Joan Fontaine and Maria Montez on a dining-out spree

Scrapbook on Jennifer Jones



Personal History: Originally produced some twenty-five years ago in Tulsa, Oklahoma, as Phyllis Isley, she was later reproduced by Hollywood as Jennifer Jones.

Current Beau: She claims, "No one"; the columnists clamor, "Navy Lt. Bob Taplinger—ex-publicity man." But the facts are she stays home more evenings than not.

Jones idea of having a good time: Lounging with her feet on a chair talking to friends

Worst fault: Laziness—she's the modern Sleeping Beauty. She can sleep anywhere, any time; and she has to drive herself to everything in life, from housekeeping to business appointments.

Pet hates: Low heels on tall girls; the three songs "I Want To Be Happy," "Trees" and "The Donkey Serenade"; insincere people; and coffee.

Favorite clothes: High-heeled shoes (which alone make this tall girl feel short!), and suits in the three colors, yellow, pale blue and red.

What she can cook the best: Brownies—dewy inside and crunchy outside. Alas, despite years in the kitchen, she can cook nothing else well; which is why she and her former husband ate most of their meals at drugstore counters . . . until money and a cook entered their home!

Favorite flower: Violets—in bunches she can carry around and sniff. She never wears flowers, fresh or false, at all.

Best woman friend: Ruth King of Tulsa, Oklahoma—who's been Jennifer's closest friend since school days long ago.

What she wants in a husband: This goes under the title, "Mood of the Moment." For she doesn't want a husband at all!

Ideal home: It will be French Provincial or early American—with furniture you can curl upon, colorful drapes and a dancing fire. Outside there'll be a tennis court and flower gardens; but no swimming pool for many years. Not until small Bob and Michael can both vote and swim!



What spells happiness: The games she plays with her two little sons Bobby and Michael

Ex-boy friends: Just one—who is also her estranged husband Robert Walker. They met in school and parted in Hollywood, five years later.

Pet form of entertainment: Dancing, once a month, in night clubs; eating chili or banana pie; and lounging around with her feet on a chair talking to the few people she sees and likes.

Happiest moments: They happen when she has a whole free afternoon—she just relaxes. She plays the piano; or walks for hours alone down country roads; or reads Ben Hecht's and Thomas Mann's short stories; or plays games with her two little sons, or sits (for hours) in the sun dreaming and turning a chocolate brown. "I must be," says she happily, "part Mexican!"

Favorite book: Robert Nathan's "Portrait of Jenny."

What she'd be like as a wife: If all he wanted was Jennifer, she'd be tops. But if he wanted a housekeeper, a cook, an ambitious hostess and a brisk companion—he better start courting somebody else! For Jennifer is just Jennifer—lovely, talented, easy-going and full of fun. House dresses don't become her and vacuum cleaners never come to her hand!

Favorite inanimate object: A sun-deck—where she lies toasting by the hour.

Piecing together the diverse--and delightful--life of one of Hollywood's newest and nicest names



COVER
GIRL



What she wants to be doing when fifty: Acting, acting, acting—in any kind of role. She'd also like to see often her sons and their sons.

What most gets on her nerves: A dripping faucet. She can hear that "plink-plink" from any place in the house once she's in bed; she writhes in agony until she finally shoots out of bed to stop the racket.

Bravest moment: Not one the day long—she's afraid of everything, including the dark! She was determined to be brave over the birth of her two sons, but they each arrived in the world in twenty minutes flat, thus breaking all existing records in New York State!



"Nervy" item: She can't sleep once she hears the plink plank-plink of a dripping faucet

Pet superstitions: They are two: Always crossing her fingers when anyone predicts anything bright for the future; and, with childlike faith, never speaking of anything she really longs for—for fear it won't happen!

Most humiliating moment: When, in a scene for "Since You Went Away," she couldn't pretend to swallow a wad of gum as she was supposed to. The Academy Award winner was completely stopped, before a hundred members of the cast and crew.

Greatest thrill: She shared it with 2,000 people when, at "The Song Of Bernadette" at the Carthay Circle Theater in Los Angeles, she, and they, saw Jennifer for the first time on the screen.

Most careless habit: Like a pack-rat, she leaves something wherever she goes—a purse, a hat, a handkerchief, or gloves.

Proudest achievement: Her sons, whom she openly adores.

Cook is in the kitchen: She cooks brownies well, but that's her one culinary achievement

Habit she's trying to break herself of: Sleeping. At eight o'clock every night she longs to take the phone off the hook and the coverlet off her bed and turn in for eleven hours straight! "But my goal is six hours' sleep and no more," says she sadly, and she's trying hard to make herself stay upright for eighteen hours a day!

Most frightening moment: When a cruel prankster phoned to tell her that some children were in the Emergency Hospital after a dreadful automobile accident—and for hours of horror she thought that her sons and their nurse had been injured. When they walked through the front door, hale and hearty, she fainted from shock. This was someone's idea of a gag . . . but whose if not Frankenstein's?

Greatest virtues: Her quiet dignity about herself, her love for her children, her almost magical quality as an actress and her warm friendliness to anyone, great or small.

What she doesn't suspect about herself: That, because she played Bernadette breathtakingly after little acting experience and because she smilingly hides every deep detail of her private life, she is regarded as one of the most mysterious women who ever appeared in Hollywood! She'll do as Hollywood's Sphinx until the real one comes along.

THE END

Sketches
by
Evelyn Corvel





Radiance: Ann Miller of Columbia's "Battleship Blues"

Hymie Finl

Picture of a spectacular Tap Queen,

of a beauty-loving little girl, of an

"everyday" screen star—Ann Miller

Ann-thology

BY DOROTHY DEERE

SHE was sitting in the Brown Derby looking amazingly glamorous, with an unusually fine catch of silver foxes hung like trophies around her slim shoulders, and a pair of eighty-carat topazes glowing like golden ice at her throat and on her white hand, and anyone who didn't know she was a movie star would know she ought to be. . . .

"Hello Ann—" said another girl, passing the table. This one was inexpensively dressed, and the moment she had spoken her cheeks turned tomato with embarrassment. "I mean—Miss Miller—" she stammered.

"Why, hello," said Ann, and you'd never guess by her voice that she hadn't ever seen the other girl before. As a matter of fact, it was exactly the same voice she'd been using on actors and agents and other friends who'd been stopping at her table all afternoon.

"Gee, Miss Miller, you must think I'm awfully fresh—" The stranger was pitifully distressed. "I never done anything like that before. You see, I've just been across the street seeing 'Jam Session'—and you were so swell in it—and then I was going to see a friend of mine in the kitchen here—and there you were sitting when I came in—and I felt just like I knew you—"

"Why not?" said Ann. "I've done the same thing myself. Just the other night I walked into a restaurant and there was Gary Cooper. I started to wave and say 'Hello, Gary!' I just stopped myself in time—"

"You mean you don't know Gary Cooper?"

"Oh, there's a lot of them I don't know. Anyhow, from now on you do know me. Be sure and say hello again, sometime."

There can't be a much better way

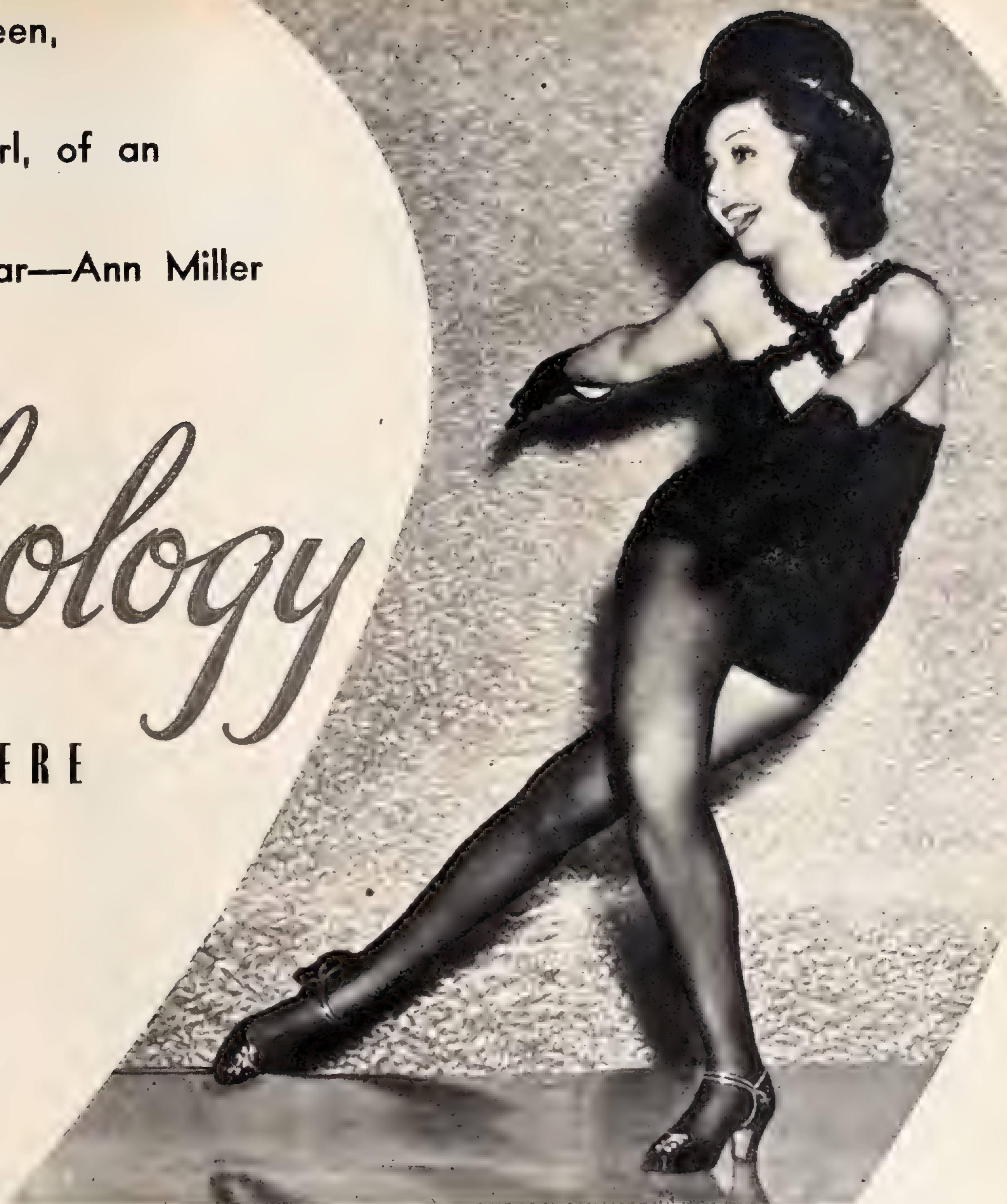
to let you know as quickly, and as positively, what a frank, simple, "everyday" kind of person this Miller girl is.

To begin with, she is lovely in a spectacular sort of way. A cloudburst of black-brown hair, contrasting a skin like pre-war vanilla ice cream, with red lips that turn up and black-fringe lashes that swoop down. Her features have an almost doll-like perfection and her eyes are so dark a blue they are best described as navy. She is five-feet five-and-a-half and regally sculpted, as befits a Tap Queen. On the set she is usually sheathed in sequins and gold fringe, fitted so close they crowd her skin, and a breathless length of silken stocking. Off the set, her flawless complexion allows her to do unexpected things with dramatic colors like grape and jade, deep pinks and bold reds. On or off, she's a vivid, striking figure, the kind of beauty who, if she wanted to be haughty, has all the equipment for it.

Her career has been equally unordinary. Ann was born in Houston, Texas, the state which, next to fighting men, exports celluloid charmers. She is French and Irish, with a touch of Cherokee, and Sarah the divine Bernhardt was one of her great-

great-great relatives. Almost from birth her time-table of events read like something put together by Ripley: Champ of several Better and Most Beautiful Baby contests before she could walk; winner of a Bathing Beauty cup soon after she could talk. "Most Popular Radio Personality" on the Texas ether at the age of eight, and deluged by fan mail from males who mistook her throaty torching of "My Man" and other sophisticated ballads as something on the more adult side.

At eleven she was playing a leading dramatic role in a Hollywood little theater production; two years later she was dancing in a swank San Francisco night club, reaping orchids and mash notes and turning down invitations from socialites who never guessed she had yet to reach the ripe old age of thirteen. At fourteen and fifteen (although her contract now read "eighteen") she was an RKO featured player, drawing hand-claps from the critics in such screen supers as "New Faces," "Radio Revels," "Stage Door," "You Can't Take It With You" and "Room Service." At sixteen as the sensation of George White's "Scandals," she had earned that title dreamed of by every actress in the world—"The Toast of (Continued on page 74)"



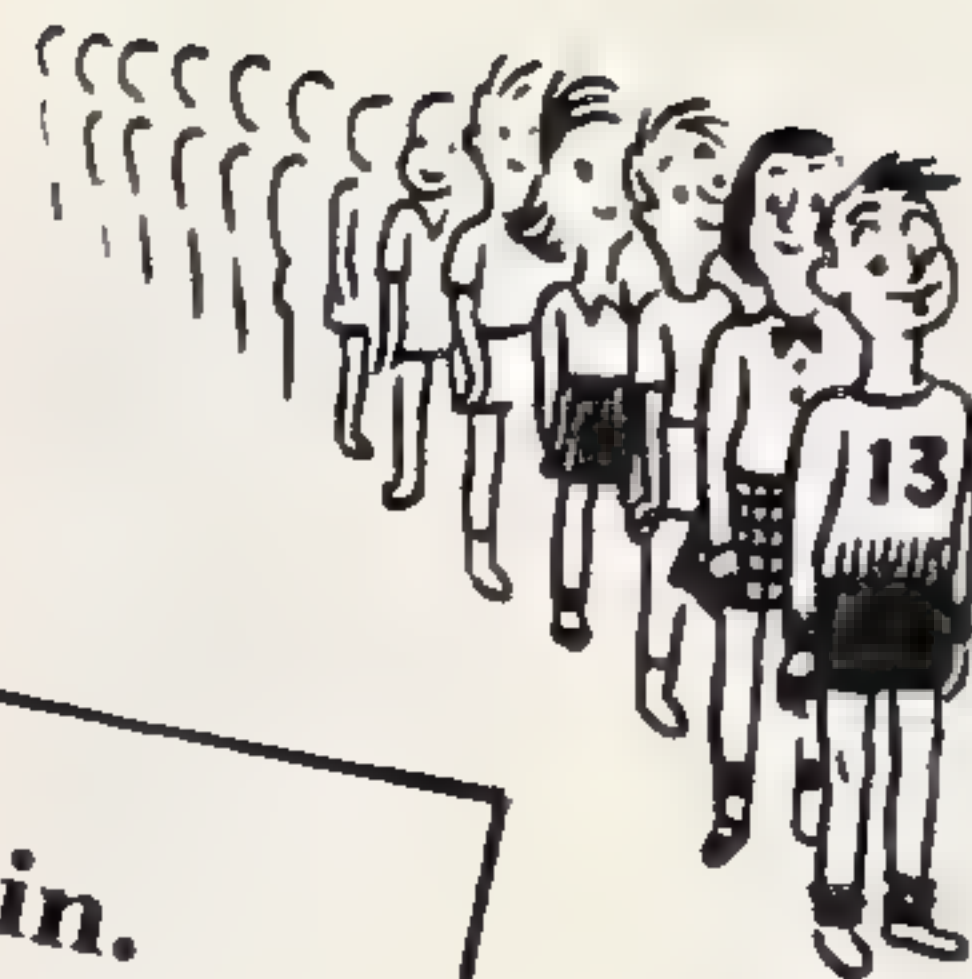
Fitted for fame in sequins—the French-Irish Miss Miller



48 By request: Poll winner Dana Andrews of Fox's "Wing And A Prayer" with his Kathy Hyn

By way of mention

Bring up these subjects to Dana Andrews
and you'll get action—with these reactions



Texas—a smile.

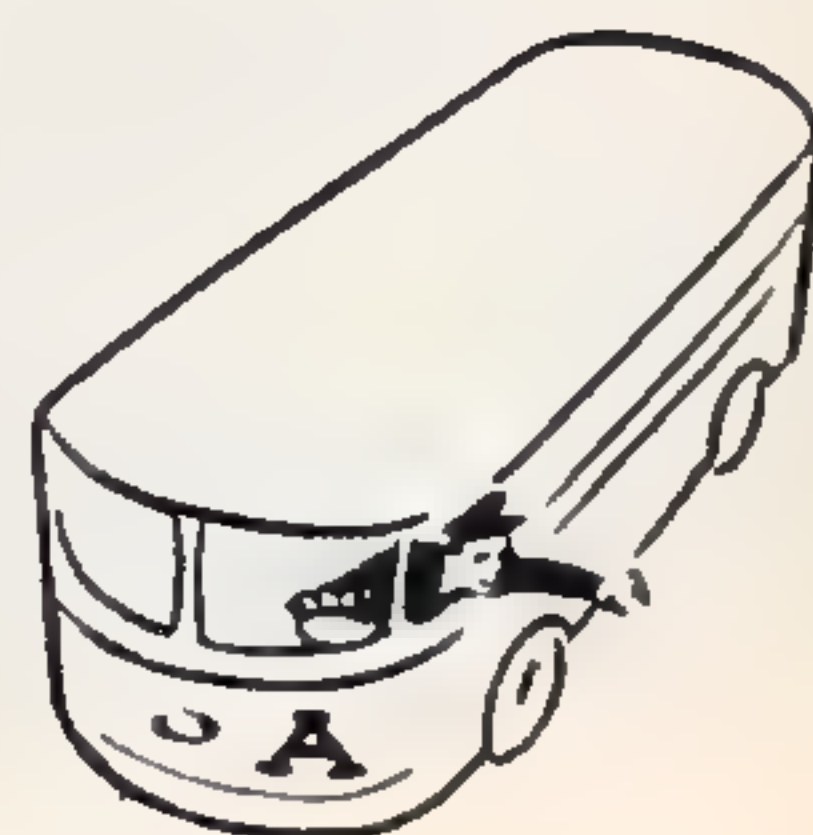
He lived there as a boy, Preacher Andrews' son
whom the citizens sighed over—and loved.

Thirteen—a grin.
He was one of thirteen children and thinks it's
a lucky number.

Milk—pleasure.

He relishes the beverage, drinks at least three
quarts daily.

Bus-drivers—sympathy.
His first year in Hollywood was spent as a bus-
driver link in the American transportation system.



Carver—a grimace.

It is his first name; he didn't like it and dropped
it as soon as he was old enough to think about it.

Butcher shops—a reminiscent twinkle.
He once worked as a butcher's boy in his jack-of-
many-trades youth.



Deer hunt—elation.

It's one of his deep interests; he's ever-ready to regale
you with some of his "hunt" stories.

David—pride.

His son, ten years old, an avid follower of the
"Lone Ranger" and "Ellery Queen."

Mary—love.

The name of his wife, a happy little person who's mis-
tress of his San Fernando Valley home and owner of
his heart.

Chess—attention.

He's a fair player, enjoys the game, wants to be a
good player someday soon.



Kathy—joy.
That's the name of his small daughter on whom
he looks with the proverbial apple-of-my-eye
expression.



Recordings—deep interest.
He loves music, can be found most any night with a book
and a glass of beer, listening to his fine collection of records.



FOR LOVE

Naming some names—as to which stars work for
the love of acting and which for the pot of gold



Ann Sheridan's
unofficial title
is without a rival
—except for
one Alice Faye



Maria Montez
says she wants to
be a star. But do
her actions be-
lie her words?

FOR love or for money—why do they come here, the Smiths and the Joneses from the four corners of the land? Do they want to be great actors and actresses? Or are they looking for a pot of gold? Or is it fame they want? Or just a job? Or all four? And just how much of their heart's blood are they prepared to give to remain, or become, a star in Hollywood?

Let's—as the politicians say—look at the record and see which of the filmites are in the business for love of acting, or strictly for the money. Or—and this is not illogical—for both.

The other day on the set of "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" Van Johnson said to Fearless, "I'm very tired. I've been working without a break since my accident. That's all right, too, I want to work. I want to put myself over with some good pictures. But when I go home at night, I'm sometimes too tired to eat, I just drop into bed. Girls in my life? Are you kidding? I haven't time or energy for girls and work both, and I prefer work. Money? That's okay with me too." Van's easy smile and happy-go-lucky brand of acting has made him one of the most serious young actors in Hollywood.

With Lana Turner it's a non-stop struggle between her ambition as an actress and the problems of her private life. But when Lana said "I do" to Steve Crane it was with the hope of having babies and living a normal home life with pictures in a secondary role. You all know what happened to that little dream. Now Lana is back where she came in—serious about her work. The fortune that got her with it is spent mostly in furs and furbelows for that pretty torso of hers and for her baby.

Ann Sheridan, who arrived at Hollywood fame via the "oomph" label, is the least ambitious actress in Hollywood—with the possible exception of Alice Faye. Annie likes to sleep. She would rather sleep than face the camera or an interviewer. On the last three occasions that Fearless has called on Miss Sheridan at the studio, someone has hissed—"Sh'h! She's asleep in her dressing room." So, wideawake girls like Alexis Smith or Jane Wyman get the publicity intended for Ann. It would almost seem that Miss Sheridan is in the business because she is too tired to get out of it and that when she marries



The Basil Rathbone career picture would be very different without Olivia

DR MONEY?

BY

"Fearless"

ain she will probably retire from movie-making—unless the effort
lled for is too great.

With Errol Flynn it's money. "I'm in Hollywood strictly for what
can take out of it," Errol once said. But what with lawsuits, Lili
umita and bad investments, Errol should leave Hollywood as poor
when he arrived nine years ago. Errol is frank about his lack of
ting prowess. But boasts of his other accomplishments—tennis and
hing with the accent on fishing. He has never had an acting lesson
his life. "Why should I?" reasons Errol. "It's not my art they
nt." Between pictures, Flynn, with bosom friend and bodyguard
ister Wiles, go somewhere, anywhere, México, New York, Catalina,
indulge in the major occupation of Errol's life—fun.

Talking of Mr. Flynn reminds us of Bette Davis and the time
ey played together in "Elizabeth And Essex." What a fright Bette
oked as the fabulous Virgin Queen. There are no half measures
th la Davis when it comes to acting and in order to really feel
r role, Bette shaved off the hair above her forehead and every
stige of eyebrow. For three months after the picture was "canned"
ette had to stay home until her eyebrows and hair looked human
ain. Again, for her art, Bette did horrible things to her face for
ost of "And Now Voyager." But don't get Bette wrong; she also
es the money that goes with the job. Unlike Miss Garson, how-
er, Bette can joke and laugh on the set, unless she is in one of her
predictable moods.

Take Basil Rathbone. The suave villain and *Sherlock Holmes* of
e screen and radio would be just as happy pottering around his
ded Hollywood home as on the sound stages. But wife Ouida is
e spur urging him on to good parts in good pictures. He once
ther pathetically begged a writer friend of Fearless's, "Don't tell
uida my role is small, she gets so upset!"

ISHMAN Gene Kelly will tell you he doesn't know anything,
or care, about the salary he makes. "I could get more I suppose,
t who wants more money—it's having good pictures that counts."
e gets peeved if you only mention his (Continued on page 95)

Take Orson
Welles and—if
you do—you may
be in for a long
sixteen-hour day

Gene Kelly has
a career point
in common with
Alan Ladd—a
very good point

etty Grable
with husband
arry James) is
st what you'd
hink she'd be

Heritage on a

Revealing for the first time the odd but fascinating



High on a mountaintop overlooking the valley and the Pacific—the Boyer home. Right: His mother's home on the grounds

BY ELZA SCHALLERT

It was approaching the dinner hour—formal dinner—at the home of the Charles Boyers. An air of high expectancy pervaded the whole household. The lights glowed bounteously in living room, hall, loggia and library. The long table in the intimate, pastel-tinted dining room gleamed with crystal and fine plate and was set with a perfection of each detail.

With the French, dinner is ever and always a function. With the Boyers—with Charles, to be exact—it is a super-personal ceremony.

With extreme care and precision, he had seen to the disposal of the viands and wines himself. He was surveying every item that would make the repast qualify for excellence, even in an era harassed by food rationing. He touched a knife here and a fork there to assure that it was exactly placed, gave final soft-cadenced instructions to the servants. Yet all the while he had an inexplicable look of concern.

Somewhere in the house a telephone rang and Boyer looked up with an expression at once hopeful and questioning as he hesitated in the supervision of the preparations for an instant.

The servant, who answered the phone came into the dining room. "The gentleman from Twentieth Century-Fox is on the telephone," he said in French to Boyer. "He states he has the print of the picture for you."

"Good!" exclaimed Boyer with a kind of quiet elation. "I will speak to him"—and it seemed as if a weight had been lifted off his mind.

"Then you can get it for me this evening," he was heard saying with the French accent warmly coloring the words spoken by the voice that is so familiar to all picture-goers. "Then I shall send for it immediately. No, no. I would not let you use your car at this time, with the gas situation as it is. I will send for it. Thank you—so much."

"Pat," he said a few moments later to his wife Pat Paterson. "Enfin—at last—we have the picture, 'Berkeley Square,' tonight for Heather. It has made me very happy to get it, as you know. I am sending for it now. Henri—will you tell the chauffeur, please . . ." as he gave the necessary instructions.

Mrs. Boyer said: "I am so happy, Charles. I know how much this means to you."

"Yes—yes," replied Boyer. "So now we will have a nice dinner, a pleasant conversation, and then we will show the picture in which Heather gave that beautiful performance. I am indeed very happy."

And the face of the actor was positively radiant, for with great difficulty he had secured "Berkeley

Hilltop

private life of the Charles Boyers

Important part of the pattern of the Boyer life is their volunteer work. Here Boyer and his wife Pat Paterson serve at a canteen



Square," in which Heather Angel had starred with the late Leslie Howard nearly twelve years previously. He was anxious to show it before her and Captain Robert Sinclair of the Army Air Forces, whom she had lately married. He felt this would be a very special treat for the select group of dinner guests, which included also the Artur Rubinstein, and the crowning touch of the evening.

Such is the Boyer attention to all things, even the socially incidental.

Charles Boyer is that way, whether it be in his professional or his domestic life. He wants, and generally manages to have, a well-ordered empire. Actually, it is growing into a veritable realm, far-spreading as time goes on.

Coming to Hollywood as an actor in French film versions about a decade and a half ago, consigned to oblivion in that remote sphere, he has now risen to a state not only of cinematic, but civic importance, too, in the film colony. In fact, when you speak of actors who have "social significance" these days, whose activities range well beyond their miming, Boyer takes a most prominent place.

Even in the days of his first success, Boyer could not be classified as a young, romantic hero. Even then, he had the peculiar, fascinating maturity of the European. It was the essence of his charm and appeal for all womenfolk from sub-debs to dowagers.

Today he is a more mature man

in numerous respects—including appearance. Probably the war has tended to emphasize this. He has driven hard in the past few years. He feels deeply the plight of France, the tragedy, especially of the children in that country.

However, the changes wrought by time, and these turbulent days, have seemingly only given greater solidity to Boyer's life, helped him to integrate its fabric, which involves many new elements. In the past year, for instance, he made an impression as a motion-picture producer in collaboration with another Frenchman, Julien Duvivier. Their first exhibit, "Flesh And Fantasy," will probably be followed by others.

Boyer has been one of the most active stars (Continued on page 91)

Hold

Fair example of hand-holding: Dolores Moran of Warners' "The Horn Blows At Midnight" looks over the lines of Private Erwin Bieber of Columbia, Ill. Her audience: Cpl. Eddie Sundberg of Dedham, Mass., and Cpl. Clem Petroski



The square:
Square palm, square
finger tips

HOLD hands, fair maid, and let who will be clever, witty or beautiful. You don't need to guess about the right line to hand your date for the evening. Learn a little palmistry and study his lines instead.

Everyone will agree that holding hands is thrilling, but how many girls know how to gather valuable information along with the thrills? Here are the clues, girls, to help you with your educated hand-holding.

Although no two hands are exactly alike and the lines, stars, crosses and other signs all add variations to the person's character, you will find that there are seven different types:

1. The square or practical hand
2. The spatulate or inventive hand
3. The conic or artistic hand
4. The psychic or sensitive hand

5. The philosophic or nature hand
6. The mixed or versatile hand
7. The elementary or brutal hand

The elementary or brutal hand has coarse, clumsy palm and fingers poorly developed and denotes a savage brutal nature. I am omitting any clues as to the handling of this variety, because if you make a date with a hand like this—well, it serves you right!

THE SQUARE HAND

The square hand has a square palm with either short or long fingers having square tips. The nails are short and square too. This man will:

1. Be intensely law-abiding. (Safe to go riding with.)
2. Carefully ponder every step before he takes it. (Not the type to rush you off to Reno, so prepare for the long stretch.)

3. Rarely pay you a compliment. (Except to blurt it out awkwardly.)
4. Always be methodical and punctual. (Not the type to cool his heels in the living room while you scurry off to clean your teeth or pluck your eyebrows.)
5. Be fond of home and domestic life. (Put on your prettiest apron and invite him to dinner.)
6. Use trite phrases. (Will probably say, "Where have you been all my life?" and expect you to applaud his cleverness.)
7. Be undemonstrative. (Would really have an etching to show you!)

Short fingers on this type of hand show a person apt to be obstinate (you go to the fights and like it instead of seeing the latest Clark Gable picture); however, he will accumu-

his hands!

Here's something to palm off on
your next date—a gay way to discover what kind of man he is
and just what to do to please him



The spatulate:
Fingers wider at tip
than at first joint



The conic:
Small tapering
fingers



The philosophic:
Narrow palm, thin
fingers



The psychic:
Long delicate taper-
ing fingers

BY

Kelores Moran

late wealth after a struggle. (Just think of the good bets you might have passed up without this bit of information—that is if “the hard struggle” doesn’t scare you off!)

If your square palm man has long tapering fingers then you must know that he lacks energy. He starts well and means well but gives up too soon. (You are all familiar with males who rush you off your feet for a month, then quietly fold their wallets and steal away.)

THE SPATULATE HAND

The spatulate hand is wide at the wrist and narrow at the base indicating a practical nature, or it may be narrow at the wrist and broad at the base of the fingers showing a more adventurous spirit. Spatulate fingers are wider at the tip than at the first joint. This man will:

1. Hate monotony. He loves new ideas, new scenes, new adventures and new girls. (Wear your new red hat one time, your large black one the next and change your line of chatter as often as your nail polish.)

2. Have tremendous energy. (Best to take a nap before this date. You may have to climb a mountain or swim a river before the night is over.)

3. Not be interested in acquiring money or in having luxuries. He would rather be poorly paid at work which allows him to expand rather than to be in the six-figure class and have his spirit cramped. (Perhaps you don’t look well in mink anyway; and he does sound sort of fun.)

When the spatulate hand is hard and firm, then you will find a man full of enthusiasm and pep. Great inventors, explorers and engineers will have this type. (Don’t let a few golf calluses fool you into thinking a hand is hard.)

A soft, flabby spatulate hand indicates a person easily angered, changeable and hard to please. (This man would be a problem to live with as he might eat spinach one week and throw it in the sink the next.)

THE CONIC HAND

The conic hand has small tapering

fingers, the palm tapering to the base of the fingers, the skin soft and tender. This is the hand of the dreamer, the singer, the author, and the statesman. This man will:

1. Interfere with other people’s affairs and be fond of criticising. (Will want to select your clothes and tell you how to cook the roast.)
2. Be very intelligent and a brilliant conversationalist. (Don’t forget the “Good Listener” trick.)
3. Not make much money but will lead an interesting life.
4. Be generous, sympathetic, and kind-hearted. (And who wouldn’t go for that!)
5. Have a vivid imagination and great love of beauty.
6. Rise from the depths of despair to the heights of rapture.
7. Love luxury, yet will not be much success financially. He will not want to work for material reward unless pleased with everything. (You might have difficulty in getting him to cut the (Continued on page 94)

Photoplay's

Command Performance

Six-star pictures with special poses requested by service men and women. Photographer—Hymie Fink



Jim's request: "A picture of Bob Hope teeing up on the last hole." Bob takes time off from movie-making, tees off for Jim in top form

Recovering from North Africa wounds, Pvt. Young wanted a picture of favorite Veronica Lake "in a boat, with room on the seat beside her left for me!"



Charles would like "to have Deanna Durbin go fishing with me." Next best thing—a rod-and-reel picture of her



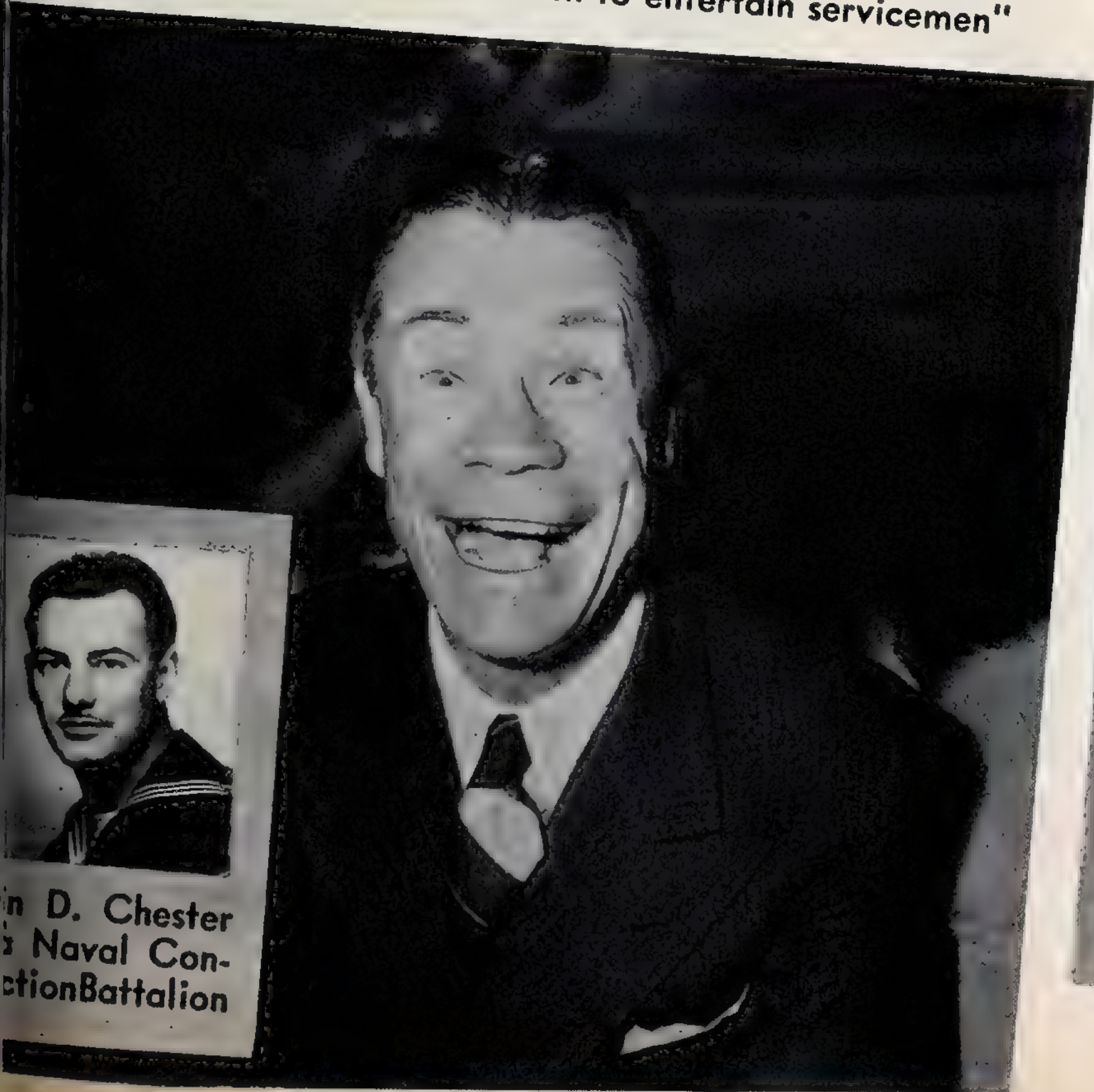


Private Jack
Grotevant of Fort
Rodman, Mass.



Jack's wish: "To own a picture of Judy Garland singing my favorite song, 'My Ideal,' seated on top of a piano"

Ervin wanted Joe E. Brown "with a smile as big as he can make it. No one has done so much to entertain servicemen"



in D. Chester
s Naval Con-
nection Battalion



Lieutenant Lau-
rence Malméd of
the U. S. Army

Malméd favorite is actress Janet Blair. He wanted to see her snapped by Photoplay photographer Hymie Fink as she was jumping rope

In the service? Then Command Performance was created for you! Just write the Command Performance Editor, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y., telling exactly what you would like to see your favorite star doing.

Cameraman Hymie Fink will take the picture of the star, if available, and it will be reproduced, with your picture, in Photoplay. The original picture, autographed by the star to you, will be forwarded to you.

Give your rank, name and address, name of your home town—and enclose a picture of yourself. We're sorry that we're unable to return your photograph.

Cashing in on CRANE

A new view of a new hit—Richard
Crane, including the answers to all those
letters hidden in his closet

BY SARA HAMILTON

IN Hollywood there's an avenue called Laurel Canyon that begins at Schwab's drugstore and twists and climbs way out to the San Fernando Valley. But halfway up its twisting grade there's an iron gate, swung wide to a large estate. Through the gate and up the dirt road past the main house there is in the rear a tiny guest house, looking for all the world like the home of Hansel and Gretel. It is here that lives the most amazing boy in Hollywood.

His name is Richard Crane and only a short time ago no one in Hollywood had ever heard of him. But that, of course, was before "Happy Land" in which Dick played the American lad, son of Don Ameche, who died in service. In the small closet in Dick's eight-by-ten living room are the thousands upon thousands of letters that tell how well you know him now. The majority of those letters ask Dick the same questions—why do you always die in pictures, are you married, what are you like?

Dick doesn't know why he dies so consistently. In "None Shall Escape," "Happy Land" and "Wing And A Prayer" he passes to the great beyond. The truth is he'd rather stay in the greater here in pictures and maybe get the girl.

After all, he's only twenty-six, handsome with a stolid stockiness, has naturally curly brown hair, ears that lie flat to his head and a complexion for which any girl would give a pair of nylons.

He looks the huskiest of all the young newcomers to pictures but a mastoid in one ear that has required nine major operations in his young life and a punctured eardrum in the other ear keep him out of service. He feels a sort of reverent awe that his birthday fell on June 6—D-Day. He celebrated by staying home and thinking about his friends over there.

About a year ago a wire, brief but telling, put him back into circulation after a short year of marriage. The girl he loved devotedly wired him from Reno while he was working in "Happy Land"—"Darling, we were divorced this morning. I'm being married again."

It tore him apart and as a sort of retaliation he, in turn, tore the town apart for nine months. Then one morning he woke up with a great longing to find a nice girl.

He didn't really recognize her as his girl when he was first (Continued on page 68)



Twenty-six, curly brown hair, a nice face—Dick of "Wing And A Prayer"



Twenty-four, curly brown hair, a husband and father—Jim of "Objective, Burma"

Bringing up BROWN

Personal notes about a noted
personality—Jim Brown, plus some
engaging information about the
engaging Brownling nest

BY

ELEANOR HARRIS

THERE are many things you cannot say about Mr. James Edward Brown of Hollywood. Such careless remarks as, "He's dignified," or "He's cultured," or even, "He's adult" would be strictly untrue. For Mr. Brown is a delightful Newfoundland puppy who has clambered up the ladder of stardom and is now barking happily near the top . . . purely because he followed his own recipe of doing anything in life that caught his changing fancy. Naturally, everyone who sees him loves him, for Mr. James Brown is one of the most engaging human puppies who ever appeared in the West.

But enough of this—judge for

yourself! He's coming your way now, even though his flap-shuffle method of walking makes him look as if he's heading in four directions at once. There's six feet two of him, plus 190 pounds; his blue eyes are dancing with mischief, his chin wears two fetching (and matching) moles, his nose is turned up to catch the rain and his wavy brown hair bounces in unison with his breezy walk. He looks not a second over nineteen, though he's actually twenty-four years old and a husband and father. He's also one of the busiest actors extant, as you know if you've seen him in his seven pictures, "Young And Willing," "For-


est Rangers," "Air Force," "Corvette K225," "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay," "Going My Way" and "Objective, Burma." His next role is the star part in "The Virginian" . . . and all of this success was stumbled into as he has always stumbled into everything. Even marriage.

For his big romance had all the tactics of a puppy chasing a stick . . . and retrieving it! Jim first sighted his future wife over a pair of pork chops and a mob of extras in the Paramount Studio lunchroom. She sat across the room from him, and she was nothing if not a raving beauty, in brunette. Jim, who was then more (Continued on page 97)

What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT
War brings strange situations—here is advice on them from an experienced woman

Stop worrying about that trouble! Write the details to Claudette Colbert and if the problem seems to her to be a universal one she will answer it here. Letters to Miss Colbert should be sent in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, California



DEAR MISS COLBERT:

Last spring I finished the sophomore year in Central High School. I am sixteen years old. My grades are above average and I like school, but ever since school dismissed I have been working in an ice cream factory for twenty-seven dollars a week.

My parents say I should quit the job and return to school in September, but this is good money and I would like to keep on earning it. I can hold this job during the war and go back and finish high school and get my diploma when the war is over. Don't you agree with me that this is the best thing to do?

John H.

Dear John:

I am afraid I can't agree with you. Not long ago Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, famous ace of World War I, made a comment about staying in school which I think you ought to know.

Someone had told him about a large number of boys and girls who had left school "to make good money."

"Good money?" said the Captain. "I doubt it. I think some of the money those youngsters make may be considered the worst money they could ever make. They have sold their future opportunities for the measly dollars they will receive in a pay envelope.

No matter how much 'good' money most of those youngsters make, it is bad money."

The point is this, John, our country is depending more heavily right now upon boys like you than it ever has before. If the war lasts two more years, you will be called to duty in one of the armed forces. You will need every minute of the training that you can get before that time to become an effective service man. It is your patriotic duty to be ready when your turn comes.

Suppose the war ends soon. There will be competition for jobs in every kind of business and industry. Those who are best trained will be most likely to find employment. Not only your service to your country, but your own future is at stake.

You think you will return to school when the war is over. As a matter of fact, very few students who have quit school for one, two or three years ever return to complete their studies. It is now or never. The decision you have to make is an important one. The war has shown the value of education for the fighting man. More than a million young men have been rejected in the draft because they were not well enough educated to serve. It is even more necessary to be well trained to meet the strong competition which is certain to exist in the days of peace.

If you have an opportunity to go on to school, don't miss it.

Claudette Colbert.

Home-work with the letters sent to her each month by Photoplay readers: Miss Colbert of Paramount's "Practically Yours"

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am no longer in love with my husband. We haven't had trouble—I'm merely bored. I have tried to make myself love him. We have two adorable children and he says he loves me, but I fear he is just being nice.

The little things, private jokes, comradeship, passionate affection, that make up a marriage are missing in ours. I want to be happy with him, but I am not satisfied with just being a housewife. I don't want to stay at home. I am never content there.

Yet I have tried to keep a commercial job and have failed. Although I have landed many jobs, I have never remained on any of them over five months. I know I have done my work; I'm fastidious and pleasant, yet sooner or later I am always released.

Lately my husband and I have been "partying" with several other couples a good bit and I have found myself doing things that I formerly



raised my eyebrows over when others did them. I have plenty to think over the next morning and I grow sick of myself.

I want to be a new person. I want to be happy. I should be—I have everything it takes—but for some reason I am not. The only way I can relax and forget myself is by going to a movie. Afterwards I bitterly envy the actresses who seem so serenely happy. I have consulted physicians, who find nothing wrong with my physical condition.

Perhaps you have a philosophy that might help me. I shall be grateful for any assistance you can give.

Mrs. Cynthia A.

Dear Mrs. A.:

It would be very easy for the average woman to fly into a rage at you, my dear, and storm at you in loud tones. You have everything on earth that the normal woman wants: A home, a husband, two lovely children, a social life and the prospect of a secure future.

Yet you say you aren't happy, and I am willing to take your word for it.

You, in turn, must take my word for this: The thing you think you want doesn't exist. You believe that marriage is a state of continual ecstasy and change. Forget it. The life of the average human being is as eventless as a Sunday-afternoon canoe ride on a shallow lake.

The answer? It is, and has always been, this: Get busy. Become a nurse's aid or a Gray Lady. If that is impossible, join a study club. If that doesn't appeal, why not try to paint? Or to do wood-carving? Or to learn Spanish or French? If you live near a university, you should enroll in several classes. A course in Philosophy would be of great help.

You must stir up more energy than you have expended in a long time and go into a new field with all the converted frenzy of your discontent. Once your mind is being fascinated by a wealth of new experiences, you will be astonished at the return of a flood of love for your husband and children.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:


I'm twenty-four and this is the first time I've had a problem of this

sort. Please advise me.

Two years ago I met a soldier from a near-by state, stationed in our city. I saw him many, many times at parties, always in the company of others. Although we were never alone, I noticed that he singled me out of the crowd to talk to, dance with, and spend his time near.

I'd known him for two months when his outfit was transferred to another state. My girl friend and I had a chance to spend a week end near that camp, so she notified her boy friend, who was the buddy of the chap I mentioned above. I didn't let him know, however.

Well, on Tuesday after we had returned from the week end near camp, I received a very hurt letter from this boy asking why I hadn't let him know I was going to be near by. I wrote back that it hadn't occurred to me that he would be interested. His reply was that he was taking a plane the following week end to come to see me. That he'd been thinking, (Continued on page 108)



Father Francis Chisholm, as
interpreted by Gregory Peck

The Keys of the Kingdom

This deals with happiness—and with a man who discovered
how to keep it in his heart

From the famous best-seller by A. J. Cronin

Fiction version by Dan Sakseney

FATHER CHISHOLM was going to lose his parish. There was very little doubt of that by the time Monsignor Sleeth said good-night and went upstairs. For a week he had been Father Chisholm's guest in the ugly stone cottage near Tweedside Church and even on the first day he had seen that the priest was old and given to making very unorthodox statements. Retirement was obviously the best thing for him and the parish and Sleeth said so in his report to Bishop Mealey, which he sat down to write as soon as he had entered the bare, stone-floored little room where he slept—or tried to sleep, for the bed was very hard.

The Monsignor did not look upon himself as Francis Chisholm's judge, yet there was a judicial austerity in his thin, tight-skinned face as he sat at the desk and put down his week's findings in neat handwriting. It was beside the point that personally he considered Father Chisholm a stubborn old fool and entirely too prone to make capital of the fact that he had been a boyhood friend of Bishop Mealey. *That* small matter would certainly not persuade his Grace to leave him, obviously incompetent as he was, in charge of this Scottish parish. Bishop Mealey was—quite rightly—not a man of sentiment.

Sighing, Monsignor Sleeth completed his report and prepared for bed. In a way, he reflected, it was too bad about Chisholm; there was a sweetness about the old man, in spite of his bluntness (imagine his telling Mrs. Glendenning, who could not help her extreme stoutness, to eat less, for the gates of Paradise were narrow!)

Automatically, the Monsignor reached into a bedside shelf in search of something to read before trying to sleep. His groping hand brought out a stained copybook, the kind of thing schoolboys use for their compositions. It fell open to the first page, blank except for the words "Francis Chisholm—His Journal." For the rest of that night Monsignor Sleeth was busy reading.

* * *

In 1878, Francis Chisholm was nine years old and known to the Tweedside fishermen as "Alex Chisholm's laddie." It was the only name he wanted, because he idolized his father who was so fearless and so good. When Father went to Ettal with the fishing accounts, he would march straight past the roughs who hung about the streets, muttering "Dirty Papist!" and "Roman scum!" under their breaths. But one night he came home with his knuckles skinned and his cheek torn open and Mother said he'd had to fight because the Ettal people were Protestants and hated Catholics. When Francis couldn't understand why it was necessary to hate anyone for being a Catholic, Lisbeth Chisholm's tired eyes looked past him and she said, "That's something I don't know either, Laddie."

Being a Catholic was beautiful and fine, Francis

thought—and he went on thinking it, all his life. The feeling of comfort and safety you got when you entered the church—oh, there was nothing like it in the world! He used to try to give his best friend, Willie Tulloch, some idea of how wonderful this feeling was, but Willie only laughed. He'd go on being an atheist, he said, like his father, the Doctor. But even so, Francis liked him better than Angus Mealey, who was a Catholic. This—liking Willie Tulloch and really not caring very much for Angus, although he knew he should—was something else that never changed, throughout the long course of his life.

It was because Francis's father and mother were Catholics that they died. A black, stormy night, with Alex long overdue from his weekly trip to Ettal . . . They went out to look for him finally, Lisbeth and Francis, and found him on the other side of the bridge, cowering under some bushes to keep out of the rain. The men in Ettal had beaten him and broken his arm.

"Run back and get Doctor Tulloch!" Lisbeth told Francis sharply. "I'll help your father to the house." And as Francis, his heart threatening to burst his breast, turned to obey he saw her help the man to his feet, pulling the good arm over her thin shoulders to support him.

The rain came down in frenzied torrents, flooding the burn so that it rose and washed over the planks of the narrow, swaying footbridge; and it was there, in the middle of the bridge, that it happened. Francis had crossed over and was halfway to the Doctor's house when he heard his mother's scream. He turned and ran back and saw them both struggling in the water. Alex's foot had slipped and he had fallen, the water filling his heavy fisherman's boots and pulling him downstream. Lisbeth held him with one hand, the railing with the other. While Francis watched, frozen with horror, the hand on the railing lost its grip.

Hours later, when neighbors had recovered the bodies, he went to the church—finding his way by instinct alone, since tears still blinded his eyes. The heavy doors swung to behind him and he smelled the faint odor of incense on the air, and slowly the tears dried so he could see the flickering candles on the altar.

FRANCIS went after his parents' death to live in Tyne-castle with Ned and Polly Bannon, who had been his mother's best friends, and their daughter Nora. Aunt Polly was the one, probably, who saw his love for the Church and read into it the only meaning she could: that he must be ordained. When he was old enough, she and Ned sent him to Holywell College. But Nora's face came between him and his books. Always—Nora, who was merry and gay, and who took her religion as she took every other good thing in life, happily without thought. Two things he loved—the Church and Nora,



Francis as a boy:
Roddy McDowall



Francis as a man:
Gregory Peck



Rev. Angus Mealey:
Vincent Price



Maria-Veronica:
Rosa Stradner



Nora Bannon:
Mary Anderson



Willie Tulloch:
Thomas Mitchell



Monsignor Sleeth:
Cedric Hardwicke



Joseph:
Benson Fong

and he could not have both.

"They'll make a priest out of you at that college in spite of yourself!" Nora told him angrily, and he shook his head—but he wasn't so sure. . . .

Nora looked at him keenly, and knew he was not sure, and all that term, after he had gone back to Holywell, he scarcely heard from her. He waited eagerly for summer vacation to come, because then he could see her again and make up their quarrel. He had decided now—he wouldn't be a priest, he wasn't meant to be one. But just at the end of term came a strange, curt note from Polly, asking him not to return to Tynecastle for his holiday. Just that—giving no reason.

Francis tried to obey, but fear that the family was in trouble pulled him back to Tynecastle against his will. Early on a summer morning he jumped down from a cart in front of the Bannon's tavern. Even at first sight, it had an unaccustomed air of shabbiness and Thad Gilfoyle, a shifty-eyed young man he had always disliked, was presiding back of the bar with an air of belonging there.

"Where's Uncle Ned?" Francis demanded, and Thad smirked.

"In th' back room."

He brushed past. At first, in the gray-faced man who stared up at him in the back room, he did not recognize hearty, vital Ned Bannon. So his fears had been right; there *was* trouble here, terrible trouble. Yet it was some time before he could learn what it was. To his questions Ned would say only that Polly and Nora had been in Whitley Bay for a six-week holiday and would be back that night.

"And what's that little worm Thad Gilfoyle doing behind your bar?" Francis asked at last.

Ned clenched his big hands on his knees. "He—belongs there, lad," he said with difficulty. "You see—he's going to marry Nora."

IT WAS Father Fitzgerald, the parish priest, who finally gave Francis as much of the story as anyone except Nora knew. "I, for one, consider her highly fortunate," he said coldly. "When she marries Gilfoyle, the child will become legitimatized and baptized and she herself will be honored by marriage to as decent a man as will have her."

Francis wanted to protest—wildly, angrily. Instead, he said, "Is the child Gilfoyle's?"

"No. Only Nora knows whose it is, and she refuses to tell . . . Nora has sinned against God, Francis, and only God can forgive her."

Yet Father Fitzgerald was a good man, Francis said to himself. He was good, even though now, in condemning Nora to marriage with the despicable Gilfoyle, he seemed heartless and severe.

Nora and her mother returned that evening from Whitley Bay, where the child—a girl—had been born. Until Nora's marriage it was to remain there in the care of a nurse.

This Nora was someone Francis had never seen before—impassive, stony-faced, aloof. She would not speak to him, but hurried past like a fugitive to hide in her own room; and the next morning, when he rose after a sleepless night, she had disappeared. Polly said vaguely that she had gone for a walk.

He found her at last, sitting lost in her own dark thoughts on the river bank. She did not look up when he came and sat down beside her, and all she said was, briefly, "Hello, holy man."

He ignored the bitterness in her voice. "Nora," he pleaded, "you can't marry Thad Gilfoyle!"

"The rules say I've got to marry someone. Why not Thad?"

"Because he's not fit for you!" The words

were torn from him.

She looked at him then, in irony. "Not fit for me? But I'm Nora, who has sinned! Didn't you know? Or have you come on your own to give me dispensation?"

"Nora!" He put his hands on her arms, holding her in spite of her efforts to wrench herself free. "You know how I feel about you, how I've always felt—"

"No, I don't know, Francis," she interrupted. "How do you feel? Do you love me, have you always loved me? And is that why you're letting them make a priest out of you?"

"I'm not going to be a priest!" he declared. "You know that—I've told you again and again. . . ."

But she was looking at him with that sad knowledge he had seen in her eyes before. "And again and again," she said, "I've known that you *would* be. There's love in you, Francis—a world of love—but it's not for me or any other woman. I fought for it until I knew it wasn't any good to fight any more—and then I wanted to kill whatever hold I had on your love, by doing the most hateful thing I could. That's why I did what I did—to set your heart free, Francis."

She was crying, her bitterness dissolved in tears. He lifted his arms to take her in them again.

"Will you marry me, Nora?" he said. "Will you—right away?"

She looked at him for a long moment. Then she smiled faintly. "I don't know whether you're a saint or just a little child," she said. "Whichever it is, I think I'm a million years older than you. No, Francis, I won't marry you. . . ."

She turned and left him, standing alone by the river, his head bowed.

Before the wedding, which was to take place the next Sunday, Nora said she wanted one day alone at the seashore and on Friday Francis took her to the railroad station in the Bannon's little two-wheeled cart. She was quiet and listless; the fury of their talk by the river had spent itself. As they drew up at the station they heard the whistle of the approaching train and suddenly Nora leaned over and kissed Francis's cheek before jumping to the ground.

"Go now, will you?" she said.

"But I'll put you on the train—" he protested miserably.

"No. I want you to go. I want to wave to you. Please."

Puzzled and hurt, he stayed in the cart, watching her walk into the little knot of people on the platform. She looked back once, and threw him a smiling kiss, then disappeared. The train came chugging down the tracks, slowing to a halt—but before it had stopped Francis heard a scream and saw the crowd surge forward. He leaped from the cart and ran, knowing already what he would find when he reached the rails. Nora had chosen the only way to set both him and herself free.

AND free he was, after her death. Free to return to Holywell, where Angus Mealey was winning prizes in his studies, and where Francis won none. Free to go from Holywell to the English Seminary at San Juan in Spain, and be ordained there; and free to drift for several years from curacy to curacy—successful in none. Always there was something coming between him and his love for the Church. He saw hypocrisy and bigotry and when he spoke out frankly against them he made enemies. His doubts—of himself and his work—could never be shaken off. He was really happy only on the rare occasions when he (Continued on page 85)

Priority On Paradise

A short little story
long on dreams about
Alexis Smith and her
husband Craig Reynolds

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

WHEN she was still a little girl, Alexis Smith dreamed of the wedding she would have someday—just as all little girls do. The tall and oh-so-handsome groom, the white flowers and the candles, the throng of old and dear friends about her, herself radiant in white and silver cutting the high-piled wedding cake. The banks of gleaming packages filled with shining gifts, the music, the sniffles of sentimental relatives—all of it. It would be June, of course! She even dared to dream—that very young Alexis—that she would be famous when that great day came and that she would be marrying a famous man.

Well, not many little girls grow up to have all their starry-eyed dreams come true, especially if they grow up to be movie stars, with all the hectic responsibilities of that position and, still more especially, if they find themselves suddenly grown-up and ready to be married in wartime! But Alexis' youthful plans were fulfilled to the last, flawless detail—unless, of course, you consider that

The cake—a lofty one;
the dress—white and silver;
the couple—ideal

they were just a wee bit marred by a couple of earthquakes and a flat tire! But then, every wedding must have one or two slight mishaps—else what memories would there be to laugh about in the years to come?

Alexis knew that it would be like this from the moment that she met Craig Stevens two years ago when they were both first under contract to Warner Brothers and were cast in the picture, "Steel Against The Sky." The courtship was a quiet one with little dinners at out-of-the-way restaurants, Sunday evenings at Alexis' house in Glendale, electric moments when their eyes met across a crowded studio commissary. Almost like a high-school romance. Then there was the announcement party at Alexis' house on a Sunday, with a

little girl in a fluffy dress handing out cards which said, coyly, "Alexis and Craig." And then, suddenly, Craig was in uniform with a funny haircut and Alexis was standing forlornly in the station, trying to say an adequate good-bye while a sergeant bawled, "Break it up, soldier! Your visiting days are over!"

And Alexis settled herself to wait, sure somehow that her shining dreams must come true, even though it might not be for years. Then Craig was in an Army hospital with an old back injury which wouldn't heal, fretting because he couldn't get into the fighting. He needed all of Alexis' tenderness and understanding then. Then came the day, six months ago, when the Army gave him his medical discharge and, thirty pounds (Continued on page 103)



BRIEF REVIEWS

✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED
 ✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
 ✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED



Headline film news: Alexander Knox as the President, Geraldine Fitzgerald as his wife in Fox's "Wilson"

✓✓✓ **ADDRESS UNKNOWN**—Columbia: Paul Lukas becomes so imbued with Naziism that he sends the daughter of his former partner in San Francisco to death and then drama and suspense are injected into the story when messages in code, unfavorable to the Nazi cause, pour in upon Lukas in Germany from San Francisco and he is unable to explain them. Lukas is superb; K. T. Stevens, Peter Van Eyck, Mady Christians and Carl Esmond are good.

✓✓ **ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN, THE**—Warners: Mark Twain, the great humorist and writer, comes to life in the superb performance of Fredric March. His experiences on the Mississippi, in the raw frontiers of the West, in his happy marriage to Alexis Smith, in home life in New England and later in his travels around the world are richly told in this picture that's overly long but always interesting.

ALLERGIC TO LOVE—Universal: A lot of nonsense about Martha O'Driscoll's not kissing Noah Beery Jr., until after they're married. Then, of all things, she discovers she's allergic to him and sneezes violently every time he comes near her. So violently, in fact, that their mutual friend David Bruce must cart her off to the hospital.

✓ **AND THE ANGELS SING**—Paramount: The singing Angel sisters, Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton, Diana Lynn and Mimi Chandler, don't like to sing, but reluctantly consent to appear one night with Fred MacMurray's orchestra. But when Fred skips off with Betty's money, the foursome follow him to New York to try and retrieve it and from then on there's plenty of trouble and songs involved.

✓ **ANDY HARDY'S BLONDE TROUBLE**—MGM: Andy Mickey Rooney Hardy is on his way to college when he meets twins Lee and Lyn Wilde, who, incidentally, wrap up the picture for themselves. There is too much plot for us to unravel, but you'll enjoy every minute of it. For good measure Bonita Granville is thrown in as Mickey's big dream and Herbert Marshall as the professor.

✓✓ **BETWEEN TWO WORLDS**—Warners: Intelligently directed, beautifully played, this remake of "Outward Bound" is one of the month's outstanding pictures. Sydney Greenstreet is the Examiner, John Garfield the unhappy newspaper correspondent, Eleanor Parker the girl who commits suicide to join her husband in death, and George Tobias and Faye Emerson are also among the passengers on the phantom ship.

CHINESE CAT, THE—Monogram: Charlie Chan, the Chinese detective, has forty-eight hours in which to solve a murder which the police have given up as hopeless. He does it through the key to the mystery—a Chinese statuette of a black cat. Joan Woodbury, Benson Fong, Ian Keith and Weldon Hey-

burn are Chan's cohorts in the story.

✓✓ **CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY**—Universal: This is a strange story and a great departure for its star, Deanna Durbin, who marries Gene Kelly, a self-confessed weakling, and ignores his philandering and weak excuses until he commits murder. Gene Kelly as the killer is terrific, even walking off with the story that was meant for Deanna. Dean Harens registers strongly and Gale Sondergaard as Gene's mother is so good.

✓ **COBRA WOMAN**—Universal: Nonsense, but fun, with Maria Montez getting kidnapped on the eve of her wedding to Jon Hall, so Sabu, Hall's devoted friend, traces her to Cobra Isle where Maria has been taken to replace her wicked twin sister who's the cruel High Priestess.

COWBOY AND THE SENORITA, THE—Republic: Too much plot complication dealing with buried treasure and cryptic messages on a bracelet lost by a girl trying to locate the treasure. Because Roy Rogers and Guinn Williams find the bracelet, villain John Hubbard accused them of kidnapping the missing girl. Mary Lee and Dale Evans are the girls.

✓✓ **DAYS OF GLORY**—RKO: Two new vibrant personalities, Gregory Peck and Tamara Toumanova, are presented here, with Peck as the commander of a Russian guerrilla band. When her ballet troupe is overrun by the Nazis, Toumanova becomes one of them and, of course, her love soon finds a response in the commander's heart. Every detail of the film is cleverly and beautifully done.

DETECTIVE KITTY O'DAY—Monogram: Jean Parker and her beau, Peter Cookson, try to discover who murdered her boss while, at the same time, trying to prevent detectives Tim Ryan and Ed Gargan from arresting her for the deed. Jean, as Kitty, gives the role plenty of snap and sparkle.

✓✓ **DOUBLE INDEMNITY**—Paramount: Grim and realistic, this psychological crime story takes hold of the onlooker and holds him fascinated and spellbound. Fred MacMurray is a likable insurance salesman up until the time he meets Barbara Stanwyck who wants to murder her husband and defraud the insurance company. You'll applaud the intelligence and brilliant work of the writer, director and the cast.

✓✓ **EVE OF ST. MARK, THE**—20th Century-Fox: This story of those lads drafted before Pearl Harbor, their life in camp and then the sudden plunge into war on an island in the Pacific is a poignant one, beautiful yet incomplete. Bill Eythe, the boy from the farm, Michael O'Shea, a Brooklyn toughie, and Vincent Price, the disillusioned Southerner, are outstanding. Anne Baxter is splendid as the girl Eythe loves.

FALCON OUT WEST, THE—RKO: When a

Western ranch owner drops dead in New York, presumably from rattlesnake poison, the *Falcon*, played calmly and smoothly as usual by Tom Conway, gets in the case and trails the dead man's fiancée out West. The cast includes Barbara Hale, Minor Watson, Carole Gallagher and Joan Barclay.

✓✓✓ **FOLLOW THE BOYS**—Universal: The idea of showing the work of the Hollywood Victory Committee and the stars who give their services to entertain the boys in camps and overseas comes to the screen overly long but immensely entertaining. The array of artists includes George Raft, Zorina, Orson Welles, Jeannette MacDonald, Dietrich, Dinah Shore, Donald O'Connor and many others.

✓ **FOUR JILLS AND A JEEP**—20th Century-Fox: Because this story is based on the overseas adventures of Kay Francis, Carole Landis, Martha Raye and Mitzi Mayfair it holds the interest far more than it otherwise would. Phil Silvers, sergeant attached to the girls throughout their journey, is very good, as is singer Dick Haymes and John Harvey, who provides the romance with Carole.

✓✓✓ **GASLIGHT**—M-G-M: A treat for those who appreciate intelligent, adult entertainment, with superb performances by Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer in this fine psychological thriller. The gradual disintegration of soul, mind and spirit of Bergman under the subtle and calculated scheming of Boyer is something to behold. Joseph Cotten is given too little to do and Angela Lansbury makes a gem of her role as a cockney maid.

✓✓ **HAIL, THE CONQUERING HERO**—Paramount: A warm and homey story about a boy who joins the Marines only to be discharged because of hay fever. He's ashamed to go home so he pretends to his mother that he's fighting overseas instead of working in a defense plant. Eddie Bracken gives this role a humanness and sincerity that makes him a true-to-life character. With Bill Demarest and Ella Raines.

✓✓ **HAIRY APE, THE**—Jules Levey-U.A.: Bill Bendix comes into his own as a dramatic actor in his role of a ship's bullying coal stoker who meets a ruthlessness to match his own in the beautiful and wealthy Susan Hayward who goes slumming in the ship's hold. John Loder is the second engineer who also falls for Susan and Dorothy Comingore plays her friend. A picture that grips the imagination.

HAT CHECK HONEY—Universal: Three name bands, Freddie Slack's, Harry Owens' and Ted Weems', the cuteness and pertness of hat-check girl Gracie McDonald and the antics of Leon Errol fail to give a lift to this dreary little weary. The plot deals with Errol's sacrificing his all for the future of his son Richard Davis who makes a hit with Slack's band and then walks out.

✓ **HER PRIMITIVE MAN**—Universal: A lot of fun and nonsense, with Robert Paige as an author who has sold the idea for a book about head hunters to Publisher Robert Benchley. When Louise Allbritton learns about the book she exposes it as a fraud and decides to bring a real head hunter back to civilization. So, of course, Paige poses as the primitive man and much comedy results.

(Continued on page 117)

SHADOW STAGE

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She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

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She's another engaged girl with that *soft-smooth Pond's look*.

"Pond's Cold Cream is the only cream in the world for me," she says. "I love everything about it—its softness, its whiteness, and the grand way it cleans my face and makes my skin so smoothed and refreshed."

THIS IS SUZANNE'S BEAUTY CARE

She smooths snowy-white Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat, and pats briskly to soften and take off dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with *more* Pond's, working her cream-coated fingers round in little whirls to *extra-cleanse* and *soften* every bit of her lovely face. Tissues off again.

It's no accident engaged girls like Suzanne, society beauties like Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney and Britain's Lady Morris love Pond's Cold Cream. Ask for *your* big jar today. Use it night and morning, for daytime clean-ups, too!



This is Suzanne • Eyes, shining grey • Hair, chestnut • Skin, smooth as ivory

Suzanne Sherwood, engaged to Richard Roosevelt Colburn, Air Force Officer

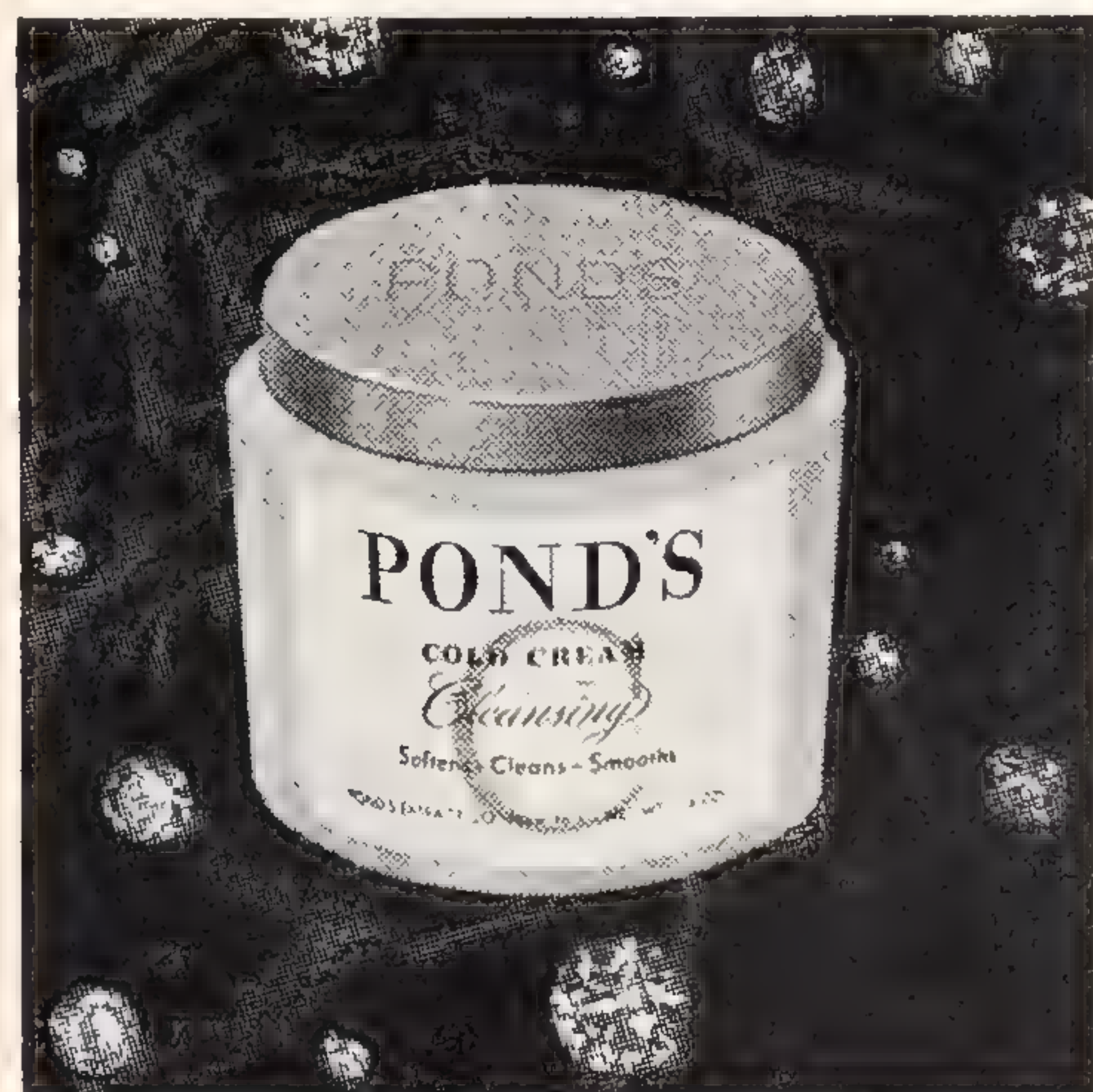
Suzanne's Ring—a handsome square-cut diamond set in platinum. Her romance started with a "chance" Suzanne sold Dick at the Officers' Club in Buffalo.

In training as photographer's assistant, doing special work in industrial photography, Suzanne spends exciting days on location at some of the biggest war plants in the country. Like so many Pond's engaged girls, she is learning a job that plays a real part in America's war program.

All kinds of jobs need women workers—in plants, stores, offices, transportation. Check help wanted ads in your local paper. Consult local U.S. Employment Service about how *you* can help.



She adjusts camera for engine-room shot



Ask for the **Luxury-Size Jar** of Pond's—help save glass. You'll love the way the fingers of *both* your hands can dip into this wide-topped Pond's jar.

TODAY MORE WOMEN USE POND'S THAN ANY OTHER FACE CREAM AT ANY PRICE

**Which
Deodorant
wins
your vote?**

☐ CREAM? ☐ POWDER? ☐ LIQUID?

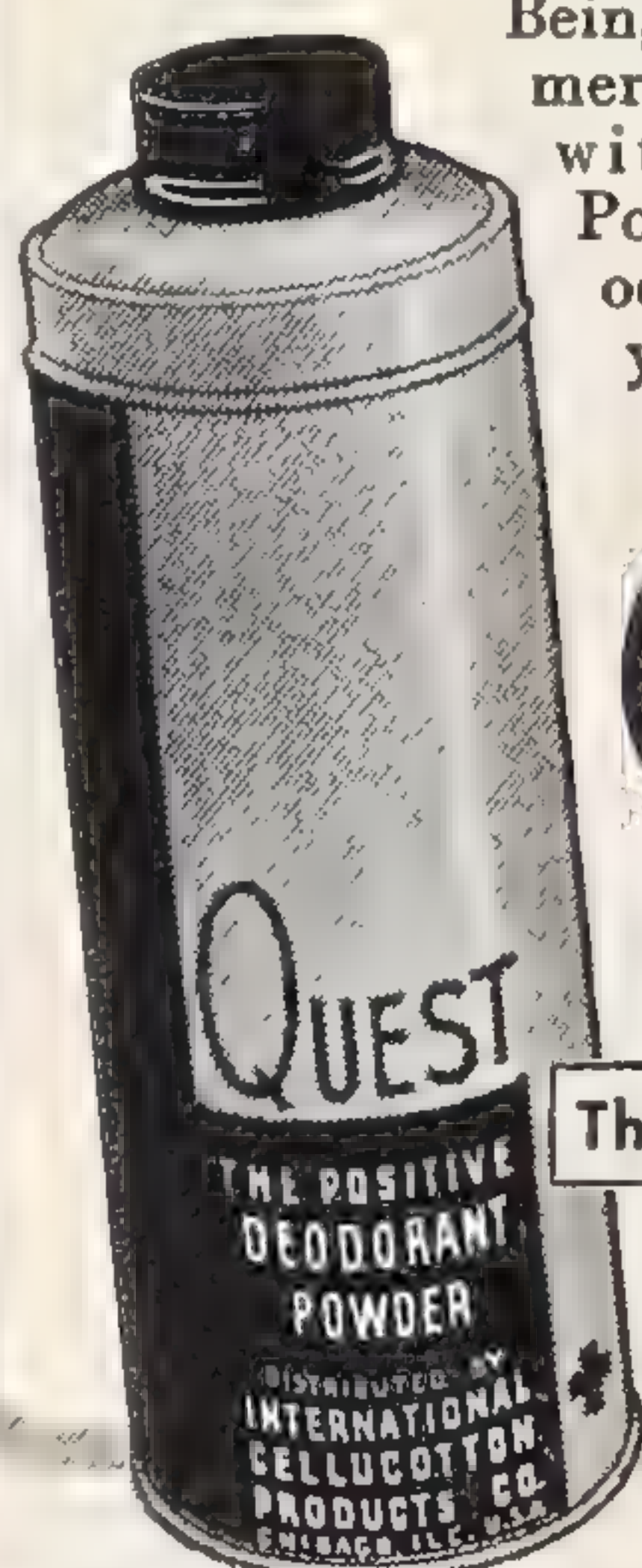
For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for *one* purpose—important to *you* and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, a *powder* is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

There is ONE Powder

... created especially for this purpose—QUEST* POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex* Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your *sure* way to avoid offending.



**QUEST
POWDER**

The Kotex Deodorant

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



CRAMPS?

Curb them each month with ...



COMPOUNDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE!
Take KURB tablets only as directed on the package and see how KURB can help you!
Good for headaches, too

(Continued from page 58) introduced to the dark-eyed, dark-haired Kay Morley at Victor's. Fact is, he didn't even catch her name. But a week or so later he saw her again in Victor's cocktail bar and she smiled at him and introduced him to her escort. To his surprise Dick found himself relieved to discover the escort was her brother, so he asked for her phone number. He told her honestly how it was. "My intentions are the best," he said, "I'm not one of these Hollywood characters. I—I'd like a nice girl."

So Kay is his girl now and a couple of times a week she drives up to his tiny Laurel Canyon house and cooks him a good home-cooked meal with wine sauces for the meat and wonderful desserts. Other times they'll go out to dinner, to a movie or as many plays as they can see, and sometimes they'll just read scripts and plays at home or Kay will tell him what Bob Hope said that day on the "Girl And The Pirate" set. Kay, a Long Beach girl, is playing a small role in the film. They'll probably get married when both are more settled in their careers. Dick is under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox.

THERE'S little vanity about him. Once, after his very first film, "Susan And God," he deliberately took a job as a night dishwasher from 7 p.m. to 5 a.m. in a drive-in so he'd learn to keep his balance. After all, as Dick said, he'd kissed Joan Crawford in the film, him just a green kid from Bliss-Hayden's Little Theater at night and a used-car lot worker by day.

He did only small bits and pieces after "Susan And God" and only now and then, for he hadn't known about agents. Meanwhile he drove a truck, worked as a laborer, listened to complaints of customers for six months in an office at Sears Roebuck and attended a gas station. He met his first wife while he was working at the gas station. She didn't care for movies so Dick gave them up and went to Lockheed to help build planes. After six months he was yanked out to make a couple of Army training films and found himself back in pictures. He tried Westerns, but the horses sat on him mostly. He

played a bit in a "Dr. Gillespie" story, a sailor in "Stage Door Canteen" and Barbara Britton's brother in "So Proudly We Hail."

It was a recruiting film in Technicolor (for which he was born and created with those pink cheeks) that brought him to "Happy Land" and his first firm grip on the first rung of the ladder.

He cleans his little home himself—one small bedroom and den and a kitchen off the living room downstairs. In the mornings he makes his own breakfast of grapefruit, cereal, ham and eggs, or on special days he fixes his favorite dish of fried tomatoes with whipped up milk and egg poured over them. Muffin, his white woolly dog, has his own house and two bone-white dishes on the back porch.

DICK grew up without his father's care. Back in Newcastle, Indiana, where he was born, his father died when Dick was very young, so his mother, a tiny dimpled person, took an office job and proceeded to bring up a normal healthy boy.

Dick was ten when he and his mother came to California. They didn't know a soul but they made a go of it together.

Once, after his high-school days out here, he decided to be a prize fighter and fought four amateur fights out at Jeffrey's Barn in the Valley. The punctured eardrum was the result. And once he decided to be an artist, studying nights at Chouinard art school while he worked in a car lot by day. Walt Disney, who took a look at his work when Dick applied for a job, told him bluntly to go back to school. So he gave that up.

His passion is now photography and between pictures he practices with his new camera. When he buys his first home, the one he and Kay may live in, he's going to invest in a darkroom.

Clothes he's mad for and of course, like most actors, wears suede shoes. He has six new tailored suits, wears blue shirts and prefers plain ties.

Slightly too heavy for his five ten and a half, he works out three times a week at a local gym, hardening the muscles.

In "None Shall Escape" he was quite



How to have a happy home: Mr. and Mrs. Bob Burns show up as a shining Hollywood example of a couple with a gay hobby—raising canaries. Two other Burns accomplishments—being the "Arkansas Traveler" every Thursday on the radio and starring in the film, "Belle Of The Yukon"

the handsomest young Nazi actor ever to appear on the screen. A naturalness, plus a casual authority in his work, render him one of the most promising newcomers.

His mother, who holds an important executive position with a parachute company, has watched his struggles, his disappointments and has let him alone to work them out. He couldn't be more grateful to her. Nor she prouder of him.

The ring on his finger she gave him just before his first picture and he never takes it off. It's his good-luck charm.

"I've waited for one weakness in Richard," Kay told us. "I'd think to myself, it can't be true, this boy. Someday he'll break down and have a temper. He never has and I can't get over it."

The dimple in Dick's cheek flashes with embarrassment as Kay talks. But there's a funny light in his hazel eyes that says, "I love you for saying that. Fact is, I just love you!"

THE END

Hollywood Men Prefer—

(Continued from page 33) came to California with his family who, like so many refugees, adore both California's climate and California's movie stars. Few of them ever would have come to know the movie people, who are very busy, very insular, very sufficient unto themselves, were it not for Lady Mendl and Barbara Hutton Grant, both of whom lived long abroad and had many friends there. What could be more natural, therefore, than for them to entertain these friends when they met them again on this soil?

Lady Mendl is a great friend of Veronica's and it was at one of her delightful parties, where foreigners always cluster about Veronica, that Phillip first saw her. He began taking her out immediately. They danced together divinely and often went into the desert, to Palm Springs or La Quinta, for week ends, chaperoned by his family.

Veronica's attraction for men isn't so obvious as it might appear, for off screen she isn't remotely the exotic temptress. She goes about with a face that looks scrubbed, bare legs, sandals, floppy hats and dirndls. She looks incredibly young, incredibly healthy, incredibly tiny and incredibly blonde. Her personality carries a challenge too. For she has an antagonistic honesty about everything, including her companions who so obviously find her enchanting.

Gene Tierney, too, always has been admired by men from Europe. She even married one of them. Back in the days of Teddy Roosevelt, Oleg Cassini's father was the ambassador from Russia. Today, consequently, Countess Cassini lives in Washington, where she was once Russian Ambassadors, with graciousness and great distinction. Gene was quick to respond to the charm of the Cassini background and this may very well have helped the fervent suit of Oleg who had many rivals.

Nothing could be more natural, of course, than that Marlene Dietrich should bewitch foreigners, for she is herself a European. Marlene's attraction, however, also works very well for Americans. As a young film star, now in service, once put it, "Marlene's attraction is the very opposite of Sweet Young Innocence. She attracts because she is a woman of the world."

Marlene, promising the unusual and the erotic, actually is as domestic as a kitchen apron. Frequently she makes no attempt whatever to be the life of the party but sits silent for hours at a time. It is when the little group with whom she has spent the evening repair to her house and she envelopes her finery in an apron to prepare



"WHITE"

— as in Fels-Naptha !

Take it from Junior—'there's nothing like a white shirt. It *does* something to a guy.' Surveying the immaculate expanse below his Adam's apple, who could say that Junior overstates the case?

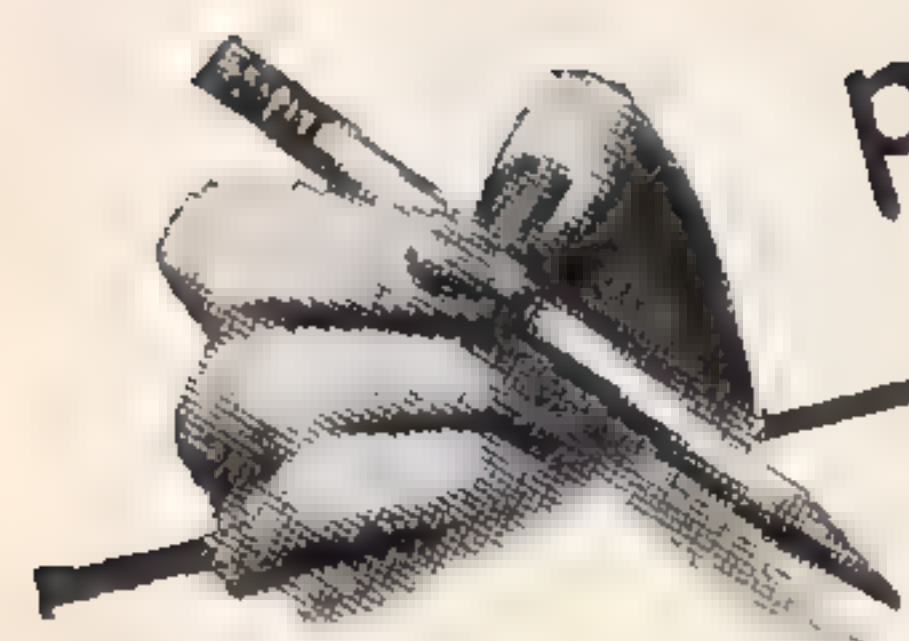
Naturally, the washday labor that produces his snowy shirts, doesn't concern Junior. It's only one of the minor miracles that any boy with a doting Mother takes as a matter of course.

But we know a great many women who say that for turning out whiter washing—with less work—'there's nothing like Fels-Naptha Soap.'



FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

"For satisfying
internal
protection—"



MEDS
only 19¢

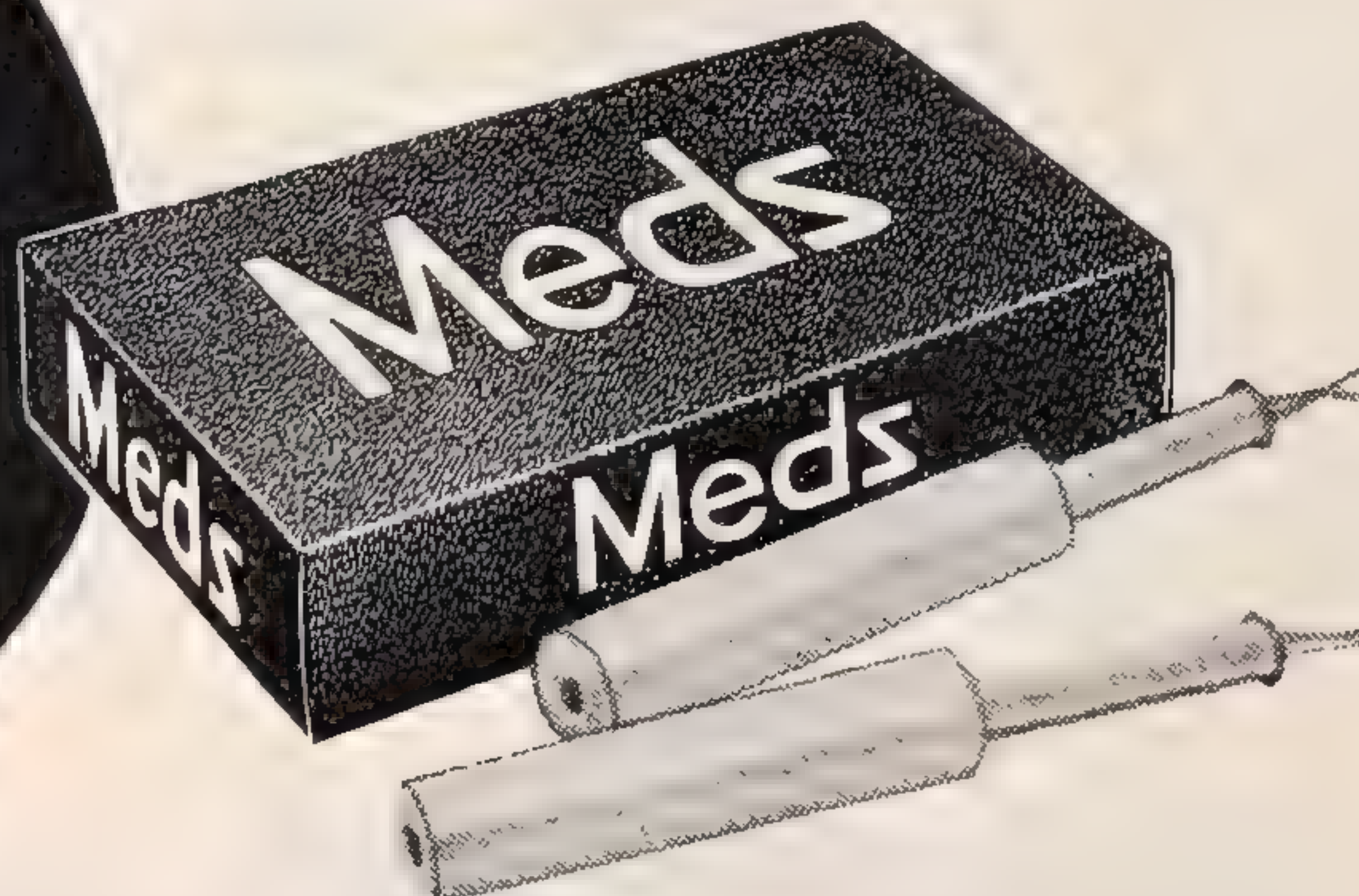
FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS
Economy package—
40 for 65c!

COTTON
for comfort!

SAFETY-WELL
for security!

APPLICATORS
for daintiness!

Internal protection — with Meds'
special features—is a revelation of
modern freedom and convenience.
Why not try them "next time"—
they COST LESS, give you MORE!



• Meds' exclusive "SAFETY-WELL"
absorbs so much *more*, so much *faster*!
Extra protection for you!

* * *

• Meds' fine soft COTTON can absorb
up to three times its own weight in
moisture! The scientifically-shaped in-
sorber expands *gently* and *comfortably*
—adapting itself instantly to individual
requirements.

Because of these dainty, carefully designed
applicators, Meds insorbers are easy-to-use!

coffee and bacon and eggs which are defi-
nitely something to remember that she
really comes to life.

Miriam Hopkins, not beautiful at all,
has an overwhelming appeal for the in-
telligentsia. Her entire life is proof of
this, including her husbands, Austin Par-
ker and Anatole Litvak. For a long time,
John Gunther was Number One Man in
Miriam's romantic scheme of things. John,
you know, is the author of numerous au-
thoritative books on Europe, Latin Amer-
ica and Asia and a radio guest star of note.
Now Miriam has been cavaliered by the
handsome and brilliant former Greek
Minister of Interior, André Mircopolous.

Last winter whenever Miriam enter-
tained in her exquisite town house on
Sutton Place, where the garden in the
rear meets the swift waters of the East
River, the intelligentsia turned out in full
force. At her last party there were Dor-
othy Parker, Morris Ernst, Leland Stowe,
Walter Winchell, John Vandercook, Vin-
cent Sheehan and his lovely Dinah, Henry
Luce and his lovely Clare, Elliot Janeway,
author of "The Walsh Girls" and Marcia
Davenport, author of "Valley Of Decision."

Once, I confess it, I suspected Miriam's
brilliant talk might be only a facade. I
doubted she really cared so much about
such weighty subjects as the comparative
values of canvases by Matisse and Picasso,
for instance, when she was alone with one
of her admirers. But one evening, by
chance, I happened upon her and John
Gunther when they believed they were
alone. They were on the sofa in the library
before an open fire. Small Wedgwood
coffee cups sat on the low table before
them. All was flowers and perfume. And
they were arguing violently about Lend
Lease!

DON'T you believe, even for a minute,
that men adore the stupid little women
above all others. Only some men do. . . .

Constance Bennett, who has the mind of
a man, who has handled her business
affairs and her career with an astuteness
that has sent many big businessmen
spinning, who makes up her mind whom
she is going to marry and marries him,
has been a femme fatale ever since her
adolescent days. Barbara Hutton, now
Mrs. Cary Grant, was once too young to
hold her romantic own with Phillip Plant
when Connie appeared on the scene. To-
day, however, there might very well be
a duel worth watching if Barbara and
Constance set their hearts and minds upon
the same man. Constance also is reputed
to have charmed the young and handsome
Marquis de la Falaise et Coudray away
from Gloria Swanson, no mean adversary
in any game of hearts. And Gilbert Ro-
land, although not wholly heart free when
he laid those sloe eyes of his upon Con-
stance, was willing enough to succumb to
her honeygold beauty.

To many men Constance's quick, clear
mind is an exciting challenge!

There are also girls who attract older
men—Joan Fontaine and Annabella, for
example.

Joan is one of the great beauties, to
my mind, and in spite of her reputation
in some quarters of being very snooty and
difficult to approach, a truly lovely person.
She is not, however, at all the femme
fatale type. She is intelligent to a degree.
She cares little for dancing. Perhaps this
is why she isn't too disastrous to young
men. Perhaps this is why older men, not
flaneurs but the serious and dignified type,
find her so devastating. Put Sir Charles
Mendl next to Joan at dinner and you
make him very happy. And Joan, in turn,
is quick to respond to Sir Charles's wise,
worldly culture and glowing, seems more
beautiful every minute.

Brian Aherne, of course, is older than

Joan. He also is dignified and serious and not one to be seen about much with women. To my mind Brian is completely charming. Why his marriage to Joan didn't go on forever I never shall understand.

As for Annabella, at a party not long ago I was amused and pleased to watch three Supreme Court justices, to whom she had just been introduced, vie with one another to take her in to supper. When I told Tyrone, home on furlough, about this he was delighted and proud. Annabella has much of the little girl about her looks. This is her primary appeal to older men, no doubt. But she holds their interest—make no mistake about it!—because mentally she is a wise woman of the world. What more provocative combination?

Judy Garland, who is a darling, attracts young men naturally enough. This probably explains why her marriage to Dave Rose didn't last. Dave was older than Judy in years and she didn't have enough maturity of spirit to cope with this seniority.

There's something so warm in Judy's appearance and something so poignant in her speaking voice as well as in her singing voice that she makes young men feel strong and protective, stronger and more protective than they ever felt before. That, in itself, of course, is enough to make her irresistible to them.

GREER GARSON attracts younger men for another reason. I think they worship Greer romantically as a great lady, almost as their mother cast in a young, contemporary and very, very glamorous mold. Not that they stand in awe of her . . . as a letter she wrote me the other day in which she talked of her husband, Richard Ney, younger than she, makes clear.

"It is one of my griefs," she wrote, "that you haven't met my husband, Richard, who was here on a surprise visit the other day. When you do meet him you will like him—for his simplicity, his youth, his sparkle—which is why I liked him enough to marry him—and the way he bosses me around."

Now if I were a man I would go for Ida Lupino. Not that there would be the least use in it; her husband, Louis Hayward, would be altogether too formidable competition. When Louis was critically ill upon his return from Tarawa Ida made no scenes, but her anxiety for him was so great it showed in her appearance and her health.

She is a most fascinating person, with a deep, abiding passion for music. She adores good music and loves to compose. We spend hours, Ida and I, at the piano. I play and sing to her songs of Brahms, Debussy. She, in turn, plays and sings to me. If the attraction between the sexes were a reasonable thing, Ida, of course, would attract musicians. Never, however, has there been a musician seriously involved in her life!

Some girls are virtually press-agented into attraction for men. Girls like Lana Turner who is, because of publicity, the sweater girl in every man's mind; and Betty Grable synonymous—again because of publicity—with the world's most beautiful legs. (I never mention Betty, incidentally, without remembering Walter Winchell's famous crack at me—"The fat man's Betty Grable!")

ALL of which, speaking of charmers, as I am, brings to mind Peggy Hopkins Joyce, one of the greatest charmers of them all. Men showered Peggy with rare necklaces, with bracelets which once had been the treasures of queens, with diamonds which rested on her white fingers like glistening tears, with cabachon emeralds and rubies beyond price . . . Peggy Hopkins Joyce was—and still is—a beautiful woman. She also was and still is gay and

See Evelyn Ankers in "JUNGLE WOMAN," a Universal picture



**"Royal Crown Cola
Won my test
For this reason:
It tastes best!"**

says
**EVELYN
ANKERS**

**"Here's how I discovered
my favorite cola," says
Evelyn. "I took the famous
cola taste-test. I tried leading
colas in paper cups and picked
Royal Crown Cola as best-
tasting. Now Royal Crown
Cola is my favorite year-
round 'quick-up'!"**

**BUY
WAR BONDS
TODAY**

**ROYAL CROWN
COLA**
Best by Taste-Test!

She must remain a Mystery!

SHE might be a sun-browned Californian or pretty Easterner. You'll never know.

For we promised never to reveal the names and faces of thousands of girls who were frank enough to write intimate letters, telling why they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins.

And out of 10,086 letters, 8 out of 10 said "So soft!" "So safe!" or "So comfortable!"



Mrs. M. E. wrote, "Modess' downy softness and remarkable fit make it indispensable."

And thousands of letters from young marrieds, business women, and high school girls echoed hearty agreement. Users of all types of napkins—they voted Modess first place! There's extra-gentle comfort

in Modess' special softspun filler. (So different from close-packed layers!) Extra, full-way protection, too, with Modess' triple, full-length shield at the back.

So get this wonderful luxury napkin—and discover, as thousands have, the difference it makes. It costs no more!

Discover the Difference—Switch to

Modess

SANITARY NAPKINS



MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes over-size pads unnecessary.

In boxes of 12 sanitary napkins, or Bargain Box of 56. **MODESS JUNIOR** is a slightly narrower, but equally absorbent, napkin. In boxes of 12.

charming. But once she gained her reputation as an international siren it was neither her beauty nor her charm that pulled men to her. It was her reputation. Being seen with Peggy acted as a boon to a man's ego. It became, consequently, impossible to judge how attractive to men Peggy was in her own right.

I think the same rule applies to Lana and Betty. Lana is undoubtedly a beautiful creature. What she must have done for the sweater trade passes comprehension. Betty, too, is unquestionably provocative. But how much of the murmuring and eye-raising that goes on whenever the name of either of these girls is mentioned is due to their personality and beauty and how much is due to their press-agented reputations is, in my mind, unanswerable.

GRETA GARBO, on the other hand, has always been far more of a femme fatale than she ever was known to be. Don't forget Garbo became a great star because Maurice Stiller, the Swedish director who had worked with her in Stockholm, loved her so well he refused to come to the United States unless she, then virtually an unknown, came too. Soon after her arrival in Hollywood she had Jack Gilbert, the volatile idol of women the world over, including Hollywood, on his knees. The great Stokowski carried her off to his villa on an Italian hillside several years ago. And we know, of course, about her attraction for Doctor Gayelord Hauser and now for Harry Crocker, columnist and bon vivant who escorted her to dinner at the Mendls the other evening.

It is, however, only exceptional men, men with definite achievement to their credit, who seek Garbo. For it is only these men who ever dare to break down her strange remoteness. Noel Coward is one who adores her and who isn't impressed or fooled by her for one minute. Several years ago, Noel, nervous and tired, went on a tour of the Scandinavian countries. Arriving in Stockholm he discovered that two of his plays were running in two of the principal theaters and a movie of his was being shown everywhere. A gala performance in his honor was promptly planned at the Grand Opera.

Noel decided to ask Garbo, who was visiting her home city, to attend this gala performance with him. He could find no one, however, who knew her except as "The Great Garbo" and no one who would even consider approaching her.

"Twiddle, posh, bosh, nonsense!" Noel exclaimed. He called her hotel. When she heard who it was she rushed to the telephone. She protested, though, that she couldn't possibly sit with Noel in his box at the opera. She never, she explained, went about like that.

Noel went to Garbo's house, made her dress and—to the amazement of Stockholm—took her to the opera on his arm and seated her in the front of his box for all to see. It was this evening, in fact, that Garbo began calling Noel by the name of William and he began calling her Harriett—which names they use to this day.

It takes Noel to bring Garbo out of herself. I always ask her to dinners I give for him. And she always arrives beautifully dressed and lovely to behold. Furthermore, with Noel about she is so gay and full of vim and pep that the other men present forget to be awed and rapidly become her slaves.

In the perpetually bewildering attraction between the sexes only one thing remains certain—that is, you can't always tell. For in Hollywood, as elsewhere, it isn't always the girls that might be expected to have the greatest appeal for men who prove the greatest charmers—away from the cameras.

THE END

Perennial Pidgeon

(Continued from page 41) nobody as good as Pidgeon should be a banker. He spent an hour arguing the young man into trying show business again and gave him a letter to C. B. Dillingham.

Nothing came of this, but Pidgeon hit Elsie Janis for a job (he'd met her when he was in the Canadian army) and she took him to England and the box of red carnations.

Montage, now, showing twenty-two years. Singing at the Palace and being panned by a Variety critic, even though Irving Berlin had given him a little number called "What'll I Do" to try out . . . Broadway shows . . . being hired for Hollywood in the Great Sound Rush . . . banging around in various studios . . . being regarded by some as a character man with no sex appeal . . . back to Broadway for a couple of years, in four plays, the only memorable one being "The Night Of January 16th" . . . back to Hollywood . . . Warners . . . Universal . . . Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in 1937. Deanna Durbin's "It's A Date" was the turning point in Pidgeon's career, which up to then had been routine.

To most friends—and to many who like him even though they haven't met him—the actor is Pidge.

To a few co-workers he is Joe, so called because once, to escape a woman fan who swarmed up to him and inquired if he weren't Walter Pidgeon, he said, "No, I'm his brother Joe."

PIDGE will be forty-six next September 3. He became a U. S. citizen last December. He's six feet two, thinks he has the biggest feet in Hollywood. At the beginning of his stage career he married a Canadian girl, Ruth Pickles, by whom he had a daughter, Edna, whom he calls Pidge. Mrs. Pidgeon died two years after the marriage and in 1931 the actor married Ruth Walker. They and Edna live in a Beverly Hills house—Spanish, of course, complete with barbecue—and Edna, who prefers art to acting, works for a small salary in the M-G-M art department. Pidge is something of an authority on painting, himself, but personally he does not touch the stuff.

His wartime illness and a bout with tummy trouble ten years ago have made Pidgeon careful of his health, which is good. One day a week he goes on a liquid diet, and eats carefully the other six. He's a good cook and would broil steaks soaked in olive oil if he could get any oil and steaks. He's a pipe-smoker and has one cigar after dinner. He owns about fifty pipes and a lot of quietly handsome clothes.

When he goes to Hollywood for his weekly broadcast Pidgeon always parks his car in the same lot. For a long time, each time he returned to get it he found the front seat littered with letters and scraps of paper asking for autographs, old clothing or a couple of bucks. Any kind of attention from fans is comforting to an actor—particularly to one who likes people as Pidge does—and he liked these mementos. One afternoon he found the car unencumbered by the usual fan mail. He drove off, brooding about a loss of popularity, when at the lot gate the attendant yelled, "What do you think of my invention?"

Pidge stopped and said, "What invention?"

The attendant beamed and from the car door opposite the driver's seat he lifted a wooden box. On it was printed, "Leave fan mail here."

Let's leave Walter Pidgeon here.

THE END

Why Lucille Ball wears Woodbury Rachel



LUCILLE BALL, STARRING IN "MEET THE PEOPLE"
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

✓ it gives an exquisite ivory tone . . .
brings a heavenly clear, fresh look
... and such smoothness!

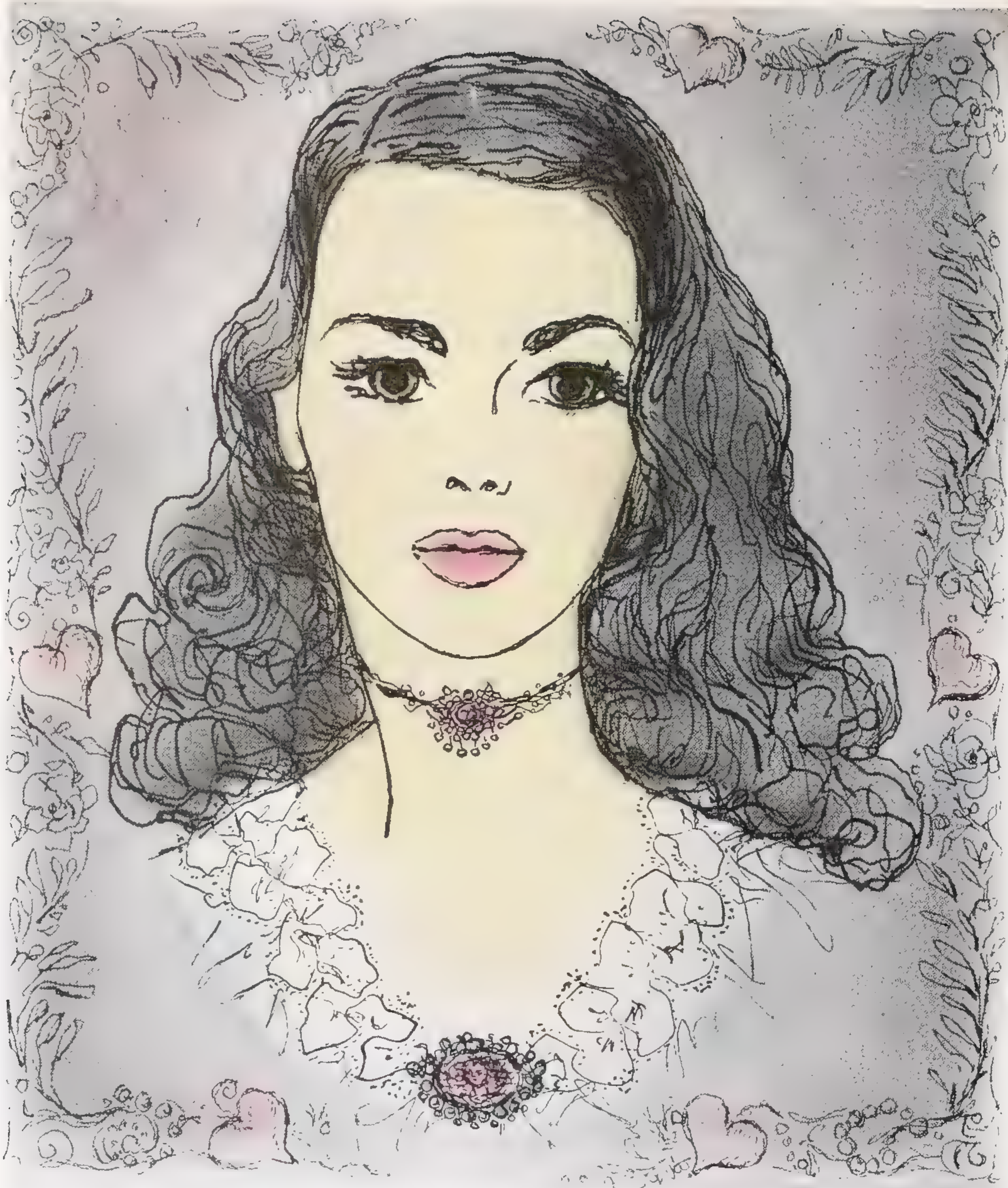
Girls! Want to be loved? Be lovelier. Wear your Woodbury shade . . . Hollywood directors helped Woodbury create THE perfect shade for EACH skin type. And the Color Control process blends Woodbury Powder color-even . . . makes it *stay* color-fresh on your skin . . . creates clinging, velvet texture that veils tiny blemishes. Choose your shade now from the 8 enchanting Woodbury Powder shades.

Woodbury COLOR CONTROLLED Powder

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP! . . . Now with your big \$1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your just-right glamour shades of matching lipstick and rouge—at no extra cost . . . All 3 for only \$1.

ALSO BOXES OF WOODBURY POWDER 50¢, 25¢, 10¢





Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco in Dreamflower "Rachel"

Exotic and tremendously vivid—these are the words that seem to describe best the extraordinary beauty of Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco. Her features are fascinatingly unconventional. Her velvet-black eyes and hair contrast strikingly with the smooth ivory of her complexion—soft-misted and glorified by Pond's Dreamflower "Rachel" powder. "For girls with coloring like mine, Dreamflower 'Rachel' is simply unbelievable!" says the young American heiress. "I can't get over the lovely smooth creamy look it gives my face!"

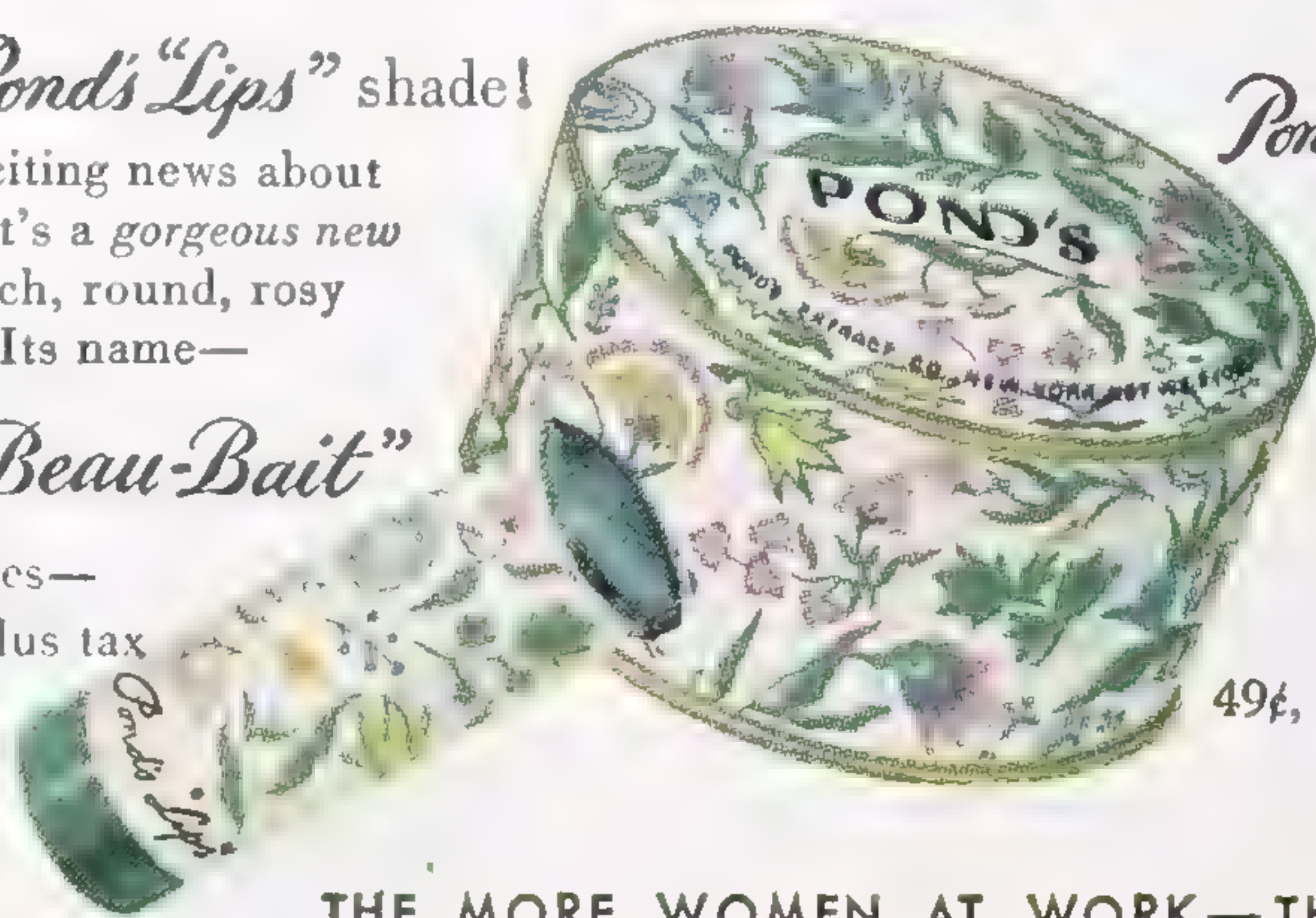
New Pond's "Lips" shade!

Super-exciting news about "Lips"! It's a gorgeous new shade—rich, round, rosy crimson. Its name—

"Beau-Bait"

Two sizes—

49¢, 10¢, plus tax



Pond's Dreamflower Powder

—6 perfect shades

RACHEL—soft ivory
NATURAL—creamy shell-pink
BRUNETTE—rosy-beige
ROSE CREAM—delicate peach
DUSK ROSE—deep, glowing
DARK RACHEL—rich, golden

49¢, 25¢, 10¢, plus tax

Ann-thology

(Continued from page 47) Broadway."

At seventeen, on tour with the "Scandals," she was considering juicy offers from every major studio in Hollywood; at eighteen she was signed and sealed with Columbia.

Currently, at twenty-one, the fast-stepping little Texan is beginning what she calls her "Fourth Career." Beginning with "Battleship Blues," which co-stars Kay Kyser, her pictures will be strictly grade-A, with ornate production and top-notch supporting cast.

"I LOVE pretty things," Ann says seriously. Maybe I love them more than most girls—because life never handed me any of them on a silver platter. But I also love knowing that if I had to, I could do without them.

"If something happened tomorrow to take away everything Mother and I have today—well, we could still get by. We still know the cheapest can of food on any grocery shelf—and how to eat it slowly, to make one can do for two meals. We know how to patch and mend, and wash out the same dress and underwear every night—without rubbing too hard on the thin spots—and we haven't forgotten the address of a place where you can buy secondhand shoes.

"In fact, almost anything could happen to Mother and me, and we'd never be lost, like some people are. You see, we have Someone to fall back on—"

Ann met the Someone in her life when she was twelve years old, and they've been close friends ever since. She was cleaning the littered hallway of the not-too-proud quarters on which she and her mother hoped to be able to pay rent, when she picked up a discarded booklet. It dealt with the science of God in daily living and she accepted its tenets with a child's practicality. Today, she includes Him in her conversation as simply, unashamedly, and fondly as if He were a big brother.

The present Miller residence is one no unsympathetic landlady can put them out of, a lovely big home of their own, perched high up in Laurel Canyon.

"I like it in the hills," she explains, "because looking down, I can see all Hollywood. Then, too, I always feel that up there I'm a little closer to the Big Fellow.

Ann has a fresh, unspoiled way of speaking—as if all the truths she has learned, whether on matters blithe or bitter, are all rather wonderful. This combination of fun and seriousness was an innate one with the girl who was born a Better and Most Beautiful Baby, and has never quite escaped the responsibilities her gifts brought with them.

Ann was eleven when the two-year battle of the Millers vs. Hollywood began.

"It was pretty gruesome," says Ann. "The money we'd brought from Texas had all given out. Mother hadn't any business experience and she wasn't strong enough at the time to hold a job. Once in a while we'd manage to land a hoofing date for me at an Elks Club or Rotary banquet, but two or three dollars was all they'd pay a child—and nobody ever guessed what it meant to us when they'd invite us to eat, too!"

"Then, in the midst of this terrible time, I met Mr. Morgan, who still owns the Morgan Shoe Store in Hollywood. I went in and asked him if there was any work I could do for him to earn a pair of tap shoes. He took down a pair and gave them to me. 'I'll trust you until your engagement begins,' he said, just as if I were a grown-up and established artist.

"Mr. Morgan had a small practice mat in his store, where people who bought tap

THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN

shoes could try them out. I 'tried mine out' so many times he soon caught on that I didn't have any place to rehearse my dancing. After that when he got ready to close up shop at night, he'd take the mat out back. Week after week I rehearsed my routines in the back room of the darkened store, and most nights Mr. Morgan and his kindly little old wife would sit and watch me.

"Then one night in the shoe store I found a definite style for my dancing—they call it my 'machine gun taps' today. Well, that was it. They were holding amateur nights at the Orpheum Theater in Los Angeles then, with a \$5 prize. I took my mother, my new routine and my new friend God and between us we tore down the house."

The tune the orchestra faked for Ann's dance that night was "Bye Bye Blues" and by any other title it couldn't have been more prophetic. Two years later, she was playing with Ginger Rogers in "Stage Door."

"Gosh, I thought that was the greatest deal of my life. Ginger was my dream of everything—honestly, I used to get her autograph three and four times a day!"

Then came "Room Service" and after that she headed for Broadway and the "Scandals."

"It seemed too wonderful to be true. George White had a lot to do with my success. He gave me a new personality, made my skin whiter and my hair blacker, dressed me in lovely Frenchy things and gave me beautiful settings."

One of the most vibrant things about this Miller girl is that eagerness for what may be next-around-the-corner which is never quite absent from her manner. She is one of the most "dated" belles in the movietown and never knows to whom the columnists will have her "engaged" next, but with that wholesome frankness of hers admits the happiest day of her life will be when she finds a real, true, "knock-out" love.

Among her favorite current dates are New York producer Al Bloomingdale and Jim Cassidy, producer of "Green Mansions."

"I don't care whether I marry a professional man or not. To really be happy together, however, he'd have to be able to enjoy Hollywood—to love its people, its aims, and even its faults as I do. I think one of the grandest marriages was that of Clark Gable and Carole Lombard. They were both such real people. They could put on their zoot clothes and their glamour manners and go out and be Mr. and Mrs. Movie Star—and after the show was over they could go home and settle down to being honest-to-goodness human beings."

And while she's waiting for that "real happiness—a home with a husband, and children if I'm lucky," Ann has one other unfulfilled ambition. She'd like to play the life of Marilyn Miller when Warners bring it to the screen.

"It's the one role I've ever really wanted—and I've been wanting it all the while Ginger Rogers, Joan Leslie, Judy Garland and practically everyone in Hollywood but me has been rumored for the part. But I can wait—I've talked it over with the Big Fellow and if it's right that I should have it, I'll get the part. If not, well then, I guess I'll just start hoping for a picture with Gene Kelly someday—he's my idea of not only the finest dancer, but one of the finest actors on the screen. And after that, I'm going to start concentrating on something with Cary Grant—"

We can't add anything to that last statement, except to tell Warner Brothers, Mr. Kelly and Mr. Grant to prepare themselves—we wouldn't be surprised if, sooner or later, they're in for a swell experience!

THE END



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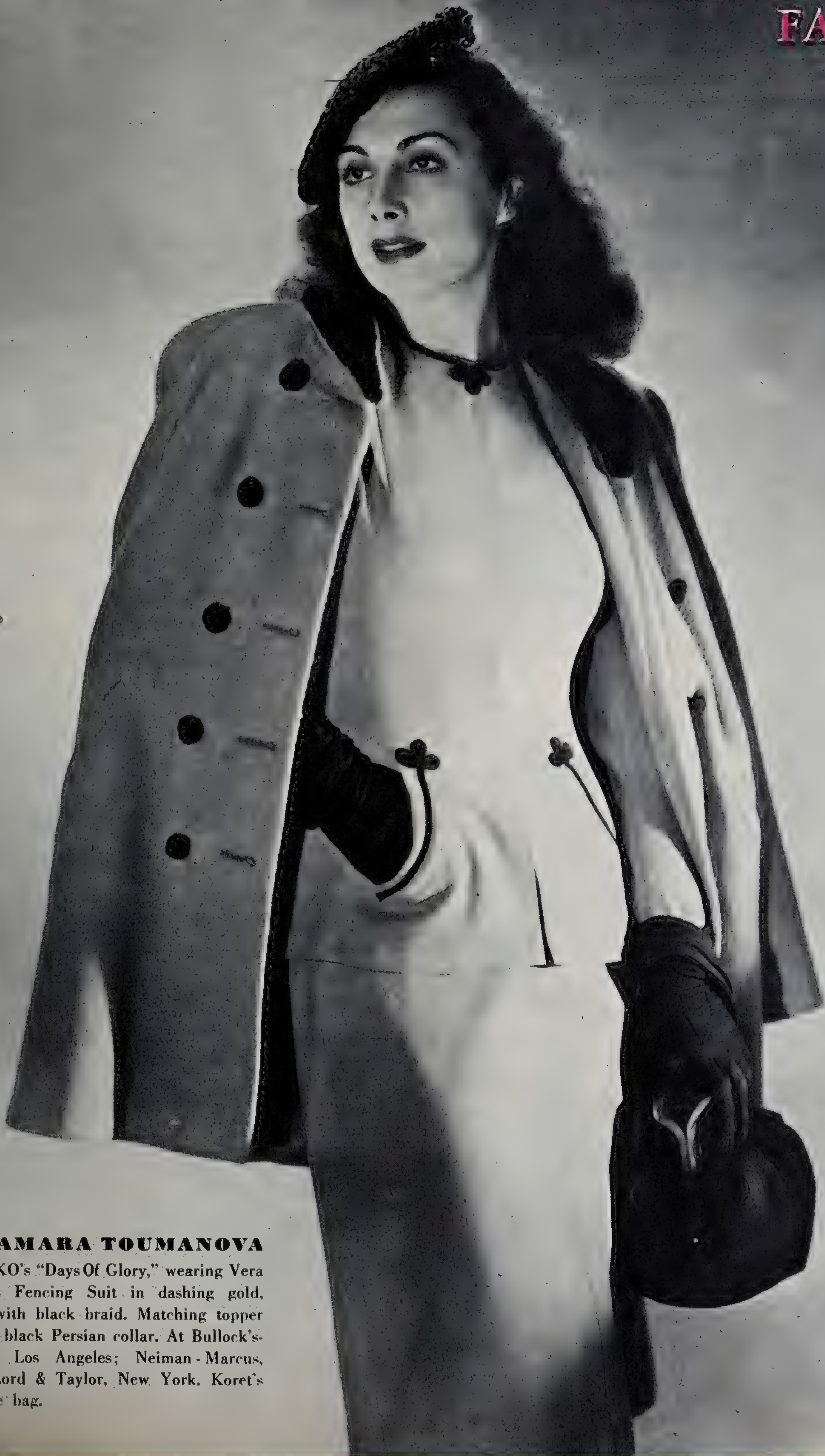
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Keys of the Kingdom

(Continued from page 64) could visit Tyne-castle, where Judy, Nora's orphaned little girl, lived with the Bannons.

He was convinced that he was a failure, and it was like beginning a new life to be sent as a missionary to the village of Pai-Tan, in China. There he could start over . . . find the meanings which had so far eluded him. . . .

CHINA was a land of poverty and exploitation. A few rich men held power, while millions struggled for a bare existence—without hope, without even a dream. A crowd was at Pai-Tan to greet him: banners were waving and firecrackers exploding.

Then he realized that the celebration was not for him; a fat Chinese mandarin waddled from the junk to the jetty and into a waiting sedan chair and the crowd followed him away. The only persons left behind were two neat, small Chinese, a man and a woman.

"Father, I am Hosannah Wang, your beloved catechist," the man said. "And this is my Christian wife, Philomena."

Francis smiled his thanks. He would go straight to the mission, he said. He found the mission only a collection of ruins on sun-baked, rain-eroded earth.

Hosannah shrugged. "It was a beautiful mission, Father, and cost much. But the good Father—who-is-gone placed it too near the river. And the Devil sent much wicked rain."

"But where are the people of the congregation?" Francis demanded.

"Many went away," Hosannah told him.

His wife broke in. "Those who stayed behind are without true belief. And Father must realize that for almost one year now we have not received any cash."

Francis felt his mouth drop open in amazement. "Cash? Do you mean the Father gave you money? But why?"

Innocently, Philomena said, "To buy rice, Father. How else could we bring you members? And the faith of many left them when the rice gave out."

"And you?" Francis asked.

Hosannah drew himself up proudly. "As soon as Father restores our lawful stipend

of fifteen taels per month, he will find us as useful as ever."

"Then," said Francis, "I think I should tell you that I cannot give you any money. Also, I know what rice-Christians are and I have no interest in them whatever."

Hosannah shot an unpleasant look from his slant eyes. "It would be wise," he said, "for Father to have two friends of influence."

Watching the two small figures go back down the dusty road toward town, Francis reflected grimly that he had been in Pai-Tan only one hour—and already he had made two enemies.

And they were powerful enemies. He learned that in the days that followed. Clods of mud were thrown at him in the streets of Pai-Tan, and no one answered the chimes of the bell he rang to announce that mass was being celebrated in the tiny room he rented for a chapel.

BUT he was not alone after the coming of Joseph.

Joseph appeared at the stable one cold winter night, his arms full of bundles. He was seventeen and his family had left with the other Christians when the mission was ruined, he explained, but as soon as word had reached him that a new Father had come he had asked his parents' permission to return.

"And you'll see, Father," he said eagerly. "Together we will build the chapel again, and the house. I can make bricks and cook and help with the school. I am a most useful man—"

"I cannot pay you any money," Francis interrupted heavily.

"I have not asked for money," Joseph said. "I want to serve you because there is work to be done and I am a Christian."

"I am sorry, Joseph," Francis said shakily. "I have been alone so long—perhaps, without my knowing it, my faith and trust have become shaken. Forgive me."

That embarrassed Joseph and he took refuge in unpacking the bundles he'd brought—eggs, and melons and even some tea.

Joseph's arrival did seem to mark a turning point in the fortunes of the Pai-

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to WEDDING DATE



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How thrilled I was when Kay called.

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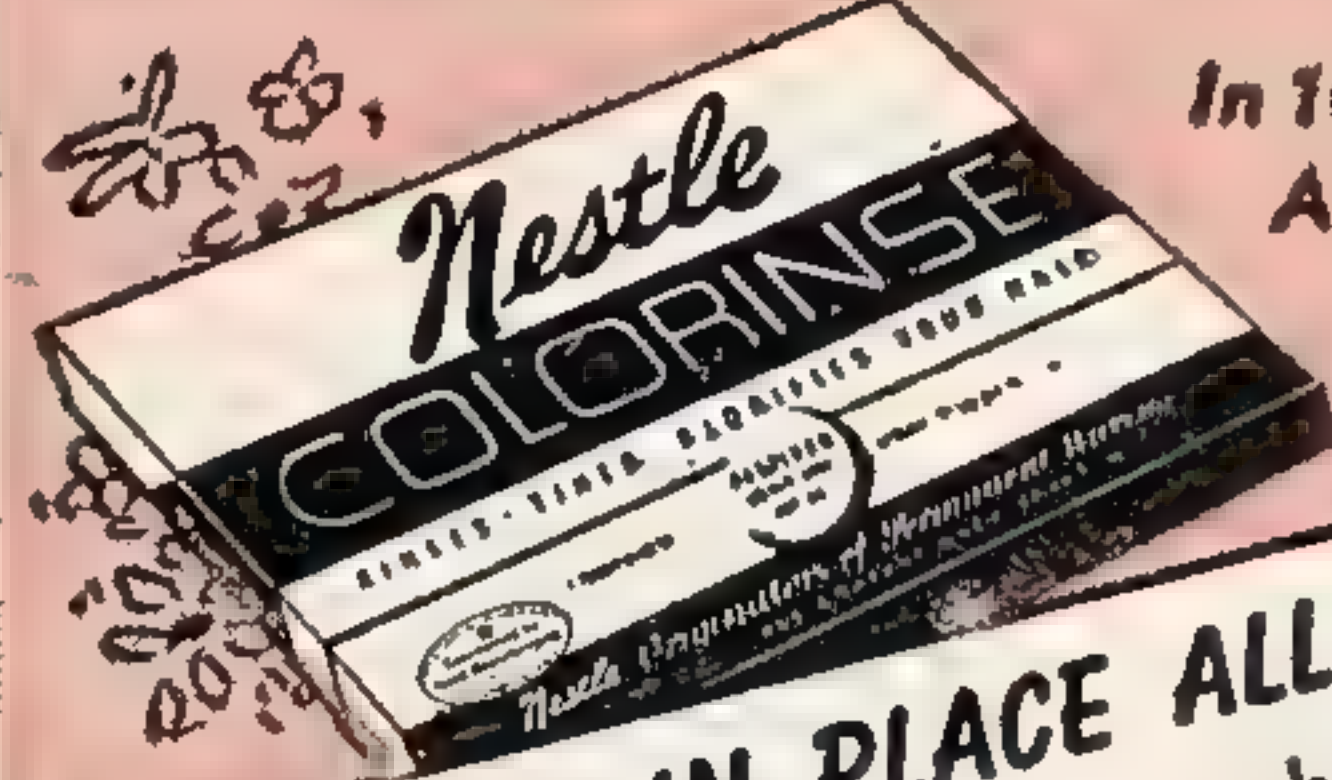
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Tan mission. It was soon afterward that a packing case full of medicines and surgical instruments arrived, together with a note which ran:

"Your Holiness: It's amazing how religious you can make a man feel by fixing his bellyache. I'm sending you all of my secrets and a book of instructions. Cure what you can, and kill what you can't." It was signed, Willie Tulloch, M.D. and Heathen.

Joseph, excitedly exploring the contents of the case, exclaimed, "Such a treasure, Father. Surely an angel in Heaven must have sent it."

Francis smiled. "Just what I was thinking too," he said.

They put up a sign outside the mission door—"Public Dispensary, Sick Treated Free," but for a long time no patients came.

Then, one day, Francis had a visitor—Mr. Pao, who was a cousin of Mr. Chia, the mandarin who had been Francis's fellow-passenger on the junk coming up-river. Mr. Chia's only son, Mr. Pao explained, was on the point of death. Would the Father come to Mr. Chia's house and bring all his remedies?

"You must understand," Francis said uncomfortably, "I am not a trained physician. I treat only the most simple disturbances—"

"The Father has come here to do good?" Mr. Pao inquired blandly.

"Why—yes."

"My cousin asks only that you bring whatever blessings and do whatever good you can."

It was an argument Francis could not answer. Silently, he packed his bag and followed Mr. Pao, although he knew that to the Taoist priests who were attending the sick boy he would be only a "foreign devil," an object of hatred. And if he failed. . .

CHIA-YU, the five-year-old boy who lay unconscious in one of the rooms of the mandarin's big house, had a badly infected arm. Under the outraged eyes of the priests, Francis called for hot water and bandages, took a lancet from his bag. They gasped in horror when he plunged the keen blade into the arm but they did not interfere. The interference, Francis reflected unhappily, would come later—if his treatment did not save the child's life.

But the next day, when he returned, he found to his relief that the fever had gone and the infection had subsided. "It looks just fine," he said to Mr. Pao, who only nodded, his face impassive.

"I have been instructed to thank you," Mr. Pao said, "and to say that it will not be necessary for you to come here again. Good day, Father."

A priest must be patient and forbearing, Francis reminded himself. All the same, he was angry. He had saved the boy, and now he was being dismissed with a perfunctory word of thanks. Mr. Chia, the father, hadn't even thought it worth while to appear and thank him in person.

Mr. Chia rectified that omission two week later. Precise and calm, he appeared at the mission on a Sunday afternoon, bringing word that his son was entirely recovered. "For myself," he added, "there have been some business matters to attend. But now—" he inclined his head—"I am here."

"Why are you here, Mr. Chia?" Francis asked curiously.

Mr. Chia looked mildly surprised. "Naturally," he said, "to become a Christian." "But—have you come to believe in Christianity?" Francis asked.

Mr. Chia said, "In time I will no doubt accustom myself to it."

Francis realized he had been holding his breath, and let it out. "Then you don't

believe," he said sadly. "Why are you willing to become a Christian, then?"

"You have done the greatest good for me," Mr. Chia told him. "I must now do the greatest good I can for you. If I accepted your Christian belief, all of Pai-Tan will follow me, as inevitably as the day follows the sun."

Francis knew a brief, strong temptation. To have all of Pai-Tan as a congregation—to see the mission rebuilt and busy. . . .

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm sure you mean well, but you would not be doing good for me. Mr. Chia, my acceptance of you would be a forgery for God."

Mr. Chia did not even try to hide his relief. He bowed formally and departed. But in a minute he was back, pointing to a beautiful green hill that rose back of the ruined mission. It was his property, he said; perhaps the Father would care to accept it as a gift, together with the use of twenty workmen and the materials for any buildings he might wish to construct?

SO Francis had, after a time, his new mission. With it came—slowly but surely—God's work to do: the sick to heal, the poor to help, a congregation to hear Mass. And finally—crowning happiness!—three Sisters arrived from home to teach and help.

Mother Maria-Veronica, who was in charge of the little party of nuns, did not like him. She made that plain from the moment she arrived. She would do her work, serve well and faithfully—but she would not be his friend. When she turned her cool gaze upon him he was reminded that he came from a poor home in Tyne-castle, while she belonged to a rich and aristocratic Austrian family. It made no difference that she had taken the vow of holy poverty with the veil; the distinction, somehow, was still there. She was able to make him feel like a muddy-booted farm-hand.

Well . . . there were other, much more important, things to think of. The region around Pai-Tan was about to become a battleground. Some troops of the Imperial Manchu Army had moved into the hills back of the mission, while Republican troops had occupied the village itself.

"There will no doubt be a battle," Mother Maria-Veronica said calmly when Francis told her the news. "But certainly no one here will be frightened by the prospect."

He marveled at her bravery and sighed over the coolness of her manner toward him.

Joseph interrupted their conversation by running in, wide-eyed. "Father," he cried, "there is a most peculiar man at the gates! He gives no name, but said to tell you he was the Devil's number-one boy!"

Francis's pulse stopped, then raced furiously. "There's only one person who would say that," he murmured. And the caller was that one person—Willie Tulloch, dropping in from Scotland as casually as once he had dropped in from next-door. He'd seen enough of Tyne-castle in forty years of living there, he explained, and had decided to do some traveling. "And I'm still a heathen," he added with a grin.

Heathen or not, Francis was more glad to see him than he could show. Mother Maria-Veronica looked on Willie with disdain and displeasure, but for once Francis didn't care what she was thinking.

The Imperial Army had a field gun at its headquarters in the hills, and the second night after Willie's arrival it began to shell the village—with an impersonal disregard for the fact that in the village were helpless civilians as well as Republican soldiers. The mission went into a state of semi-siege. Refugees were brought from Pai-Tan and housed wherever there was room, and Francis ran the flag of St. An-



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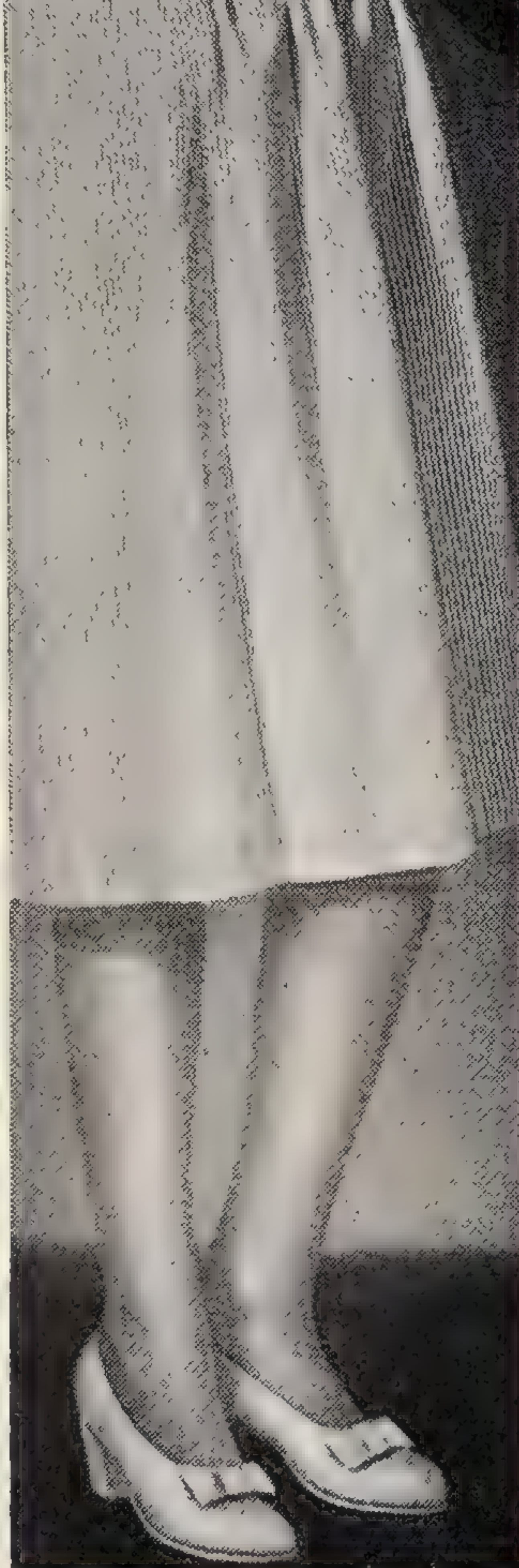


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draws up on the mast, hoping both armies would understand and respect it as a symbol of neutrality.

"I ought to be down in the village," he fretted to Willie. "I'm a priest, and I have no right to quarantine myself here."

Willie looked at him gloomily. "I'm a doctor," he said. "We'll go down there together, Francis."

Picking their way over the rubble of devastated streets, where shells still fell at regular intervals, they found no lack of wounded. With the help of Major Shen, the leader of the Republican army, they commandeered a house, better built than the rest, to serve as a hospital. For six days and nights the shelling went on, and no matter how many wounds they dressed, there were always more. A detachment of troops had tried to take the gun by storm, but had been mowed down by machine-gun fire.

It was on the sixth day that Joseph came running with the news that the mission had been fired on. Mother Maria-Veronica had admitted some wounded Republican soldiers to her dispensary and the Imperial General had taken this as an excuse to stop respecting the mission's neutrality.

"I'll go back with you," Francis said quickly. Not until he and Joseph were halfway to the mission did he realize that Willie had heard and was following.

They ran along a dry irrigation ditch. Suddenly they heard a cry, almost a whimper. A wounded soldier lying in the center of the road. Before Francis could stop him, Willie had leaped out of the ditch and was carrying the injured man back to shelter. A bullet whined through the air and Willie, with a look of surprise on his face, fell headlong.

He grinned when Francis bent over him. "It seems," he said weakly, "the time has come—to send for the priest—"

Perhaps it was Willie's death that told Francis it was not enough to care for the wounded and homeless, that he must fight for them as well. Or perhaps it was only the insolence of General Wai, leader of the Imperial Army, who sent one of his captains to the half-ruined mission that afternoon. General Wai's demands were simple. He wanted eight hundred pounds of rice and all the canned goods the mission possessed; in addition, Francis was to stop sheltering Republican wounded. Otherwise, the emissary said, the mission would be pounded to pieces by General Wai's gun.

"You must realize," Francis said slowly, "it will take a while to comply with these demands. How much time will General Wai permit me?"

The captain's sideways glance was significant. "Possibly until tomorrow—provided you deliver to me, tonight, at my gun position, a personal offering of tinned goods together with sufficient valuables to constitute a suitable present."

A bribe, Francis thought. But the captain was in charge of the gun—the gun which had done so much evil. "Very well," he said. "You may expect me tonight."

Major Shen, the leader of the Republican Army, was young and fatalistic and he had accustomed himself to the realization that sooner or later General Wai's gun would defeat him and all his men. But he was not stupid. Francis went to him with the information that he had access to the gun; and within three minutes Shen had supplied the plan they would use.

THEY set out that night from the mission, just the two of them. Francis went empty-handed, while Shen, dressed in coolie rags which effectively concealed a revolver, carried a sack which supposedly held canned goods and actually contained explosive and a can of gasoline. Behind

them, in the shadows of the church's blasted walls, they left a detachment of soldiers with instructions to attack the gun emplacement as soon as they heard an explosion.

Sentries met them and took them to the gun, where the captain was waiting.

"Have you brought me a present?" the captain demanded, flicking a quick glance at Shen.

Truthfully, Francis replied, "I have brought tinned goods which I hope will impress you—also," he added hastily as the captain reached for the sack, "I have brought money." Taking out his purse, he moved closer to the campfire, as if for better light. Behind him, unobserved, Shen moved the sack nearer to the gun-breach.

"First," Francis said, "I want your assurance that the mission will not be molested."

The captain laughed. "Not only will it be unmolested, Father—but I will see personally that it is put under my troops' protection. Particularly the women."

Francis flushed angrily, pretended to fumble with the catch of his purse. He couldn't keep the captain's attention centered on himself much longer—if Shen didn't do something soon. . . .

Then he heard a shot behind him. But there was no explosion. Another shot—and still no explosion. The captain had whirled and was shouting orders, and soldiers were scrambling for their rifles. He heard Shen's voice, "Run, Father! Save yourself!"

Still he did not move. As if in a dream, he saw Shen raise his revolver again and shoot the captain in the chest, then run to the fire, seize a blazing log and throw it at the sack. There was a violent explosion, and Francis felt himself falling.

He awoke in the mission, with Shen leaning over him. A piece of wood had struck him, knocking him unconscious as Shen had tried to drag him away from the gun before the explosion. "Thanks to you, Father," Shen said happily, "the gun is finished. And thirty-two Manchu bandits have been blown into little pieces. Never have I seen a more lovely killing. One more like that and you will force me to endure Christianity."

Francis smiled weakly. "The question is—how long will Christianity be forced to endure killings like that?" And it should

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be on his own conscience, he thought. He had helped to destroy thirty-two human souls, and murder was a sin. Yet he knew this murder had not been a sin.

The Republican army had been victorious and it moved on. The mission church was completely ruined, but the other buildings had been only slightly damaged. And Francis said he would find a way to rebuild the church. Angus Mealey—now Monsignor Mealey—was to visit Pai-Tan on an inspection tour for the Society. Perhaps he—

ANGUS, grown plump and rosy with the years, was not pleased when he saw the ruined church. He intimated that Francis could have found a way of saving it. He thought that perhaps if Francis tried a little harder to convert Mr. Chia, he might find a solution for the problem of how to rebuild the church.

In the morning, when Angus had gone, Francis went slowly into the church. Angus was right—he must be right, because he was a Monsignor while Francis had failed even with a small, unimportant mission in the heart of China. Angus was right . . . but he was wrong, wrong! "And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven." Christ had said that. Angus, with all his pride, had only the keys to the kingdom of Earth.

He heard a faint step behind him, and turned. It was Mother Maria-Veronica.

"I—I have come to tell you something," she said hurriedly. "From our first meeting I have behaved shamefully and sinfully toward you. I want you to know that I am most bitterly sorry . . . I was born into arrogance, Father, and taught contempt for those who were not. From the beginning, your presence tortured me. I knew that yours was a true humility and that mine was only a duty."

She was crying. "Last night I intended to ask Father Mealey to send me away. But as I sat and listened to him humiliate you—Father forgive me."

Francis smiled. "There is nothing for which I have to forgive you," he said. "I am only glad you no longer dislike me."

* * *

It was dawn when Monsignor Sleeth finished reading the journal which told the story of Father Chisholm's years in China.

He got out of bed wearily and dressed. He was tired—yet strangely happy. Quickly, he finished packing and was ready when the taxi came to take him to the station for the early train. Father Chisholm was ready, too, with his good-bys. In the early sunlight, he looked wan and pale, showing every day of his seventy-odd years. Timidly, he asked, "I hope you slept well?"

Monsignor Sleeth stood by the door, ready to leave. "No," he said. "As a matter of fact, I didn't sleep at all. Your journal was on the bookshelf and I must confess I read it through. I hope you don't mind."

"Not at all," Francis said uneasily. "But I should have imagined that the memories of a life as ineffectual as mine would guarantee sleep."

Monsignor Sleeth smiled. "Ineffectual?" He held out his hand. "It has been an honor to know you, Father. And—I want you to know that there is nothing I shall say to the Bishop that will in any way alter your position here, or your hopes for the future."

Francis took the hand. His eyes were misted with tears. "Thank you," he whispered. "Thank you."

For a long while, after the taxi had driven away, he stood in the doorway of his little cottage. And Tweedside parish—his parish—sparkled in the sunlight, like a promise of happiness.

THE END

Heritage on a Hilltop

(Continued from page 53) in connection with War Bond sales, visits to camps, et cetera, but then that is a routine with most Hollywood stars. Above all, he has dedicated himself to the remarkable institute he created which has its own building, and contains a comprehensive collection of books, art works and historical documents. Here Boyer is seeking zealously to preserve the spirit of France as it has prevailed through the ages. He doesn't want the France that he knew and loves to die out under the crushing heel of Nazism.

BOYER'S home, naturally, is the most striking expression of himself. One gleans that it is set up on firm foundations, and that it will endure. That he is happily married seems to have been taken as a matter of course in the movie town ever given to seeing the possibilities of a breakdown in so-called happy marriages.

The first child of the Boyers, a son, born so many years after their marriage, has become the new keystone of their life together. Even the baby's arrival seemed to be timed as part of a well-ordered plan. Regardless of the war, Charles and Pat Paterson have a more settled outlook than at any previous time. It is only during the past few years that they have made up their minds that America was to be their home for the future.

"America," Boyer said recently, "has not only been good and very generous to me but a high inspiration. A Frenchman at the present time feels a deep, natural sympathy for your country—I should also say now, *my country*—because out of the oppression in the beginning you gained your freedom. You hold up a shining light to any nation like France who is the victim of tyrants. I have always had a definite feeling that anyone who lived in America for any prolonged period of time and received therefrom the benefits of work and friendship and happiness should repay the debt of gratitude by becoming a citizen and assuming the responsibilities of that citizenship."

"When America entered the war I decided that I owed to her my services and devotion as a grateful, adopted son—and that I could also at the same time aid the Allied cause and the land of my birth."

BOYER has recently met the challenge of an entirely new sort of film character in the picture "Gaslight" which has marked one of the biggest turning points for him in the Hollywood studios. He depicts as sinister and compelling a villain as has been seen at any time on the screen.

Boyer himself enjoyed this opportunity. "I found 'Gaslight' stimulating and a very amusing experience, as well," he said, "because it was a *change* from the parts I have played heretofore. Unless there is variety to the characters one assumes in pictures, work can become a dreadful bore."

His next role will be yet another change—he plays opposite Deanna Durbin in "Strangers."

The most idealistic occupation of Boyer is his Research Institute. Yet that, too, has its practical motif. He wants whatever is French on the screen to be *authentic*. Also—and this is more on the idealistic side—he feels that students can benefit by the data he has collected.

"The Library represents the fulfillment of a dream to me and I want to share it with those who have a mutual interest. The war has momentarily interrupted plans for a theater as part of the project but these will reach fruition in the not far distant future, I hope."

"Here we expect to present plays, con-



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certs and lectures from time to time by the illustrious who may be visiting Hollywood."

Once the door of the Foundation is opened one enters a long library room and salon whose walls are lined with shelves of books, imposing-looking tomes and ancient manuscripts.

The furnishings are spacious reading tables, beautiful straight-back chairs out of another century of living, specially built lounge chairs and modern club davenports . . . fine drawings, engravings and vignettes. An air of serenity pervades the room. In the center on a mantel rests a large pair of brass scales, holding in equal balance the flag of the United States and the Tricolor of France.

Andre David, one of Boyer's life-long friends from the Paris of other times and brilliant critic and novelist, devotes many hours each day as curator of the library.

The Boyer hilltop residence with its vista spreading out to the sea, is in the expanding state. There is a large victory garden on the estate. Here a wide variety of vegetables grow in abundance. And a touch of rural France is added to the pastoral scene with chickens, ducks and hissing and honking geese.

Boyer's love of his traditions is also borne out in the fact that he has his mother with him on his estate. Mme. Boyer has a separate menage, of English type of architecture—doubtless a graceful gesture on the part of the Frenchman to his British-born wife. And it is here that Mme. Boyer spends happy hours with her cherished grandson, Michael Charles, age eight months, and dedicates much of her time to Allied war relief.

She is a very beautiful woman in her early sixties and is completely devoted to her daughter-in-law, who has done much to dispel the loneliness she first felt on her comparatively recent arrival from France.

Pat Paterson, Mrs. Boyer, leads virtually the same sort of energized life as her husband. Everything that she does is linked with her four main interests . . . her husband, her child, her home and her war activities. She has given up her acting career entirely.

"I have found that being a wife is a full-time job and that motherhood is another. My husband, I am sure, would not want me to pursue a career except under ideal auspices and I concur with him.

"In this viewpoint, you have the keynote to Charles's philosophy and character. He believes that which is worth doing should be accomplished with the ultimate degree of perfection. And while he has a deep respect for art and the artist, he also has an infinite love for the human values—home and family—and believes it is well worth dedicating one's life to the integration of those elements.

"This fundamental quality makes him a man of great steadfastness, kindness and thoughtfulness. In fact, he is the kindest man I have ever known."

Young Michael Charles is the top inspiration these days, and if his papa applies a schedule of work and accomplishment to other issues, here indeed it sees the fullest fruition.

Pat is fully dedicated to the schedule, too, has perhaps intensified it, because her own program of work and service is broad and far-reaching. She allows *nothing* to interfere with the time that she feels belongs to her young son.

Charles Boyer was born in France—Pat Paterson is a native of England—and their son Michael, virtually per design, came into the world in America. Veritably theirs is a tricolor of the red, white and blue of three nations and might well be classified as a Decisive Allied Victory!

THE END

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Hold His Hands

(Continued from page 55) lawn and fix the leaky faucet.)

When the conic hand has a hard palm it denotes great power of self-discipline. Many famous actors have this type of hand. Knotted fingers along with the firm palm show a person who has keen insight. This type of hand is often found among authors and men in positions requiring diplomacy.

THE PSYCHIC HAND

The psychic hand has long delicate, tapering fingers with almond-shaped nails. This is considered a handsome hand. Your psychic man will:

1. Be impractical, lacking courage and strength. He will not be able to hold his own with other people or to cope with everyday problems. (If you want to wear the pants, coat and vest—here's your chance.)
2. Have a tendency toward melancholia and be easily offended. He will lack self-confidence. (Praise and lots of it for this man.)
3. Possess a calm disposition and often care little for women. (If you turn on all your charm and it doesn't work, you will know that he just can't be had.)
4. Have a fondness for gambling. (And won't always pick a winner or hold that royal flush—so beware!)

THE PHILOSOPHICAL

The philosophical hand has long narrow palm, thin fingers, developed joints and thin almond-shaped nails. This man will:

1. Love to study human nature. (Best not to try to fool this one. If he asks about your braid, tell him if it is false.)
2. Think before acting. (It will take more than moonlight to get a proposal.)
3. Be quiet and sedate. (Not so good for parties or that new dance step.)
4. Rarely forget an insult. (If you break a date and get caught all will be over.)
5. Be patient. (Would be willing to teach you contract bridge or ice skating if you prefer.)
6. Love beautiful and artistic things. (You had better keep your house and yourself all shined up.)
7. Seek fame instead of money.

THE MIXED HAND

The mixed hand has a rather oval shaped palm with mixed fingers such as the conic, spatulate, square, or even psychic. These are the men who are jacks of all trades and masters of none. This man will:

1. Make a good living, but never become rich or famous. (Love in a cottage can be very nice.)
2. Be able to converse on many subjects. (You won't have to wrack your brain to keep this conversation going.)
3. Be fond of good times, travel and excitement. (Here's a date that will never bore you.)

You now have enough information to give you at least five dates head start on your nearest competitor.

Even charmers like Hedy Lamarr, Myrna Loy and Ann Sheridan were probably not born with the sure technique with which they now get results. So practice your hand-holding, follow your clues and before long Prince Charming will be telling you that you understand him better than anyone he has ever known.

For Love or Money?

Continued from page 51) dancing. He likes to dance all right, but—"I didn't dance in 'Cross Of Lorraine' and I think that's my best picture," he said. Like Alan Ladd, Gene is never quite satisfied with his performance. "I could have done it better" is his theme song. He is easily upset by adverse criticism, although he listens to it and profits. There have been no vacations for Gene since he hit the Hollywood trail two and a half years ago. He recently managed a long week end at Lake Arrowhead but took along the songs and script of his then current picture *Ancho's Aweigh*."

To Orson Welles, the business of acting and directing is the business of living. He manages to spend every cent and more of the money he earns and would act or direct for nothing, just so they spelled his name right on the billboards. Orson thinks nothing of toiling twenty hours a day in the medium he loves.

When you see Ann Sothorn in a *Maisie* picture it is hard to realize how much pre-thought goes into each and every one of her movies. Ann is dead serious about her job as an actress. In one of her *Maisies*, Ann had to act a little pickled. In private life Annie is not a drinking gal but she indulged in a beautiful binge one evening—with pencil in hand making notes for as long as she was able to—all for her art. "I had to know how to get high so I could act realistically," she said.

A FEW years ago, Paulette Goddard was the center of an ugly whispering campaign. The reputed incident at a night club grew and grew with each telling until a major scandal seemed imminent with women all over the country threatening to boycott Miss Goddard's films. "But you know me," Paulette said on the set to Fearless. "You know I wouldn't

throw away in a few minutes all the years of work I've put in to get where I am."

Fearless believed her and said so in print.

Paulette has worked, in spite of the strong opposition of Charlie Chaplin when they were married, to be the star she is today. She wasn't a particularly good actress at the beginning of her time here. She has now made good as a grade A comedienne, as witness her work in "So Proudly We Hail." Today, established as

Bulletin on Farley Granger!

*You'll not only have a
full page natural color
portrait of him in the
October Photoplay but you'll
have a story all about the
lad and his life!*

a big star, Paulette still has a dramatic coach with her on the set, going over the dialogue before each scene. Sure she likes the money, but in this one case she is equally interested in the art for art's sake angle. And she doesn't exactly dislike being famous.

Paul Muni is seriousness itself about acting. No one dares talk to him on the

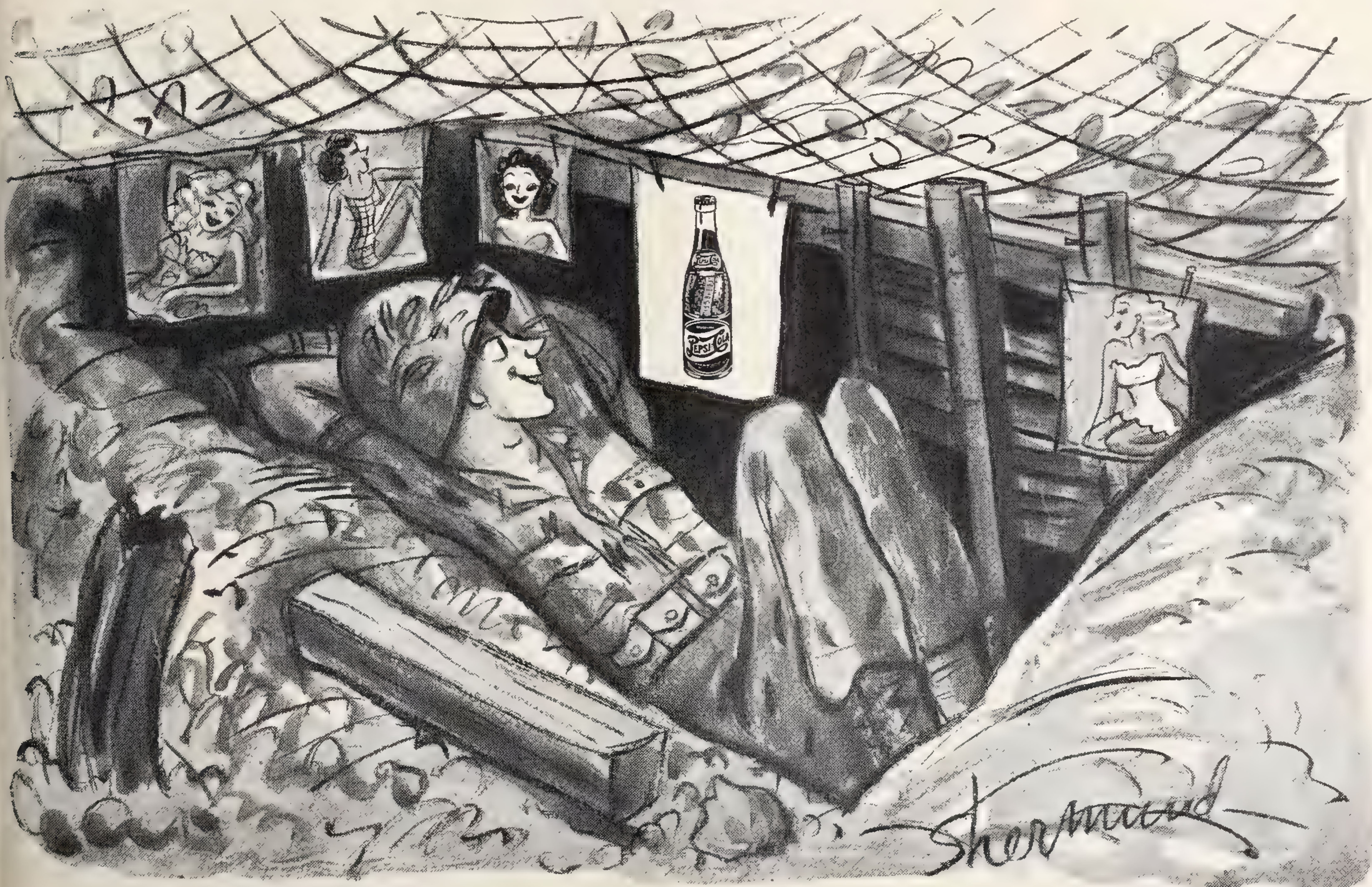
set between shots—it might throw him off. If he plays a Frenchman, Muni affects a French accent for the duration of the picture—at home as well as in the studio. If he plays a cockney, then he talks cockney for the twelve weeks. He loves to grow beards and he loves heavy make-up. Poor wife Bella! But she seems to like punishment because she is always on the set of a Muni movie, ready, willing and able to tell her mate how he did this piece of business and how he can improve that.

The most ambitious woman in Hollywood today is Greer Garson. When Greer first came to Hollywood five years ago they let her sit around for a year with nothing but promises for her film diet. At the end of that time Greer was so sick in spirit—despite the thousand dollars a week she was paid—that she actually became physically ill as well. Doctors could find nothing organically wrong with her, although one quack suggested a spinal operation! Fortunately, Greer was offered the role of *Mrs. Chips* and her ailments vanished.

Greer is a girl who insists on "being in the mood" for emotional scenes. During the making of "Random Harvest" she had a spot of crying to do and she insisted that screens be put around her to shield her from the populace on the set. Ronald Colman, who takes his work seriously but is less of a heavy about it than Greer, was amused and said that he too must have a screen. Then everyone laughed, including Greer.

But Miss Garson will stop at nothing to perfect her part. There are few things Greer loves more—apart from acting—than her glorious red hair. (She used to wash her locks in champagne—before the war!) But she actually cut off a hank of hair for her period role in "Pride And Prejudice." Greater love hath no woman!

An advertisement of Pepsi-Cola Company



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Candy Coated
GUM
PEPPERMINT

For Finer Flavor

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FRANK H. FLEER CORP. ESTABLISHED 1885

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TO TELL EVERY
GIRL I KNOW
ABOUT
HOLLY-PAX**



WHY WAIT for somebody to tell you about Holly-Pax? Try it yourself! Find out how unlike other tampons it is! Tiny in size—controlled expansion brings marvelous new comfort. Purposely designed to require no applicator. Gives you most absorbency for your money. And the only tampon spun from uncut surgical cotton. 12 for 20c; purse size, 10c; economy package, 48 for 59c. At sanitary goods counters.

Holly-Pax

*Chances are your favorite
star uses tampons*



Send for
FREE booklet,
"New Facts You
Should Know About
Monthly Hygiene"

Holly-Pax
Box H-189
Palms Station
Hollywood 34, Calif.

Money means little to Greer, although she spends it carefully with the exception of clothes. She would act for nothing—for the fun—and the fame—of it.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is very particular about the pictures she makes—citto for the dollars. Claudette takes as much time choosing her pictures as some people spend in the making of them. She insists on picking the story, the director, the make-up man, the cameraman, the still man and her fellow actors. She is a demon with a blue pencil with publicity material and still photographs. But she is always punctual, always knows her lines and always gives a good performance.

If Maria Montez really wants to be the star she says she does, she would do a lot worse than copy Claudette in the matter of punctuality. Maria is driving her studio crazy by being late for appointments. When you ask Maria if she is serious about her work she laughs and says, "But of course. My peectures they make five million dollars last year. What, I ask, is more serious than five million dollars?"

"I want to work, work, work," Joan Crawford told Fearless dramatically a year ago when she quit Metro after nineteen years for a contract with Warners. To date Joan has not made a single picture for her new bosses—which is the longest period of time that Joan has been idle since coming to Hollywood. It's a shame because Joan can't breathe properly unless working at high pressure. Her film philosophy is summed up in the two words spoken by Joan to the scripter of one of her films—"Write hard!" Joan does everything hard.

You'd think that the number-one box-office draw, Betty Grable, would be oozing with ambition. T'aint so. The blonde

pin-up gal—in her own words—is "the family type. I'm not a career girl. I don't care who writes my pictures or who directs them or who acts in them. I never read the script until I'm on the set, made up and ready to work. I like making pictures because I like being with the gang at the studio." Well, that's one reason!

You don't find Rosalind Russell, or Joseph Cotten, or Ginger Rogers or William Powell or Jennifer Jones or Fred Astaire going into a picture without inspecting all the angles. Sometimes they are overanxious and accept dud pictures—you should hear William Powell on the subject of "The Heavenly Body"! Even the wisest make mistakes, but it's better to be overcareful than overcareless.

The most serious of the lot are perhaps the newcomers and the comics. They have a world to gain and are ready to pay for it in hard work. The comics—well, have you ever met a funny man in private life who wasn't worried to death about everything, but mostly whether his gags are funny or flops? Abbott and Costello go over every gag until sure it is laughproof. Even Bob Hope, one of the classier of the comics, tries out his laugh lines on his pals to get the reaction.

A funny man who once-upon-a-time forgot to be serious about his job is Jack Oakie. He playboyed himself eight years ago, right out of a Paramount contract. But Jack is now more or less serious about his movie material. He may tell you sometimes, "This is a stinkeroo." And it usually is when he says so. But that's better than no interest at all.

And talking about lack of interest. There is a group here in Hollywood who do not give two cents for acting, fame or money. And yet they steal every picture in which they appear. Babies and dogs.

THE END

Bringing up Brown

(Continued from page 59) bashful than anything else, saw her, choked on his chops and demanded of his lunch-mate Jack Beutel, "Who is she?"

"Verna Knopf," said Jack placidly. "She's a contract actress for Howard Hughes. Used to be a model—you've seen her on the covers of magazines."

"Introduce me!" demanded Jim, tossing shyness to the winds. But when he looked back for her she had gone, and then he grabbed Jack Beutel's arm and added, "Tomorrow?"

Jack informed Jim that the beautiful Verna would be out at his home the next day, helping the Beutels pack to move to a new home. "I shall come out and help you pack at dawn," Jim announced. He was there. He had a four-hour wait before Verna came, but come she finally did. Jim stared at her, mumbled "How do you do?" and (to his own bewilderment) took her in his arms and kissed her profoundly, among the packing cases in the kitchen. The minute he realized what he was doing, he let go of her and apologized. "Gee, I go with girls for six months before I even try to hold their hands," he blushed. "I don't know what got into me!"

Verna, who had started to lose her temper, smiled instead at his agonized embarrassment—whereupon lightning struck Jim once more and he grabbed her into his arms again. To make the briefest story briefer, he proposed thirty minutes after meeting her; he enlarged on his proposals for two weeks, nightly, at Bublichki's night club in Hollywood—and then they were married.

That was on March 1, 1942, and they have been blissfully happy ever after. Since then a small mirror of Verna has

appeared, too: Beverly Jean Brown, titled Wendy for short and currently aged a year and a half. Another Brownling is due any minute and there will doubtless be a long string of them—Verna and Jim like a big family. Meanwhile, they are doing very well in the happiness line, in a small ranch house in San Fernando Valley. But Verna still never knows what her husband is likely to do next—and neither does anyone else, including Jim!

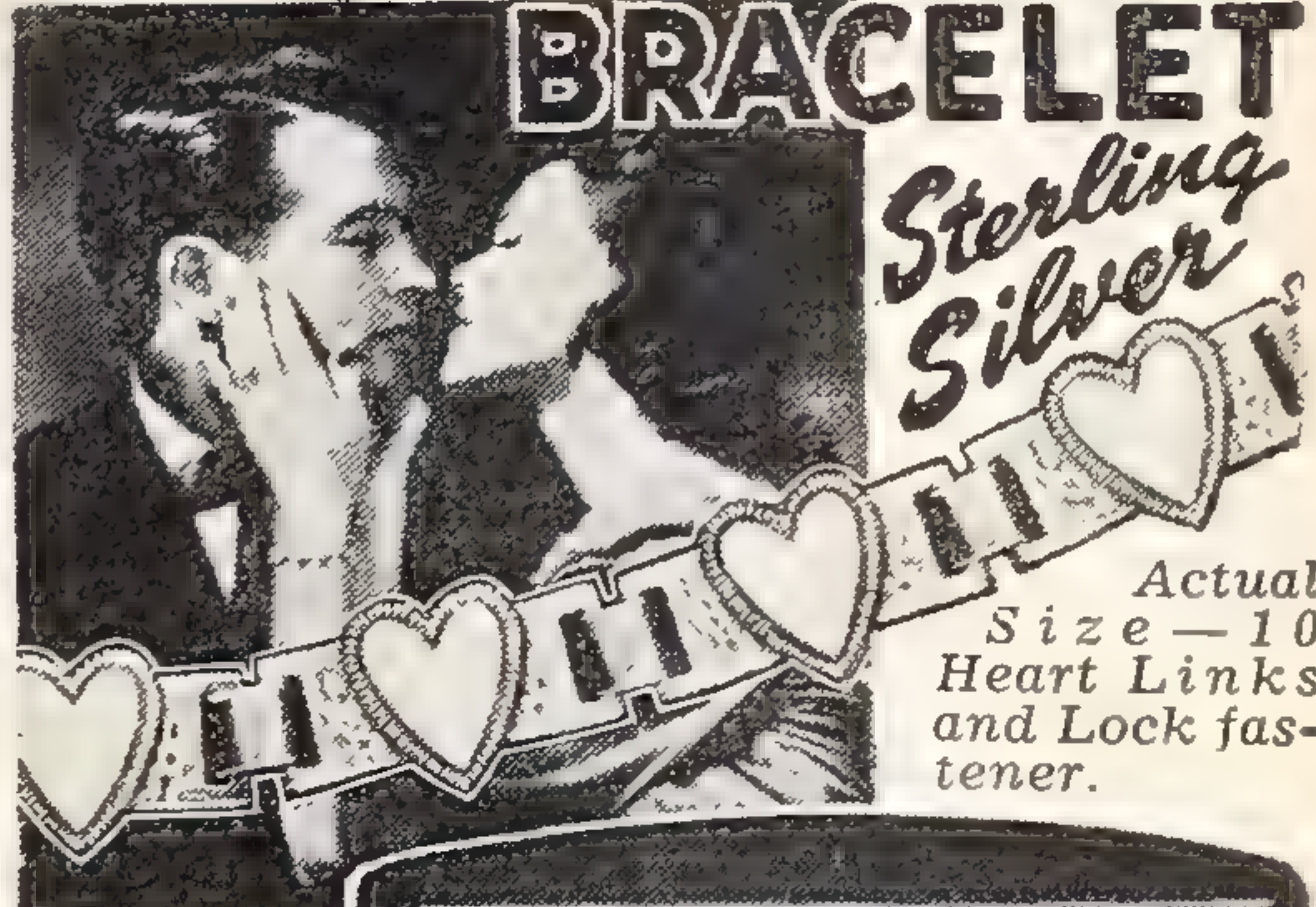
This is obviously because his life has been a series of gay adventures, with nary a plan in the lot of them. Down in Waco, Texas, the Brown family flourished like the green bay tree—Father Floyd E. Brown as an oil salesman, and his wife and three children as a typical family.

At eight Jim was trumpet-playing in school bands and singing with school orchestras. At twelve he took up football, thus making himself 4-F fodder by breaking an eardrum. At fifteen he took up tennis, which accomplishment led him straight to the 1941 Pacific South West Tennis Tournament. Since it was in Hollywood, California, therefore so was Jim. Hollywood distracted him completely.

He decided to make California his home and singing his profession. His tennis pal Joe Adams finally decided to stick with him; and they took together a small attic room so low-roofed that neither of them could stand up in it. Here they began quietly to starve to death until Joe found a job at Lockheed.

Then one night during a canned-fish dinner in the attic the telephone downstairs rang for Jim. It was agent Henry Willson. He had picked up a paper and found a belated picture of Jim left over from the tennis tournaments—and had

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Speaking of CALF LOVE



What could be neater than a NEET CALF?

In the Spring (or any season), a young man's... well, eyes... turn to shapely calves. For every male is versed in the art of husbandry... and his love of calves has been cultivated since Adam.

Look to your own calves, lady. See that they're "smooth" calves, free from glamour-stealing hair, whether stockinged or fashionably bare. Give your legs that self-assurance that comes with the knowledge that they're perfectly groomed... are truly NEET looking!

"Better get NEET today!" This cosmetic hair remover will, in a few moments, literally wash away unsightly hair from legs, arm-pits, and forearms. Leaves the skin silken-smooth and pleasantly scented. No sharp edges or razor stubble when never-failing NEET is used. Nor will NEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of NEET today, at drug, department, or ten cent stores.

BETTER GET
NEET TO-DAY

traced down his address via a wire to Texas. "What I'm trying to tell you is this," he said into Jim's astounded ear, "you look like acting material to me—and I'd like to try you out on Paramount Studios tomorrow."

"Yee-ow!" yelled his newest client.

KNOWING what you now know about his record, his confusing private life will come as no shock to you. Home via motorcycle every evening, he usually strolls into a quickly filling living room. The fillers are generally Bill Edwards, Agent Willson, Craig Stevens and Alexis Smith, Steve Richards and a writer named Dick Mook.

But evenings when only the Browns are home, Jim plunges happily into three newspapers—thumb-marking, however, only the sports and funny pages. He roars delightedly over the comic strips, "Dick Tracy" and "Napoleon" in particular. After the newspapers he will peruse any magazine with pictures. Then he spends an hour answering fan mail and an hour on the latest book on flying (he yearns to be a pursuit pilot). But always he winds up working on the cardboard model of the house he wants to build after the war.

Meanwhile, the Browns hold forth contentedly in their war-rented home, with Jim's personality all over it—his sports clothes hanging hither and yon on chairs, his empty coffee cup left from breakfast on any handy table or window sill, and only his collection of shoes left in neat rows where they belong, in the closet. Food interests him little and desserts not at all; but tennis has its old fascination for him on Sundays, during which day he has practiced enough to capture the 1944 championship of the Motion Picture Tournament.

As for future years, he wants eventually to leave the screen and become a radio singer. He has not yet been a professional singer. In the far, far, distant future, however, he has a most un-puppylike dream: He wants to give away all the money he and his family won't need to people who do need it. "That's because I've had such trouble trying to get loans out of people, myself," he says now. And somehow we think his promise will hold good.

THE END

LOOK WHO'S HERE!

Dana Andrews

winner of Photoplay's Color Portrait Poll, appears on page 48, voted there by readers

Second favorite

Lon McCallister

on page 37.

Whom would you like to see pictured in color in Photoplay? Send in the ballot below to the Color Portrait Editor, Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St. New York 17, N. Y.

I would like to see a color portrait of

in Photoplay

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EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby Specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums
Buy it from your druggist today

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Leaves sweaters, blankets, woollens soft, fluffy—really clean. Made by a wool firm. 25¢—at notions, art needlework, and housewares depts.



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Don't let tired, burning sensitive feet steal energy and make the hours seem longer. Just massage frosty white Ice-Mint on your feet and ankles before work to help keep them cool and comfortable... and after work to help perk them up for an evening of fun. No greasy feeling—won't stain socks or stockings. Grand, too, to help soften corns and callouses. Get Ice-Mint from your druggist today and get foot happy this easy way.

Now She Shops "Cash And Carry"

Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Thank You, Irene Dunne

(Continued from page 36) was a disappointment, but Missy, her adopted child, is so very dear to her—you should hear her talk about Missy.

As we talked that morning at the Waldorf, I became conscious of several things, and the record bore them out. You can see high, hot temper in her, oh yes, she'd really go to town, the serene and lovely Miss Dunne, if you got her good and mad. And a degree of steel-cut ruthlessness. An admirable sort of ruthlessness, which manifests itself, for all her wit and humor, all her graciousness, in a finely empered self-control.

Nobody would ever be allowed to mess up Miss Dunne's life or drag her from what she believed to be right. Very few really successful people, continued successes, are without some touch of that ruthlessness or good.

TOLD her I had liked "A Guy Named Joe" as much as any picture I had seen in a long time. And she seemed unusually pleased about that. She had, she said, wanted people to like it because it had such a heartwarming thought behind it. In all her roles she'd tried to be and to understand the woman she was playing but she had wanted particularly to be *Dorinda*, she had wanted particularly to make people understand about *Pete* and *Dorinda*.

Other engagements came up and I went home.

WHILE I walked along 50th Street toward the river, I was still absently pursuing my quest about Irene Dunne. Trying to find out why I had so much wanted to say Thank You, Miss Dunne, to her in our brief visit and somehow had felt sort of silly about doing it, because I didn't know just what I wanted to say. At the end of my street is the East River and I went and stood watching the water and the ships going up and down.

All of a sudden, I knew. Though I know myself, it's still not very easy to put into words, but I think it's important, so you must bear with me and probably add some of your own.

Irene Dunne makes being good more fun. More dramatic. More beautiful. So many people don't. But when you sit and watch her as *Dorinda*, or as the American girl in "White Cliffs," you get from her a feeling of real goodness, inner goodness. But there isn't anything stuffy about it, there isn't anything dull or sanctimonious or cold. You begin to think with all your heart that being really good, is gay and right and glorious.

When she is being funny, which she can do so very well, you know she is good all the way through, the way a woman ought to be, and when she is being good you know she can be funny any time she wants to.

Her goodness is full of laughter. Not many actresses, if you stop to think about it, have been able to have Miss Dunne's record on the screen and off and still hit the top and stay there. But when you see her you are sure that a sense of humor is an essential part of the spirit and that probably there will be plenty of laughter in heaven and maybe fewer harps than we have been led to believe.

For that, and all that I now know it's meant to me for a long time when I've always rushed to see Irene Dunne pictures, and particularly what it has meant to many of us, in the strengthening of our faith and the warming of our hearts in these last years of war—thank you very much, Miss Dunne.

THE END



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Yes, your compact mirror will tell you
**Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder keeps
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color stays true in all kinds of light.**

HOW young and dreamy-smooth your skin looks under soft-shaded lights. But does your compact tell a different story in pitiless sunlight or harsh electric glare? Does it then say your skin seems drab and oldish? *Then you need Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder.*

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cate, enchanting young color in *any* kind of light.

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Never dries your skin!

\$1 • 50¢ • 25¢
and trial size
plus tax

Deanna's in Love

(Continued from page 29) quietly, to give no orders in the future. Whereupon Felix, who undoubtedly had expected her to be haughty and rebellious and very much the big star, was overwhelmed completely.

It is not handsomeness that makes Felix Jackson attractive to women. However, behind his thick glasses his eyes are truly beautiful. He has an abundance of Continental charm. He lives most graciously. Recently he moved into a furnished house in Brentwood. It instantly became his own. As if by magic fragrant eucalyptus logs blazed in the fireplace; there were fresh flowers in the vases; records were going on the Capehart. And Felix's quiet efficient houseboy was fetching tea with no visible effort. Naturally enough, Deanna, who never has had a home like this, is quite taken by it.

Felix, with his soft voice, beguiling accent and subtle wit, would like to be really American. When he became a citizen and his friends gave him a terrific party with flag-bedecked cakes and loads of presents, he cried sentimentally.

Deanna also has reason to be grateful to Felix for her wider scope as an actress. For it is under his guidance that she has played a defense worker, a roadhouse torch singer and soon will be seen in a Western murder mystery by Leslie Charteris.

The gang at the studio was first aware that the Durbin-Jackson relationship had swerved to personal channels when Deanna began lunching in her dressing room. Always she has lunched in the studio commissary with all the people engaged on her picture. She was, she explained, eating too much in the commissary and wanted to stay away from temptation. But the luncheons the chef sent to her dressing room were discovered to include anything but a reducing diet and also, obviously, to be planned for two.

They did not go about publicly but saw only intimate friends up to the time Felix's first divorce decree was granted. Nowadays, however, they are seen everywhere.

THESE are the facts. But they are misleading. They make Deanna appear a young divorcee intent upon being the siren. Actually she is now having the youthful fling she should have had year ago.

For years and years Deanna did nothing—literally—but work and study. She got up in the morning and went to the studio. She lunched there with her mother and her conferees. Between scenes every day she was tutored for so many hours. She left the set just in time to go for her singing lesson. Then she drove home to dinner, studied her lines and went to bed. In her busy existence there was no time for the normal pursuits of pleasures of the teens.

Vaughn Paul was the first man Deanna looked upon as a man and not a co-worker. This, unquestionably, was a decided strike against her chances of happiness. Then, soon, Vaughn went into the Navy. Deanna found herself living alone and beyond the parental authority of her Canadian parent who are sweet and well-intentioned but strict and unsophisticated.

She always has been attractive to men. Even when she was a young girl the men who worked with her were aware of her womanliness. Only recently, however, has she become conscious of her appeal. She is straightforward and honest enough to be glad of it. It delights her, for instance, when the boys on the lot whistle as she goes by. If, by chance, they are busy and do not see her she calls them to task, telling them they'll ruin her morale.

There's no doubt Deanna, unrestricted by parents or marriage, has changed. It

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Thrill
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Your bath should be a luxurious experience. Three things will make it just that:

1. *Before* bathing, add Bathasweet to your tub. Softens and perfumes the bath; gives it greater cleansing power; soothes nerves.
2. *While* bathing, use Bathasweet Soap. It gives a rich, billowy, creamy lather such as you don't get from ordinary soaps.
3. *After* the bath, use Bathasweet Talc Mitt. It's the final touch of refreshment and daintiness.

Also recommended are Bathasweet Foam and Bathasweet Shower Mitt.



Your choice of these delightful Fragrances:—
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almost as if she were hungry to discover what life is all about.

Formerly there were soft drinks in the icebox in Deanna's dressing-room suite. Now she enjoys an occasional apéritif cocktail. Slowly she is learning the art of small talk which she never knew before. She is, consequently, more often asked to join the little groups that run over to the commissary for a cup of tea. Heretofore she often was sensitive over the fact that people, translating her shy manner as upishness, did not include her in these excursions.

When as a very little girl Deanna tottered around in high heels, her father used to worry that she would break her neck. Somehow—probably through the offices of the ever-alert providence which watches over children—her neck was saved. But now, grown-up, coming to a late youth at twenty-one, totally unequipped for the romantic episodes she attracts and the independence she has newly found, it is to be wondered how she will be saved from breaking her heart.

She protests she will not marry Felix Jackson. Only time will tell. He will not have his final decree until March, 1945. Many things can happen in that time. Deanna might meet a man about thirty—neither too young nor too old—who would sweep her off her feet and teach her one can laugh and love too. That would seem to be her greatest chance for happiness.

THE END

You Wouldn't Know Alice Faye

(Continued from page 31) he returned to New York—and she remained here.

She was on her own—at last—and suddenly her individuality began to assert itself. The first thing she corrected was her appearance. A clever make-up man advised her to let her hair go back to its own natural blonde color and to stop shaving her eyebrows until they were almost invisible. The change was startling. No longer was Alice just another rubber-stamp blonde. The lovely, serious expression came out in her eyes. She overcame the disconcerting mouth-twisting routine. Then Darryl Zanuck took her over and gave her marvelous musicals. After "Alexander's Ragtime Band" she could have written her own ticket at any studio.

BUT even with fame Alice remained excessively shy. She talks with me because she knows me and I think she likes me. I knew her all the time during her unhappy marriage to Tony Martin and before that when people said she was wearing her heart out for Rudy.

Personally, I've always felt that Alice was more homesick for her family and New York than for Rudy. The Fayes are a devoted clan—the mother and brothers—and Alice was miserable without them. Her father is dead—but I know that in spite of things that were said that Alice contributed to his support until the time of his death. She is that kind of a girl—generous, open-handed and sympathetic to those who are in need.

Alice's lack of confidence in herself has been her greatest drawback. She hasn't an ounce of conceit. She doesn't think she has a particularly good voice!

"I'm always surprised when I open my mouth—and out comes a song," she laughed. "I never really expect to reach any kind of a note—and so when I hear my records and they are not half-bad, I am delighted. I'm not the kind of singer who works hard on my voice. I don't study or practice every day. I never sing for amuse-

—this One Complete Cream is all you need!

Long days of film-making, war work! Yet Donna Reed's skin always looks flower-fresh, flawless . . . She relies on Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream—it *does everything* for complexion beauty, *easily, quickly* . . .



Donna Reed

appearing in

**"THE PICTURE OF
DORIAN GRAY"**

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Picture

See her beauty cream help *your* skin to film-star loveliness: *Cleanses thoroughly. Freshens. Softens, smooths. Helps coax away tiny dry-skin lines. Holds powder. And Stericin, exclusive ingredient, works constantly right in the jar to purify the cream, helping protect against blemish-causing germs.*

Tonight, *every* night, take the Beauty Night Cap of the Stars: First, cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream—then use as your night cream, for extra softening . . . Use for glamorizing daytime clean-ups, as well . . . Jars 10¢ to \$1.25.



Woodbury

COMPLETE BEAUTY CREAM

—FORMERLY CALLED COLD CREAM. Cleanses as thoroughly as finest cold cream—does so much more besides! It's all you need if your skin is **NORMAL** or **DRY** . . . If **EXTRA DRY**, use also Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream at night . . . If **OILY**, cleanse with Woodbury Oily Skin Cleansing Cream . . . For **ANY SKIN**, use Woodbury Creampuff Powder Base to give make-up extra-smooth, long-lasting glamour.



SO smooth
yet they never slip!

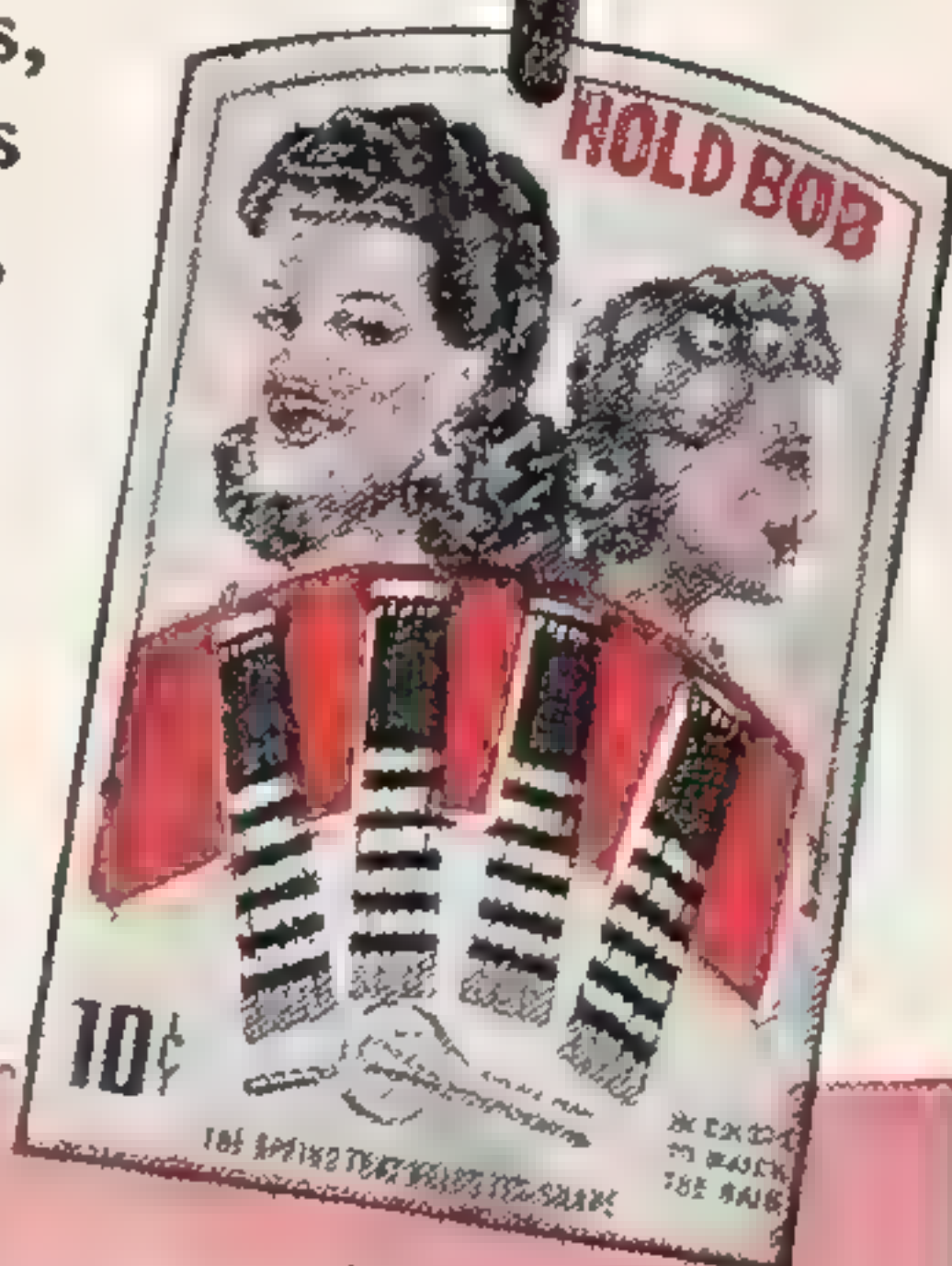
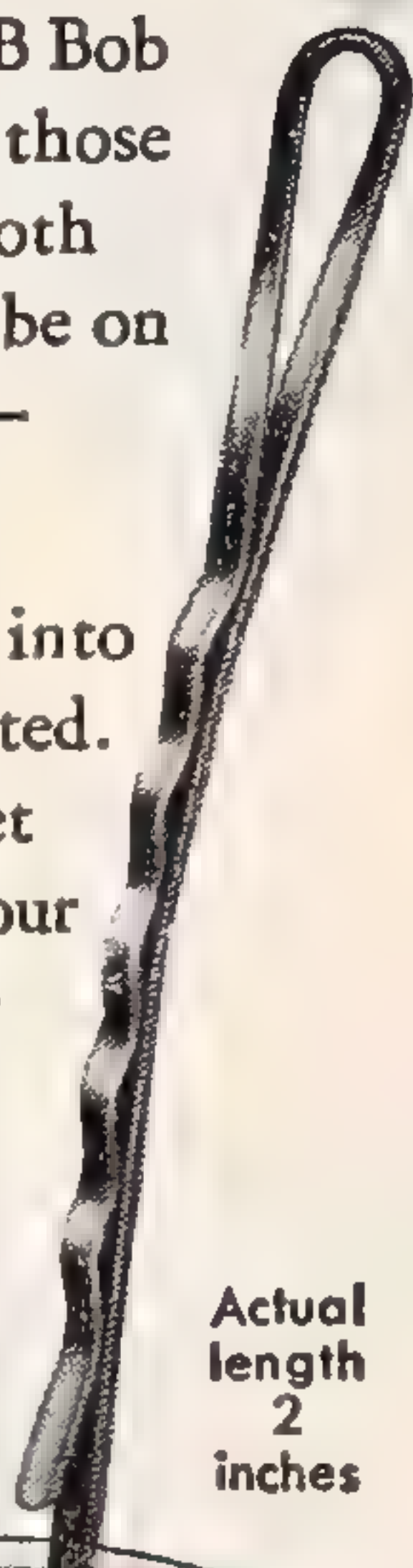
Want a new thrill? Get HOLD-BOB Bob Pins. Notice that satiny surface... those safely rounded ends. Enjoy a smooth hair-do with HOLD-BOBS. Then be on your merry way and don't worry—HOLD-BOBS are really solid!

That hidden power is built right into the HOLD-BOB design. It's patented. It's exclusive. So make sure you get genuine HOLD-BOB Bob Pins. Your dealer sold out? Keep asking. He will have some more very soon.

FLEXIBLE—FIRM

Tapered from tips to tiny but powerful round-wire head... with 5 crimps, HOLD-BOB Bob Pins are easy to manage, hard to lose—and give you lasting service.

Pay no more than 10c per card.



HOLD-BOB Bob Pins

Are Better Bob Pins



THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO. CHICAGO 16

ment or for my friends. Once in a while I hum a lullaby to my babies—and that is about the extent of my vocal workouts until I get ready to make a picture."

WERE you and Phil disappointed that little Phyllis wasn't a boy?" I asked. "Phil was glad," she answered. "He adores little girls and he knew that if we had a boy I would have taken him right over and that he would have belonged to me."

There was a twinkle in Alice's eye as she spoke—a sort of inner laughter that didn't come easily in the old days. Then she pulled out a picture of little Alice.

"Isn't she a darling?" she asked proudly. "Phyllis is so tiny we aren't having pictures made of her until she is a little older. She has dark hair—just like Phil's. Everybody loves her but—her sister! Every time we have guests at the house, little Alice says, 'Take the baby home with you.' She's jealous," Alice explained, "so we never praise Phyllis too much or make too much fuss when Alice is around."

The doorbell rang and it was Phil stopping by to pick up Alice. You have only to see them together to realize how happy they are.

"We'll have an early dinner," Phil said. "I haven't eaten anything. I don't want to get fat—but Alice doesn't have to diet."

"Yes, I do!" she corrected. "Look how much more I weigh than I did when Alice was born."

The Harrises have cows and chickens and live like typical farmers. "There's something about that Valley," said Alice. "When we get home we just stay there."

"Why—even the baby was surprised when we left today," laughed Phil. "Seriously," he added, "little Alice said her longest sentence when her mother was ready to come into town. She said: 'Mommy go into town to tell lady story.' That was you," explained the proud father.

Before they left we talked about the movies the way all good Hollywooders do when they get together. Alice and Phil had just seen "Cover Girl" at the little neighborhood house in the Valley—the picture show that Clark Gable and Carole Lombard used to attend so often.

"I think 'Cover Girl' is just about the very best picture of its kind I have ever seen," Alice said. "Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly and Phil Silvers were wonderful. That is the type of musical I want to make."

There is one thing I do know—and that is that you fans need never expect to see "The Dolly Sisters" with Betty Grable and Alice Faye! Neither Betty nor Alice believe it is wise to make a picture together.

"I think Betty should have her own pictures and I should have mine. We can do much better that way."

Alice expressed interest in Betty's baby and asked me if I had seen little Victoria Elizabeth James.

She laughed: "I guess I started something—having babies. After I had mine every actress on the Twentieth Century lot had a baby—Gene Tierney, Betty—and Maureen O'Hara is expecting. The Stork has visited everyone but Lynn Bari. Say," she chuckled, "she has been married six months—and I'll have to speak to her about letting the rest of us down!"

As for Alice herself, she says she has had her quota of children—a nice family to raise. "From here on in I hope to make some good pictures—raise the family—I have acquired and look after Phil." She didn't need to tell me that she will be just about the happiest girl in Hollywood sticking to that schedule!

THE END

If Your Child CAN'T GAIN WEIGHT



try giving him Ovaltine

SCIENCE has proved there are certain food elements everyone needs for health. If there aren't enough of them in a child's food, serious things happen, such as *poor appetite*—faulty nerves, bad teeth—perhaps worse! Stunted growth, soft bones, defective eyesight.

Ovaltine supplies food elements frequently deficient in ordinary diets. Three glasses daily, made with milk as directed, provide a child's full minimum requirement of appetite Vitamin B₁, Vitamins A, D and G, and Minerals Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron—also supply niacin, pantothenic acid, pyridoxine. In addition it provides the *basic* food substances—complete proteins to build muscle, nerve and body cells—high-energy foods for vitality and endurance. It thus acts as an insurance against food deficiencies that retard appetite and normal growth.

So—if your child eats poorly, hates vegetables, or is thin and nervous, turn to Ovaltine.

OVALTINE

HAND-COLORED in Oil PHOTO ENLARGEMENT

Beautifully mounted in 7 x 9 white frame mat. Made from any photograph, snapshot or negative. Original returned. Send 35c and stamp—no other charges. **35c** PLUS 3c STAMP for Mailing
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EXCELLO KITCHEN TOWELS

Laundry Fresh
Extra-BIG Extra-Absorbent

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Use **DERMOIL**

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 5904, Detroit 4, Mich.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

Priority on Paradise

(Continued from page 65) under his normal weight, Craig returned to work in pictures. He and Alexis could plan now—around picture commitments.

Suddenly, along about the first of June, things began to take shape. Craig's father and mother (Mr. and Mrs. Gale Shikles) could come out from his home town, Kansas City. Craig's boyhood friend, Captain John Horton, could get a furlough about the middle of June. He and Craig had promised each other when they were about twelve that they would be "best man" for one another's weddings. Craig and Alexis would both be between pictures in mid-June . . . with the possibility of three ecstatic weeks for honeymoon purposes. But even then, the church and the minister were engaged . . . the caterers . . . Alexis ordered her wedding gown and Craig ordered her gift (an exquisite, made-to-order watch) . . . before they dared tell even the studio of their plans. Something might happen!

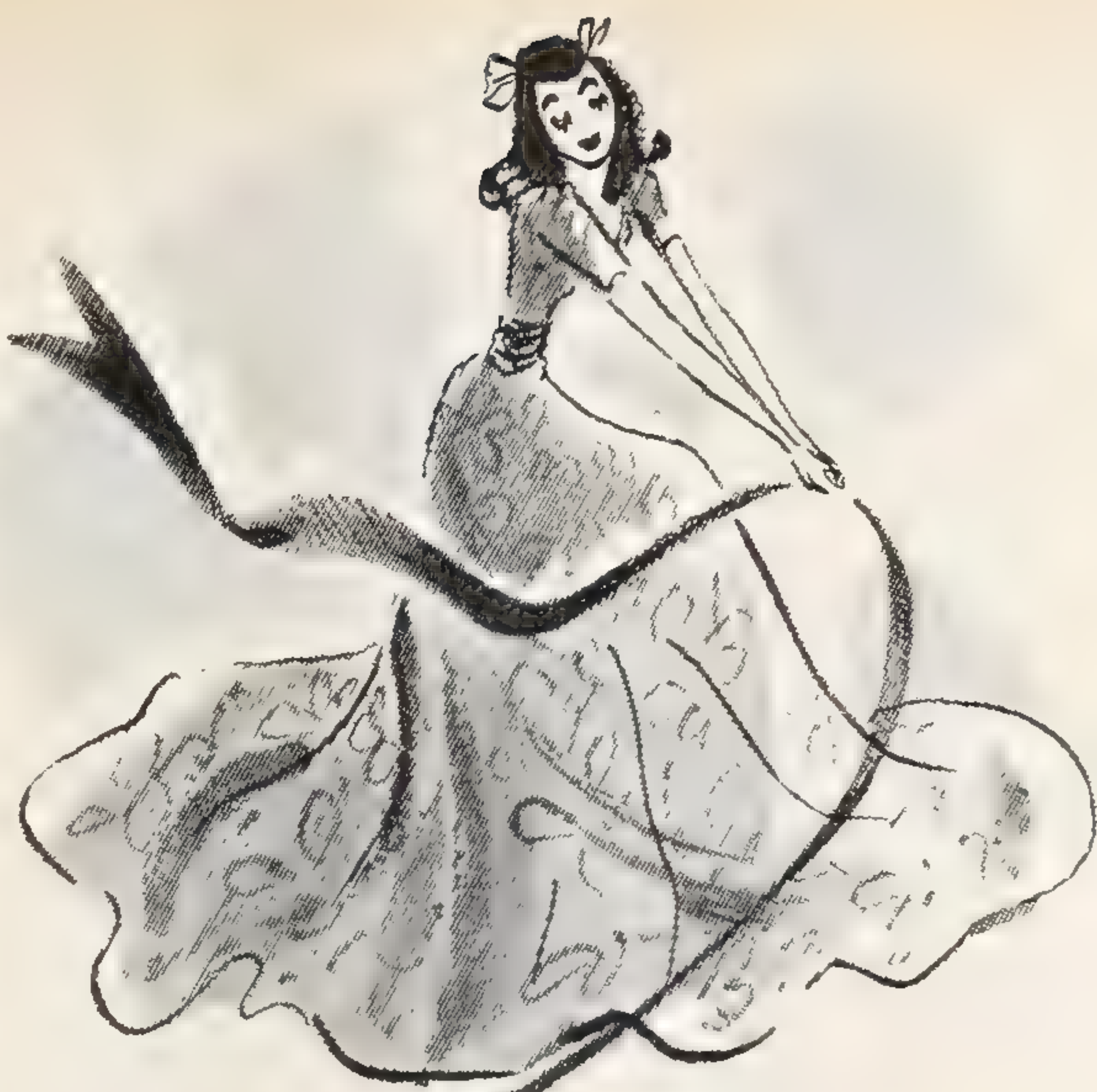
ONCE the news was out, Julie Bishop led off the festivities with a "breakfast shower" at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, with thirty of Hollywood's most famous girls contributing luncheon sets, hand-embroidered guest towels, crystal perfume bottles and luscious lingerie around a flower-decked table, swarming with tiny dolls dressed as brides. After that, the two weeks flew by with fittings, parties, more presents, photographs . . . just as brides' days always do and just as Alexis had dreamed it.

The wedding dress! Church decorations must be curtailed because of war. The men would wear dark business suits instead of formal attire. The bride would carry one orchid, instead of a huge bouquet. But the wedding dress must be the one she had dreamed. And so it was ivory, off-white brocade, with silver-shot appliqued panels. Underneath were a full hundred yards of white silk net petticoats to make the skirt bouffant without the use of hoops. Back of her high-piled blonde hair was a misty wisp of veil.

It was an old-fashioned, "family" wedding. Mrs. Virginia Agnello, with whom Alexis went to grammar school, was her only attendant. Henry Willson and Dick Hogan were ushers . . . and Bob Sterling would have been one, too, if hurry-up orders hadn't sent him dashing back to camp just before the ceremony. The Reverend Stuart P. McLennan, at whose church Alexis first attended Sunday School, officiated at the ceremony at the Church of the Recessional . . . and three hundred of her dearest friends and old friends of her family gathered to see her walk down the white-carpeted aisle on the arm of her father, Mr. Alexander Smith.

While the wedding party was waiting for the strains of the wedding march, listening to John Schafer singing "My Lady Walks In Loveliness," the building swayed. "Earthquake! Earthquake!" exclaimed Usher Henry Willson. "I said, 'Earthquake!'" Not a soul paid the slightest attention to him. After all, what was an earthquake at such a moment?

There was another an hour later, as the guests were assembling for the reception. A wide crack appeared in the ceiling and chandeliers swayed dangerously. But there was champagne for toasts and there was the lofty wedding cake for Alexis to cut while Robert Shafer sang tender songs from "The Desert Song." And Alexis' little grandmother, ill these many months, sat on the balcony and held high court while her only grandchild tossed a bouquet from the staircase and rushed to her



Vigny's

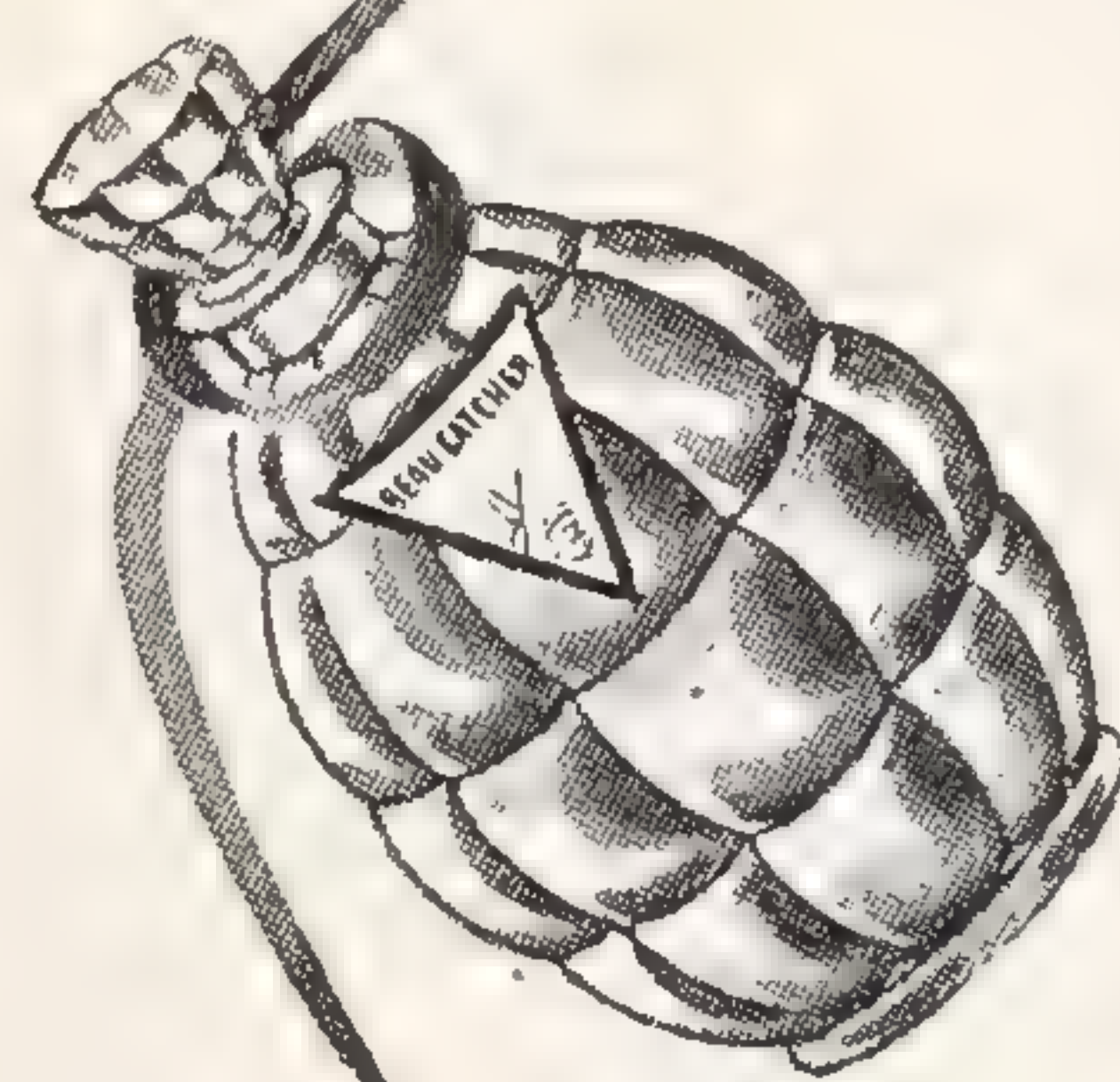
Beau

Catcher

perfume

is a heart catcher . . .

the saucy scent
that won't take "no"
for an answer
\$3⁷⁵ • 7⁵⁰ • 12⁵⁰ • 22⁵⁰
by dram \$1⁵⁰
plus federal tax



8 minute 'BEAUTY-LIFT' helps give your skin DAZZLING NEW CHARM



Complete Home Facial Works Wonders For Tired Faded Faces and Necks!

Here's a remarkable 'beauty-lift' that any girl can help give her face and neck right at home. It's a *complete* facial and takes only 8 minutes with that justly famous Edna Wallace Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream.

And the devastatingly lovely RESULTS — after even the *first* facial — should convince you that at any price—you simply can't beat Hopper's Facial Cream to lubricate dry, fading skin and to make skin appear firmer, smoother and fresher. Faithful use will help you maintain exquisitely lovely face and neck beauty thruout the years.

Here's What To Do—

Just pat Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream over your face and neck, always using upward, outward strokes (follow direction of arrows in diagram). Then gently press an *EXTRA* amount of this amazing beauty cream over any lines or wrinkles. Leave on about 8 minutes so that your skin can properly benefit by the *homogenized* beauty oils in Hopper's.

Notice how caressingly soft, marble smooth and glowing your skin appears.

The reason Edna Wallace Hopper's Facial Cream is so *ACTIVE* and lubricates the skin so *expertly* and *evenly* is because it's *homogenized*.

Get a jar today! Treat your face and neck every night to this thrilling 'beauty-lift'. At all cosmetic counters.



Helps Deflake Aging UNLOVELY 'TOP-SKIN'

Hopper's White Clay Pack is *marvelous* to help clear away faded 'top-skin' debris with its ugly dried up skin cells. Also very effective for enlarged pore openings and to loosen blackheads.

room to put on the brown-and-white "going-away" costume, with the wide brown hat and the new beaver coat, for her honeymoon.

THAT was when best man Captain John Horton discovered the flat tire on the bridal automobile. And young Tony Devlon rose nobly to the occasion, despite his best going-to-a-wedding clothes, and spent a painful hour fixing the thing with his own two hands.

"Everything," Alexis' mother sighed afterward, "was just as Alexis wanted it. Her father and I had promised to give her her flat silver . . . and we found that her favorite pattern just wasn't being made now. But a miracle happened and our favorite shop had a shipment of a dozen of everything in that pattern—just a *week* before the wedding! That's the way everything went. They even found an apartment in Beverly Hills which would be vacant in time for them to come home to it—in time, even, for everything to be redecorated and re-upholstered before they should need it. Things like that simply don't happen in these days of housing shortages!"

She paused and then remarked, "I still don't see how a girl could be as white and shaky as Alexis was that morning . . . and be so radiantly confident at the wedding. But she had planned it that way . . . too!"

THE END

That's Hollywood for You!

(Continued from page 43) comedians, Bob Hope and Bing Crosby, who are on the set on the road to somewhere. Others may yearn for their old-time vaudeville, but I ask you, where could you get a vaudeville bill that you get on the movie sets? And as I stroll about the studio, I am always very careful to be polite to everyone, even producers. For you can never tell when a producer will be a gateman and wouldn't let you into the studio.

There is glamour, too, to Hollywood after dark, and so I also become part of the night shift and stroll into the clubs and restaurants to see the latest combinations. At LaRue, the new swanky eating place, there is Helmut Dantine and Myrna Loy being a thing, and I wonder if by now he knows Myrna well enough to call her Minnie, which is what those intimate with her call her. And whenever Private John Payne comes to town on a furlough, it is Sheila Ryan who plays USO to him. And you must admit that Miss Ryan is a very good-looking USO. There is the wolves' corner at the Mocambo and Franchot Tone, who is tagging it, has gone over to see what the wolves are howling at before going home to his pretty wife, Jean Wallace. Captain Ronald Reagan has been home and collected his pretty wife Jane Wyman and is now treating her to a good dinner—and a good time. It is not always "boy meets girl" in Hollywood, for often the boys get together and so do the girls. Here are Joan Fontaine and Maria Montez spending an evening together. Joan and Maria are the best of friends and what is more glamorous than two best friends in their best dining-out clothes having dinner—especially in Hollywood?

* * *

I always like to visit Marlene Dietrich in her dressing room, for a glance at the wall will reveal the phone numbers of Marlene's latest romance and friends. Marlene makes memos on her walls . . . I never see Greer Garson playing the role of the darling wife on the screen but that I wish I could see her when she wakes

Edna Wallace **HOPPER'S** **HOMOGENIZED**
FACIAL CREAM

up in the morning . . . When I want to amuse myself, I think that Martha Raye is really a quiet, shy little girl who is putting on an act in order to make a living . . . I would like to spend an evening in Lana Turner's apartment, unobserved, and see what she does to amuse herself. She tells me she plays gin rummy.

* * *

I would rather watch and listen to Charles Laughton, sitting at a table in a restaurant, than in some of the pictures he has made recently . . . I wonder what Paul Henreid would do in a love scene without a cigarette . . . I never expect to find Carole Landis in a book store, but regardless of this I am always running into Carole Landis in a book store. And I must admit that a book looks better when Carole hugs it . . . Isn't it about time for Errol Flynn to appear in a picture in which he isn't so brave . . . I never see a photograph of Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton without recalling that clever caption that appeared with a photograph of them which read, "Cash and Cary."

* * *

There is no one in this country who attends the movies in the royal manner of Prince Mike Romanoff. Mike is a movie fan, but since he became a restaurant owner he hasn't so much time as he used to have to go to the movies. Mike has to be at his tavern to greet his customers. Therefore, when there is a picture that Romanoff really wants to see, he has worked out a method to see the picture and still tend to business.

Prince Mike waits for the picture to play the Beverly Theater, which is just around the corner from his place. He calls up, finds out what time the picture goes on, buys a ticket and goes in. Mike stays for half an hour, notes the time that he leaves and hurries back to his restaurant. He hasn't been away too long. The next night he returns to the Beverly Theater at exactly the time he departed the night before and, without buying another ticket, he enters the theater and picks up the picture where he left it before. Mike stays for about half an hour, then leaves. The next night he returns, says hello to the ticket-taker, who is expecting him, and sees the rest of the picture.

* * *

I would rather hear Harold Arlen, the songwriter, sing his own songs than listen to Frank Sinatra sing them, and if that be treason make the most of it . . . Maria Montez will tell you that her entire day and night are devoted to the proposition that she'll be famous . . . If I had my choice of a neighbor I would prefer to reside next door to Betty Hutton for she is a very friendly person and I am certain that she would invite me in.

* * *

I have often wondered why people refer to Hollywood as "The Coast" but they never say, "I'm going to The Coast" when they're on their way to New York . . . I realize that Veronica Lake isn't so sexy when you meet her in person as she is on the screen, but whenever I'm with her in person I manage to look upon her as she is in celluloid . . . Adolphe Menjou has a cigarette case that typifies the true actor, for it has this inscription: "To Adolphe Menjou from his most ardent admirer—Adolphe Menjou" . . . I have seen Garbo several times and I know that Gee Gee's desire to be alone is no pose. Yet I happen to know that she means alone with the correct person. And that's Hollywood for you.

THE END

Wrisley
GOLD TASSEL

Cologne

Cologne
Bath Talc
Bubble Bath

What makes Mary so Toothsome?



The man isn't born who could resist Mary's bright, seductive smile. And that's the way it's been ever since the day she discovered how much better *super-fine* Pebeco cleans her teeth. As she says, "Pebeco Powder doesn't wash right away when you start to brush. It stays on the job and *polishes!*"



The trick is—the way Pebeco's micro-fine particles hold onto your brush, cling to your teeth while you work. It's this special penetrating polishing agent, so fine it does a *super* job of gentle cleaning, that makes Mary's teeth so sweet and shining.



Never a dull molar for you either, dear Reader, if you leave it to Pebeco. Taste its bright, fresh flavor. Revel in that grand "polished" feel as you run your tongue over your teeth. Exclaim, as you admire their special sparkle—"Who? Me?"

Pebeco Pete says:



60% MORE POWDER
FOR YOUR MONEY,
FOLKS, THAN AVERAGE
OF 6 OTHER
LEADING BRANDS

PEBECO TOOTH POWDER

Super-fine for Super Shine



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ALSO PEBECO TOOTH PASTE—CLEAN, REFRESHING FLAVOR—10¢, 25¢ and 50¢

Naturally—Lena Horne

(Continued from page 38) switch them around and thus befuddle a reporter.

"Dixie-land jazz was good," she began.

"It is good," I corrected.

She agreed. "That's why it can lead to other refinements," she said.

THERE are certain communities in every country and streets in every community that are like whirlpools in the stream of life. Life is not necessarily more enjoyable in these places, but is more intense. There are more heartbreaks, more suffering, more squalor, but also more zest.

Conspicuous among these "live spots" in the United States is Brooklyn. It was there that Lena Horne first saw the light of day and that may account for her gorgeous animation in the spotlight and her remarkable poise and calm off scene.

There is an influence in her early life which accounts for her feeling of hospitality and good fellowship. Her father and mother, before she was in her teens, ran a small hotel in Pittsburgh, so Lena was accustomed to seeing people come and go, to be nice to them, not expecting all contacts to be permanent and to reserve to herself the thoughts she did not tell to transients.

She gave no thought to the theater until, after her high-school courses were completed, it was time to look for a job. Her mother had been an actress, with the old Lafayette Stock Company in Harlem and thus Lena was brought into contact with her mother's theatrical friends who got her into the chorus in the Cotton Club. She danced well within a few days, and outstandingly within a few weeks. When she tells about it, it is as if she had learned to cook or sew.

SO FAR as her singing is concerned, Lena has hardly ever given it a thought. She has studied music, thought about it, tried to understand its past and guess about its future, but her own voice is as much a part of her as her eyes, and she uses it as naturally.

Her schooling was good and she has supplemented it by reading constantly. Among American writers, her choice was excellent. E. E. Cummings, Hemingway, Sherwood Anderson, Caldwell, Faulkner and Maritta Wolfe were among those she mentioned as favorites. She is far better informed about current events and understands the causes, incidents, implications and effects of the war more clearly than most producers. All this, for tactful reasons, she does not emphasize. She has formed the habit of listening attentively and avoiding subjects on which differences of opinion are likely to arise.

No girl in Hollywood is more grateful for her good fortune and the fine reception she has had than is Lena Horne. She does not close her eyes to the difficulties which make her career quite different in its character and development than those of other girls whose race does not enter into every consideration.

"I wonder what it would be like, just to be able to sing and act and live my life," she said. Again there was no note of complaint. She is a realist—a hopeful and progressive one.

"Hazel (Hazel Scott) and I, and the few others here—there ought to be more—can never forget that we represent millions of our people. Everything we do and say is watched and weighed, not as if it were merely Hazel and Lena, but in the light of race feelings," she said. I knew that all too well. My unspoken comment was that, if my race ever has minority representation, the representatives should be as well chosen.

One of the quaint little facts that turned up in our interview was that Lena's skin had to be darkened for her first screen test. Since then she has appeared beneath a variety of make-ups, some of which were not bad and others very bad, compared with the original. In Technicolor, which is "good for Lena," she comes out bronze by gold. Actually, her Technicolor shade is as close to her own as Alice Faye's or Betty Grable's.

On the screen, Lena's costumes are designed to emphasize her qualities which need it the least and in color they are inclined to be flamboyant. What she chooses to wear, at home, on the street, or evenings, is exactly opposite in tone. She likes best simple tailored clothes, in quiet grays. Her face is oval and delicate, with smooth tranquil forehead and sensitive chin. Her eyes are friendly and direct, not at all coquettish. Her wrists and ankles are slender. Her hands are eloquent, slim, restrained.

Lena has two children, one a little girl named Gail, four years old, and as unmusical as it is possible for a child of her race to be. Gail's talent will be literary. She loves to hear her mother read aloud and comments eagerly on all kinds of stories. Lena's little son Teddy, two years old, is a normal, healthy child of whom it is too soon to hazard prophecies.

Lena does not want to spend her life doing cabaret and night-club scenes in musical comedies. Although she is continually being offered good "spots" she would like to have a wider scope, more sincerity and depth, more lasting values.

So instead of finding a star, secure and self-satisfied, feeling that success has come in full measure and that she should "make hay while the sun shines," I found myself face to face with a calm, thoughtful, patient young woman who is still waiting for a chance to make good.

THE END

The Fashions Shown on Pages 80, 82 and 83 Are Available in the Following Stores

Running Mates—On Page 82

Dallas, Texas—Titcher-Goettinger Co. (Jr. Colony Shop)
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
New York, N. Y.—Bonwit Teller, Inc.
Philadelphia, Pa.—The Blum Store
Portland, Ore.—Meier & Frank Co.
San Francisco, Calif.—H. Liebes & Co.
Seattle, Wash.—Frederick & Nelson, Inc.

"Personality Twosome"—On Page 80

Boston, Mass.—Chandler & Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Frederick Loeser & Co.
Kansas City, Mo.—Kline's, Inc.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
New York, N. Y.—B. Altman & Co.
San Antonio, Texas—Joske Bros. Co.

Lynbrook—On Page 80

New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
Seattle, Wash.—Rhodes Dept. Store
Washington, D. C.—Frank R. Jelleff, Inc.

"The Rambling Junior"—On Page 80

Albany, New York—Honigsbaum
Houston, Texas—Byrd's, Inc.
Jacksonville, Fla.—Purcell's
Milwaukee, Wis.—Smartwear-Emma Lange, Inc.
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Halliburton's
San Antonio, Texas—Frank Bros.

Leed's Button-in Lining Coat
On Page 83

Chicago, Ill.—Maurice L. Rothchild
Cleveland, Ohio—Halle Bros. Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Co.

Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney

Her amber-eyed beauty and natural charm have made this young Navy wife an outstanding favorite with New York society. Her unerring taste is reflected in the smooth, casual perfection of her make-up. "When my skin seems the least bit rough or dull, I give my face a quick beauty 'pick-up' with a 1-Minute Mask," Mrs. Whitney says. "Right away my skin feels smoother—and looks so much clearer and brighter. Good make-up *then* is no problem at all!"



Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney—one of the society beauties who loves the 1-Minute Mask

**How to
"re-style"
your complexion
with the
1-Minute Mask**

Smooth a fragrant, white mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face—except eyes.

Leave this mask on for one full minute.

"Keratolytic" action of the cream will loosen and dissolve tiny powder-catching roughnesses and imbedded dirt particles.

After just one minute tissue the mask off—clean.

Your re-styled complexion looks lighter . . . fresher! *Feels* so heavenly . . . softer to touch, with a *perfect* finish for make-up!

Note for split-second make-up . . .

Just smooth on a very, very light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream . . . and *leave it on*. A wonderful, un-greasy powder base!

IMPORTANT! Conserve glass, manpower—buy one large jar of Pond's instead of several smaller ones.



THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN!

Get Lustrous Highlights... Subtle Color Effects with this

*Thrilling New
Hair "Make-Up!"*



YOUR CLOTHES may be fashion-right, your cosmetics flawless...but you can't look your best with dull, mousey hair. Make it soft, shining and color-bright with Marchand's wonderful new *Make-Up Hair Rinse*!

No matter what shade your hair is, you can accent its natural color...give it a "warmer" glow or a "cooler" hue...even blend little gray streaks in with the original, youthful shade.

Decide the color effect you wish and choose your hair "make-up" from the 12 lovely Marchand Rinse shades. A simple color chart on the back of each package will help you make the right selection. Then, after your home shampoo, dissolve Marchand's Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Gone is all trace of soap film and dullness! Your hair gleams with color and brightness!

Marchand's *Make-Up Hair Rinse* is as easy to use as your other cosmetics. It goes on evenly and stays on until you wash it off. Not a bleach—not a permanent dye—it's *absolutely harmless!* Try it after your next shampoo.



Made by the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

**The Dennison Handy Helper says:
Don't Just Think About It—Write!
Send It V-Mail, Keep It Light**

AND ON THEIR PACKAGES USE

**Dennison
SERVICEMEN'S LABELS**
At Stationery Departments Everywhere



What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 61) since he had left our state, that I meant a lot to him.

Now this was rather sudden and it frightened me. So I wrote and told him I was hard of hearing—which I am—and that he should know this before he got serious.

Well... it was almost a year before I heard from him again. This time from overseas. Seems he left a few days after he wrote me saying he was coming down. In this overseas letter he mentioned nothing of what I'd written. Asked me to write to him. He tried to tell me how he felt, but it seems he can't express himself well in writing. I did gather that he always thought of me and still thought we were meant for each other.

The shock of hearing from him again put me in such a state I couldn't think clearly. On impulse I sat down and wrote a very sarcastic answer to his well-meaning letter. Soon, very soon, I realized what I had done. It's now five months since this occurred and of course I haven't heard from him.

Here is my problem—I took a great liking to the boy from the first meeting. Guess I knew then, as I know now, that he's the type of person I could love with all my heart.

So what to do? Write him? I'm rather afraid of being ignored.

Doris van K.

Dear Miss van K.:

Why don't you write this boy much the same type of letter as you have written to me? Why be coy? Try to be frank and genuine. If he is really a fine person and still feels interested in you, he will answer promptly. If you hear nothing, continue for a time to write nice friendly letters.

Remember he is far away and facing danger all of the time and interesting and friendly letters will be very helpful to him. You should be frank with him and admit you made a mistake and that you want to be a friend.

Let him take the lead in his letters to you about his affection for you. Then answer in kind if you really feel it in your heart. However, don't lead him on and drop him again. Make sure you really mean it.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am writing to you for my sister and me. I am fifteen; my sister is sixteen. We are both in high school and we are lucky enough to be popular. We are asked to all kinds of dances and parties but have to refuse because we are ashamed to bring a boy into our home.

You see, we chum around with a group from the West Side and they all have beautiful homes. We live in a town where there is a dirty mine; the West Side is fifteen or twenty blocks away, but we are quite near and the mine ruins everything.

My sister and I have talked this over with our parents many times and begged them to move to the West Side, but they tell us not to try to boss them. Miss Colbert, do you know of any way in which we could make them understand?

La Rue and Patsy K.

Dear girls:

Have either of you girls ever earned the amount of money that it must cost your father to keep the family in your present comfort for just one month? Have you ever sat down sensibly with your mother and counted up her expenditures for food, for clothing, for school books, tuition (if you pay such) and all



Rubber Heel & Sole

Beautiful BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN AWAY

Smart, new, dainty. Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling Birthstone correct for your birth date—GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each. Send name and address today for order. We trust you, Many feel it's lucky to wear their birthstone.

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At Last! SOMETHING NEW AND SENSATIONAL IN CHRISTMAS CARDS

MAKE Extra MONEY FAST AMAZING "OILETTE" CARDS Like costly oil paintings. Designs never before offered. Gets orders fast. Gorgeous Christmas Cards with name, 25 for \$1. up. 9 other profit Assortments. New features—clever ideas. Up to 100% profit. Write today for Samples on approval. PURO CO., 3041 Locust, Dept. 217, St. Louis, Mo.

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With name imprinted—25 for \$1.00. 12 Beautiful Box Assortments of Christmas Cards, Gift Wrappings and Cards for All Occasions. Personalized Stationery. No experience is needed. Write TODAY for samples and complete selling plan. **CARDINAL CRAFTSMEN, DEPT. 547 117 WEST PEARL ST., CINCINNATI (1), OHIO**

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BEAUTIFY CONTOURS. EASILY, QUICKLY! New, lovely proportions for your legs: hips, thighs, calves, and ankles, etc.—in this healthful, new, astonishingly easy way. Only a few min. per day in your own home. Effective, lasting results. Write for FREE literature today. **ADRIENNE, 915 Shreve Building, Salon E, San Francisco, 8, Calif.**

25 CHRISTMAS CARDS 25 FREE WITH SENDER'S NAME & SAMPLES

Smartly styled. Super values. Everybody buys. 10 beautiful designs. Others to \$2.50. Sell Nationally Famous 21 Christmas Folders \$1. Costs 50c. Worth much more. Nature Prints, Etchings, Glitter boxes, Religious, Gift Wraps, Everydays, Personal, Business Line. 21 Ass't. on approval. **FREE SAMPLES** of Imprint Lines. No investment. Start today.

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ANY PHOTO OR PICTURE of Sweetheart, Relative or Friend reproduced permanently in this beautiful onyx like ring featuring the New Magnified Setting! Will last a lifetime! Indestructible! Waterproof! Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send cash we pay postage. (Expertly painted 25c extra)

Photo Movette Ring Co., Dept. C-44, 519 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

CORNS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL PREPARATION

Say goodbye to corn-pads and dangerous razors. A new liquid, **NOXACORN**, relieves pain and dries up the pestiest corns or callus. Contains six ingredients including pure castor oil, iodine, benzocaine, and salicylic acid. Easy directions in package. 35c bottle saves untold misery. Druggist returns money if it fails.

NOXACORN

Dry HAIR

Just try this **SYSTEM** on your hair 7 days and see for yourself if you are really enjoying the pleasure of attractive **HAIR** that can so often capture Love and Romance. If other MAY GET LONGER hair conditions are normal and the dry, brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded it has a chance to get longer and much more beautiful. **JUST TRY the JUELENE System on dry hair** and let your mirror prove results. Send \$1.00, (if COD postage extra). Guaranteed. Money back if not delighted. **JUEL CO., 1930 Irving Park Road, DEPT. B-610, CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS**



the other dozens of little expenses that your family budget must meet?

Aren't you lucky to have both your father and your mother! To have a home in these times when there are thousands of girls your own age—all over the world—whose homes have been destroyed!

You say that you are popular at school. That is a bit of good fortune for which many girls from wealthy and privileged families, who write to me, would gladly exchange all their advantages.

If your school friends, who currently like you so much, knew that you were ashamed of those who work so hard for you, and that you were making their lives miserable by making demands which they would like to satisfy but which they can't, do you think those friends would continue to think highly of you?

Remember that no one admires a snob.

Remember, too, that everyone admires a girl who is proud of her parents and her home, a girl who tries to help her parents to maintain that home at its best. Another thought: Why don't you and your sister take part-time jobs and then contribute to those home improvements you want so much?

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I married when I was very young, raised a family of five who are all on their own now. Due to very unfortunate circumstances I am a widow by divorce.

I just seem to be grasping for something that I have never had in my life: To love and be loved. I hope you won't think I am foolish when I say that even though I am very busy, I am extremely lonely and I want to marry again.

I am staying with my daughter at present, helping with her work as she and her husband are Government workers. We are in a suburban community not within walking distance of a church, store or theater, hence I have little opportunity to meet people. I have tried joining clubs to meet a man, but always with the same result: Everyone has a husband or a partner. I am the third party.

I am in my early forties. I have a jolly disposition, I am affectionate, dress well and love homemaking and cooking. If you have any suggestion, please tell me.

Mrs. Harriet M.

TUNE IN

"My True Story"

10:00 A.M. E.W.T.

EVERY MORNING

MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY

A new and different story every day, from the lives of real men and women, revealing their troubles, triumphs, loves, adventures. If you like the stories in True Story magazine, you'll enjoy these broadcasts.

ON ALL BLUE NETWORK STATIONS

See your newspaper for exact time and station



Even kept in a tight walnut shell, baby wouldn't be safe from harmful germs. These germs are everywhere, often cause common baby skin troubles such as prickly heat, diaper rash. To protect baby, best powder is Mennen. More *antiseptic!* Round photos above prove it. Centers of plates contain 3 leading baby powders. In gray areas, *germs thrive*; but in dark band around Mennen powder (far right), germ growth has been prevented!

New differences in baby powders!



Reaching for a toy, see how arms and legs move, shown by speed camera. And each motion rubs baby's skin. That's why it's important to use the *smoothest* baby powder—Mennen. Round photos above show 3 leading baby powders seen thru microscope. Mennen (far right) is smoother, finer. That's due to special "hammerizing" process which makes Mennen Baby Powder the best protection against chafing. Delicate new scent keeps baby lovelier.

Want the best
for your baby?



3 out of 4 doctors said in survey—baby powder should be antiseptic. It is if it's MENNEN.

3 Main Deodorant Troubles-

WHICH IS YOURS?



"ARMPIT PIMPLES?"

(Due to irritating chemicals)



You don't need to offend your armpits to avoid offending others! A new-type deodorant—Yodora—is made entirely without irritating metallic salts! Actually soothing to normal skins.

CREAM GOES GRAINY?



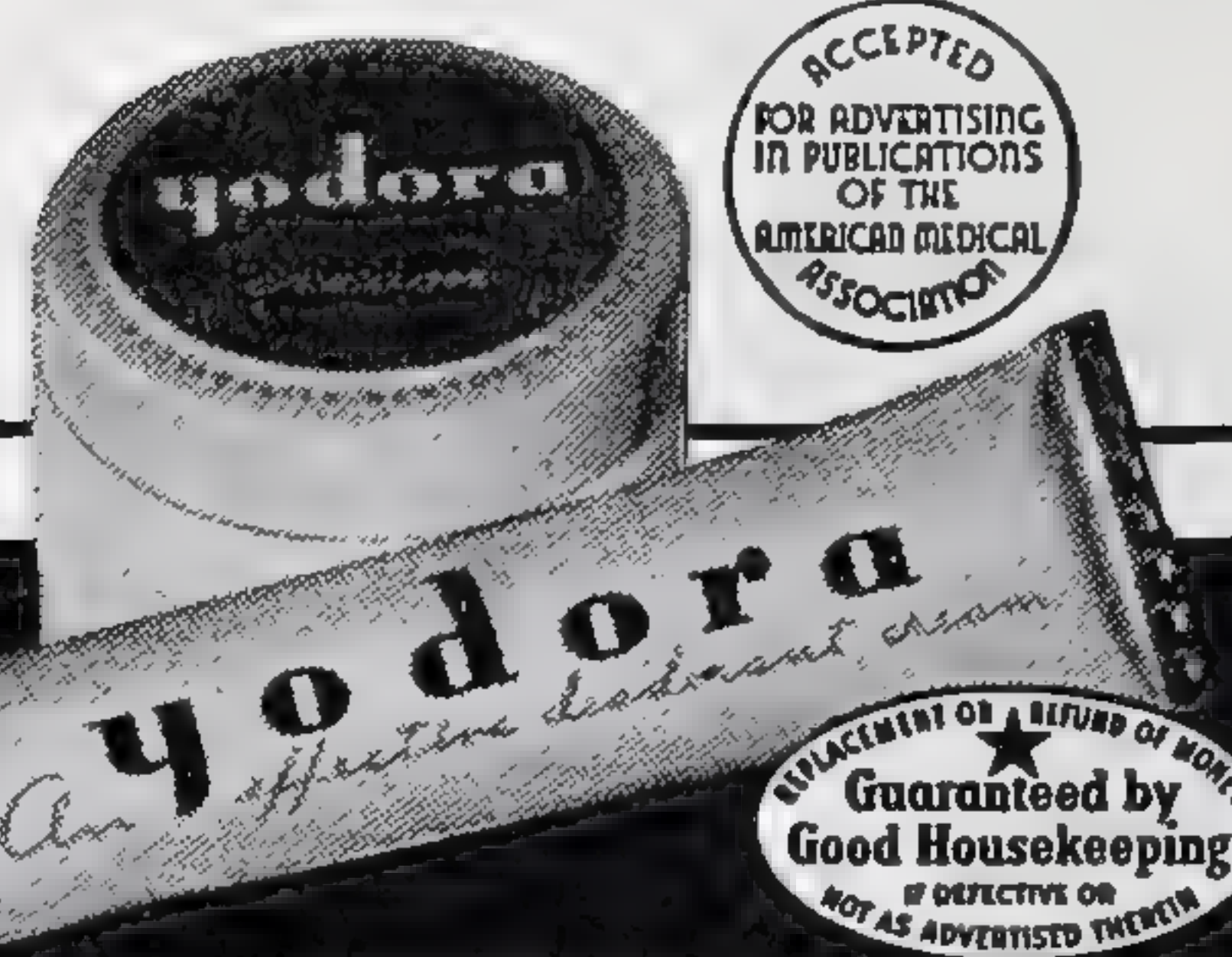
Now you can end this waste! Yodora never dries and grains. Yodora—because it is made with a cream base—stays smooth as a fine face cream to the last!

TOO STIFF TO SPREAD?



Such creams are outmoded forever by Yodora. Soft, delicate, exquisite—Yodora feels like whipped cream. Amazing—that such a fragrant, lovely cream can give such effective powerful protection.

Frankly, we believe you won't even finish your present supply of deodorant once you try different Yodora. So much lovelier! Yet you get powerful protection. Yodora never fades or rots clothes—has been awarded Seal of Approval of the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau, Inc. In tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.



YODORA deodorant cream

High School Course at Home Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credit for H. S. subjects completed. Single subjects if desired. Ask for Free Bulletin.

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GOODBYE TO UNWANTED HAIR
WITH **FAMOUS**
Adieu **HAIR REMOVER**

Look your loveliest—always! Don't let superfluous hair spoil your good times, ruin romance and cause others to whisper behind your back. Amazing ADIEU Hair Remover, made entirely of safe, non-chemical natural ingredients, takes out unsightly, unwanted hair in a jiffy—without messy heat—and leaves your skin clean, velvety, baby-smooth—so you can wear the filmiest gowns, the scantiest bathing suits, the sheerest stockings—or no stockings at all! You apply ADIEU cold right from the jar. In a few moments the unsightly hair is out, not merely off.

So Safe, a Baby Can Eat It!
Yes, the hair comes out—not merely off! New hair must grow before it reappears. ADIEU is not a bleach, sand-paper, razor or clipper—no "shaved-off" look, no stubby regrowth; results more lasting. Pure, safe, natural ingredients—no smelly, dangerous sulphides or chemicals. Positively NON-IRRITATING! Will not spoil. Used by exclusive Hollywood beauty salons catering to movie stars. You'll be delighted with how ADIEU takes OUT (not off) the unwanted, superfluous hair from face, arms, legs, lips, back of neck, eyebrows, etc.

SEND NO MONEY
Rush coupon for generously ample supply. Pay postman only \$2.00 plus postage and Federal Cosmetics War Tax on delivery. Try ADIEU 30 days. If not delighted return unused portion and we refund money you paid us immediately. Mail coupon.

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FOUR STAR PRODUCTS CO., Dept. J-102.
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Please rush generous Jar of ADIEU HAIR REMOVER IN PLAIN PACKAGE on 30-Day Money-Back Guarantee Trial. I will pay Postman \$2.00 plus postage and Federal Cosmetics War Tax, on delivery.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
ADIEU Hair Remover is obtainable only from us

Dear Mrs. M.:

Yours is the universal hunger: To love and to be loved.

To a problem like yours, we have to apply the coolest of reasoning. In the first place, your tastes are likely to be somewhat specific, since you have already been married. Retain your ideals, no matter how you may be tempted to say, "This man will be a better person after we are married." The first rule for a woman in your position is to apply the silver yardstick of your twenties to any man who pays you attentions. Don't compromise because of your years. Don't marry the first man who comes along, simply to be married.

Now, having considered the greatest danger to the happiness or permanence of any marriage you might contract, let us consider a way for you to meet a number of men from whom to choose.

The gypsies have a realistic proverb: To catch a horse, you must go where there are horses. Texas, Montana and the Northwest should offer greatest opportunities if you are in a position to go there.

If you will keep yourself beautifully groomed and young in spirit; if you will be "good company," but never compromise with the established codes, regardless of the temptations, you will soon be happily married, I hope.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a boy of fifteen and I am not writing this letter for myself, but for my father who is thirty-seven years old.

My father has always been able to sing ever since he was a small boy. He has a tenor voice and I myself, along with hun-

dreds of others in our city, think that his voice has been well constructed.

He has done much church work and has also sung popular songs at different clubs in our city. He tried once to get on the radio with a well-known instructor of the Holy Bible but found this impossible because the listeners objected to popular songs. They wanted only sacred music.

My problem is: Could you direct my father to any place where he might make good use of his voice? I think that when God gave him his voice, he intended him to make good use of it instead of wasting it. I hope you will have a solution for me.

George D.

Dear Mr. D.:

You say that you feel that your father's voice was given him to be made good use of. Do you mind very much if I say that I think you are quite wrong about that? I am certain that there are, all over the world, gifted people who will never become what we choose to call "famous." These people paint pictures that are never exhibited, they write plays that are produced in kindergartens or grade schools—not more widely.

The point is that the genuinely good things of life are usually contributed to us by obscure people.

So it is with your father: In his way, he is bringing gladness to everyone who enjoys the sound of his voice.

Incidentally, have you ever told your father—as you told me in your letter—how very much you admire him? If you haven't, you should. Your praise would be more precious to him and ring more sweetly in his ears than the applause of a mob in Madison Square Garden.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-two years old and have a daughter ten months old. My husband is in the Air Corps and is serving overseas.

I have been living with my mother-in-law until two months ago when I became very nervous. My doctor said I should go home to my own mother for a while. My mother-in-law couldn't understand this and said if I left her, I would have to stay away forever.

In spite of this, I came home to my own family. I wrote to my husband explaining the situation. He answered my letter by saying that if I didn't go back to his mother at once, our marriage is called off.

I can never go back to her, remembering the things she said about me. My husband means everything to me, but he won't listen to my side of this misunderstanding. He has stopped writing and doesn't answer my heartbroken letters.

Paula McT.

Dear Mrs. McT.:

Your case is one in which I don't feel that I can give advice. But I can point out the alternatives that you face: You can face the possibility of giving up your husband and making a life for yourself without him or his family; you can return to his mother in the hope that your husband will begin to write to you and will be made happy by the thought of his women folk being together.

One thing you must do: Continue to write long, affectionate, newsy letters to him, assuring him of your love and devotion. Send frequent snapshots of yourself and the baby. No matter if he never answers, your duty is to write.

You should also write friendly, newsy letters to his mother, never mailing them until you have reread them twice to be sure that nothing you have said could

be misunderstood or criticized.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a girl fourteen and I have a very dear girl friend with whom I went through grade school. This school was in a very small town and we more or less "depended" upon each other.

When we graduated, we went to a large high school and last January we met a girl whom we both liked very much, but my girl friend went around with this girl exclusively the rest of the year.

I tried to make new friends, but certainly didn't get as "absorbed" in them as my friend was in this girl. I realize I am jealous of this new girl, although she is really a swell person, but I don't seem to be able to adjust myself.

Liza Ann J.

Dear Miss J.:

I suppose there are a great many persons who would tell you that the loss of your friend was not important, but that wouldn't be precisely the truth. Change is always painful, but it is an essential part of living. You will find that each year will remove some person or even group of persons from your life, but new ones will be supplied.

The only way to be happy is to rush forward to meet new experiences. If you will earnestly look around, you will find a new friend with fresh viewpoints to offer. And don't cling to one friend alone—make dozens.

Many girls write to me about the breaking up of their girlhood friendships, sometimes from the interference of another girl, but more commonly from the advent of a boy friend. This is all a process of growth, like shedding your baby teeth for a more beautiful set.

Claudette Colbert.

PROTECT YOUR POLISH WITH SEAL-COTE



Avoid the ugliness of chipped polish—make your manicures last and last with SEAL-COTE Liquid Nail Protector. You don't have much time these days for manicures—yet well-groomed hands are important to morale. "SEAL-COTE your nails today and every day."



For generous sample, clip this ad and send with 15c to cover mailing. Seal-Cote Co., 759 Seward, Hollywood, Calif.

SEAL-COTE

25c at Cosmetic Counters

★ J-9

Make Big Profits Every Day

SELL THESE GORGEOUS CHRISTMAS CARDS

It's easy to take orders for these delightful Hand Processed Christmas Assortment, Religious and Everyday Cards. No experience needed. You just show them to friends, relatives, business people in your spare time... or in full time. Make splendid profits. Also show 25 for \$1 Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards. Make spare-time cash. Send for samples today. 642 South Summer Street, Dept. 29-A, Holyoke, Mass.

COLONIAL STUDIOS, INC.

To tell... and keep telling... of the love you share... to be forever in her thoughts... give her the traditional symbol of the engagement—a genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Ring. The Keepsake Certificate of Registration and Guarantee is your assurance of high standards in color, cut and clarity. See the new matched sets at your Keepsake Jeweler... \$100 to \$3500.

To Keep Distant Hearts Together

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DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING

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214 S. Warren St., Syracuse 2, N. Y.

Please send the book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding," with supplement on "Wartime Engagements and Weddings," illustrations of Keepsake Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

Name.....
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ASTORIA Set 192.50
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Stay Sweet...Get NEET!

NEW NEET Cream Deodorant is answering the call to arms...the arms of thousands of war-active women who need more than ever the effective protection to daintiness that only a fine deodorant such as Neet can assure.

New Neet Cream Deodorant quickly stops perspiration and underarm odor from one to three days. This fluffy, stainless, greaseless cosmetic-type of cream applies easily and vanishes almost instantly. Makes arms dry and odor-free. Will not irritate normal skin or injure clothing.

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Sell beautiful, sheer Wear-Tested Rayon Hosiery to friends, neighbors. Earn welcome cash in spare time and your personal hose FREE, as sales bonus. Longer wear proven by certified tests. Individual Length Service. You need no experience. Write for FREE complete outfit and Bonus Hosiery plan today. **AMERICAN HOSIERY MILLS, Dept. B-18, Indianapolis 7, Ind.**

NEW WARTIME PACKAGE

Hollywood Extra

THEATRICAL COLD CREAM

BIG 1 1/2 LB. TIN

Sensibly Priced At **25¢**

SOLD AT ALL 5-10-25¢ STORES

The RABIN Co. LOS ANGELES

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 23) maniac that Hollywood just loves to death, especially Universal Studios, without whom they couldn't do business.

He's John Carradine this time who renders Jon Hall invisible (yeah, how come we "seen" him in the pitcher?) in order that Mr. Hall may wreck his vengeance upon an aristocratic couple, Lester Matthews and Gale Sondergaard whom he believes have abandoned him after a search for an African mine. Hall returns to London, accosts the couple and for his pains gets himself drugged, robbed of his identification papers and cast into the night. Stumbling upon Carradine the old-now-you-see-me-now-you-don't professor, Hall subjects himself to the scientist's invisible experiments and haunts the couple through some really swell camera tricks; his main object being to make off with the couple's daughter Evelyn Ankers. Alan Curtis is the reporter-fiance of Evelyn who is naturally upset at these peculiar goings-on. Leon Errol as the Cockney friend of Hall gives an exceptionally interesting performance. We hadn't realized what a truly splendid actor Mr. Errol is, but then how could we with the knee-buckling antics of his other films?

Jon Hall delivers a punchy and credible performance as the *Invisible Man*. He avoids the pitfalls and steers clear of the corn. As a result, it isn't a bad little show at all providing one accepts in advance the fact that the proceedings are entirely out of this world.

Your Reviewer Says: Who was that man I didn't see you with last night?

✓ Ghost Catchers (Universal)

NOBODY has a better time at an Olsen and Johnson picture than Olsen and Johnson. How those boys love to romp and clown and play. It's a pleasure to watch them even when their material is thin. But who cares about material in war times as long as Ollie and Johnny keep on doing what they're doing?

This time the boys are called in from their night club to a house next door which Martha O'Driscoll, sister Gloria Jean and papa Walter Catlett have rented after it has stood empty for ten years. Well now you know this is right up the boys' alley even when it's proved skull-duggery is afoot. Because they work at Universal and have to be used up some way, the studio has called in Andy Devine, Lon Chaney and Leo Carrillo to play heavies. Andy is the heaviest but Leo is the prettiest.

Ella Morse sings, Kirby Grant sings, Gloria Jean sings, the King's Men sing and Morton Downey sings. Only Lon Chaney doesn't. But it's all fun and laughter and nonsense and that we'll buy.

Your Reviewer Says: Grab yourself a chunk of laughter.

✓ A Night Of Adventure (RKO)

If ordinary everyday people got caught up in as much frightful drama as these people of the cinema, what a world this would be. We wouldn't have to go to movies for our comedy, drama, or tragedy, that's a sure thing. Take this Tom Conway. Here he is, a nice upstanding attorney who finds himself defending a man for murder with facts and evidence that might easily point to the defending attorney himself as a suspect, for he was there when his wife's lover was killed. But Conway is clever, wins an acquittal for his man and a reconciliation with his regretful wife.

SIMPLE PILES?

Try This!



There's a simple way to relieve the itching, soreness and distress of simple piles or hemorrhoids. Try soothing, antiseptic *Unguentine Rectal Cones*, made by the makers of famous *UNGUENTINE*.

If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician. They're easy to use...inexpensive...sanitary.

Guarantee: Your druggist will refund full purchase price if you are not satisfied.

UNGUENTINE RECTAL CONES

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CORNS & CALLUSES

Quick—easy. Just rub it on. Relieves Ingrown Nails. Jars, 30c and 50c. At your druggist. Economical! Money refunded if not satisfied. The Moss Company, Rochester, N. Y.

REMOVED WITH MOSCO

Do You Want LONGER HAIR

Just try this system on your hair 7 days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of attractive hair that so often captures love and romance. **HAIR MAY GET LONGER** when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the dry, brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded, it has a chance to get longer and much more beautiful. Just try the **JUELENE SYSTEM** 7 days, let your mirror prove results. Send \$1.00. (If C. O. D. postage extra). Fully guaranteed. Money back if you're not delighted. **JUEL CO., 1930 Irving Park Rd., Dept. A-610, Chicago 13, Ill.**

GORGEOUS NEW PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

EARN MONEY! Show big album. De Luxe Personal Christmas Cards, Stationery. New, novel designs. Also vast selection **LOW PRICED** Personal Cards, 25 for \$1.00 to 25 for \$1.95. Box Assortments too! 1944 "Feature" 21-Card Assortment only \$1.00—profit 50c. Plus Etching, Religious, All-Occasion, Humorous, Gift Wrapping, others. **FREE SAMPLES** Personal Cards, 21-Card Assortment on approval. Send no money. **WALLACE BROWN INC., 225 Fifth Avenue, Dept. G-139, New York 10, N. Y.**

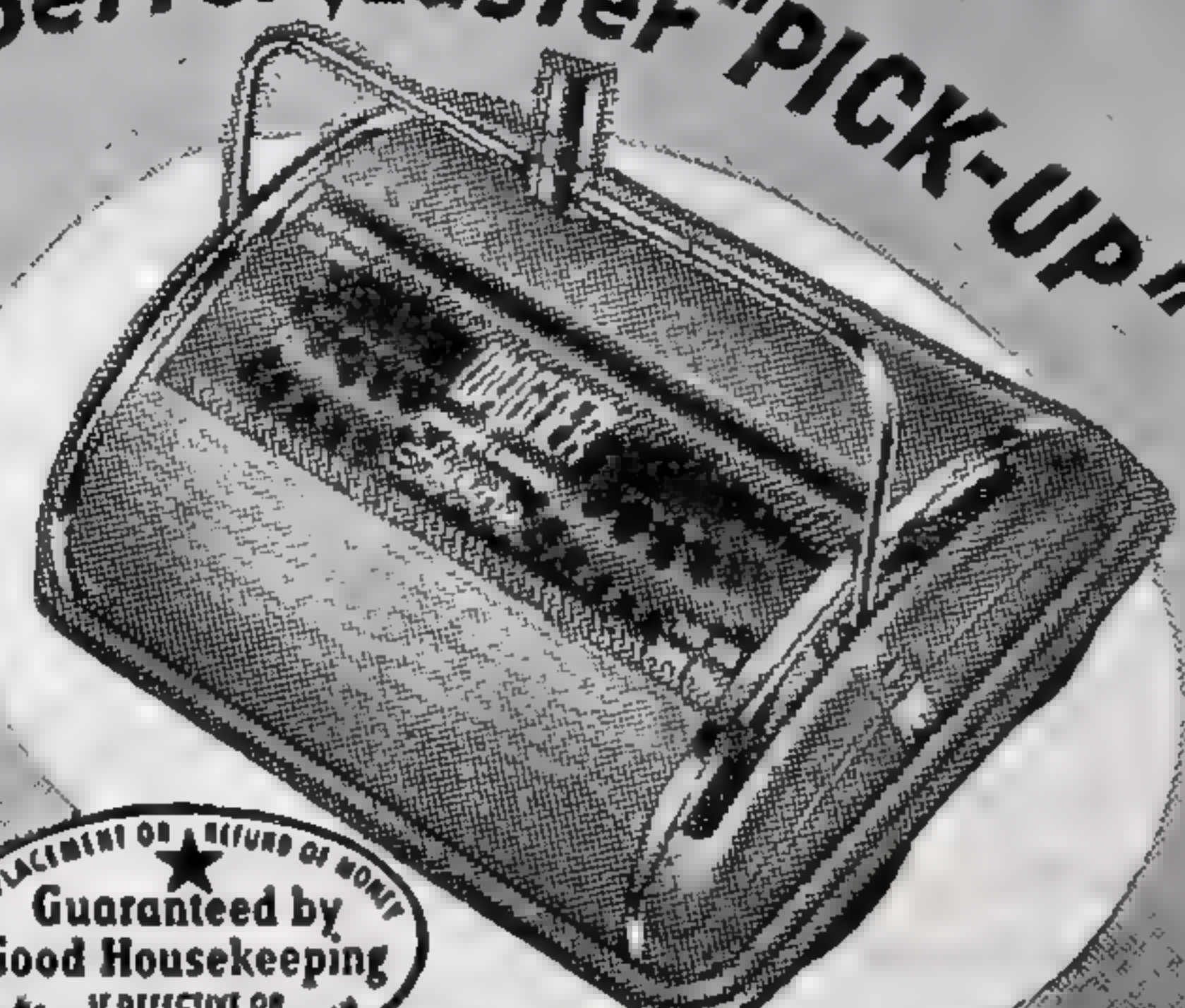
EARN EXTRA MONEY

WAGNER

Komb-Kleaned

CARPET SWEEPER

Better, Easier "PICK-UP"



E. R. WAGNER MFG. CO., Dept. MW, Milwaukee 9, Wis.

Nancy Gates, Claire Carleton, Addison Richards, Jean Brooks and Edward Brophy are good and Audrey Long as the wife a most pleasing newcomer.

Your Reviewer Says: Something for the mystery hounds.

✓ Sensations Of 1945 (U. A.—Andrew Stone)

NOW anyone in his right mind knows that any publicist worthy of the name quivers in his oxfords lest his client reap unpleasant publicity. But here's Eleanor Powell, stage dancer, taking over as head of a publicity office just to show junior partner Dennis O'Keefe how to run his job and planning a string of stunts for their clients so unbelievable as to be ridiculous. Were Miss Powell herself subject to the hand of the publicity she advocates in this film, brother you could hear her yell all the way to Vine Street. But we really shouldn't blame Eleanor; we should blame the script.

After she persuades C. Aubrey Smith, a down-and-outer, to permit the use of his name on a night-club venture in order to lure in free talent who think they're benefiting C. Aubrey, it becomes too much for O'Keefe who walks out and into the Army.

Of course Eleanor turns over a new leaf and O'Keefe hears of it and there you are with a weak little story like that upon which is hung some mighty terrific entertainment. Eugene Pallette, Mimi Forsythe, W. C. Fields, Sophie Tucker, Dorothy Donegan and several good bands including Woody Herman and Cab Calloway really liven it up.

Your Reviewer Says: The numbers far outweigh the story.

✓ Are These Our Parents? (Monogram)

MONOGRAM Studios are attacking the juvenile delinquency problem from a new angle—that of delinquent parents who either through selfishness or irresponsibility permit their children to become involved in scrapes.

The characters mainly are placed in the upper strata of society and unfortunately they are far from exaggerated. There are mothers who, in their feverish search for adulation and admiration from surrounding males, fail utterly to sympathize with or even understand the need for warmth and love and personal contact with their grown children. And because this is true this rather poorly developed story of a girl who is denied the love of her mother when she needs her most and as a result plunges into deeper trouble, takes on importance far above its standard of production.

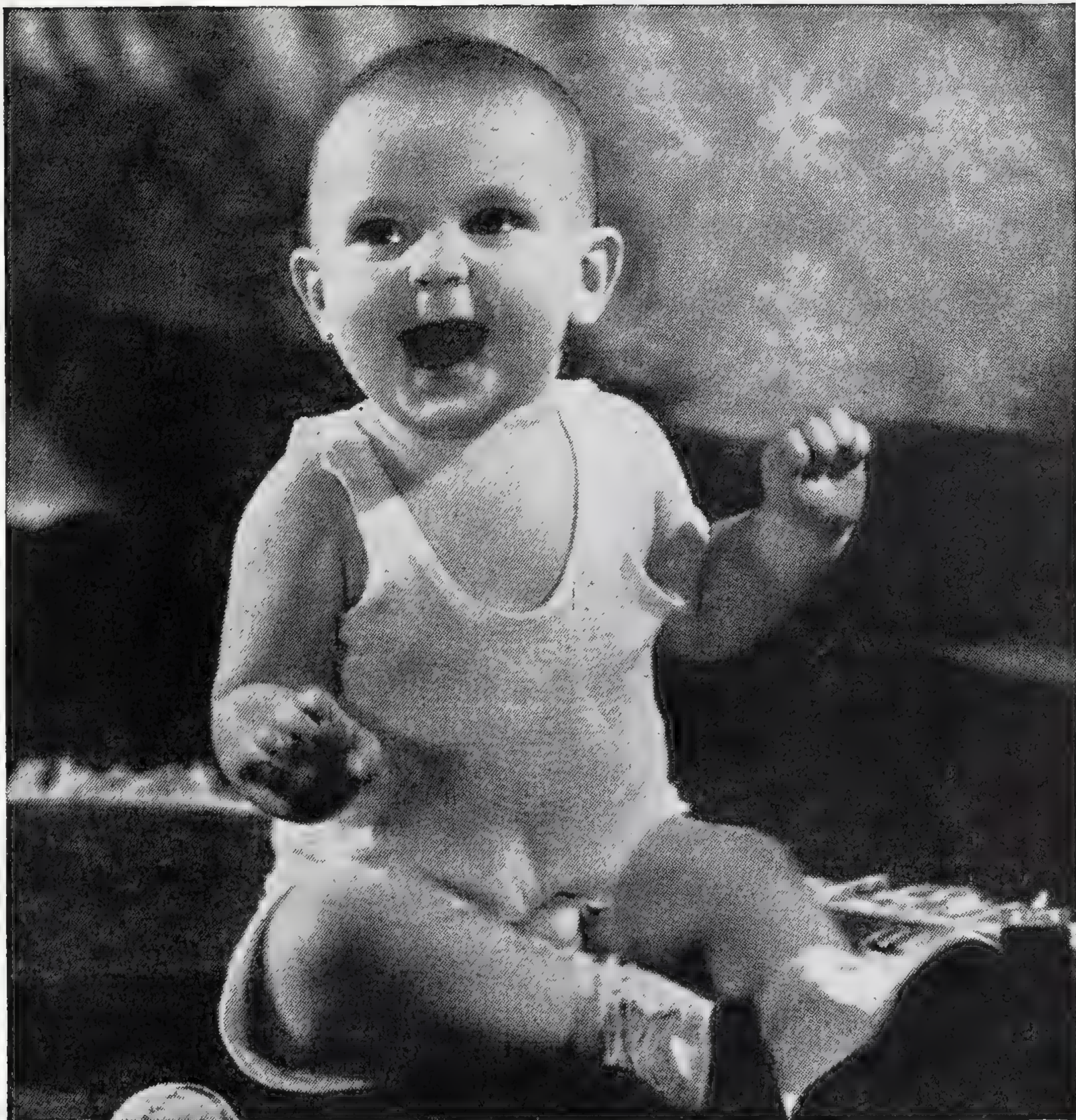
Helen Vincent is outstanding as the mother. Noel Neill and Richard Byron are the neglected offspring who find themselves in such serious difficulties. Lyle Talbot, Ivan Lebedeff, Addison Richards and Emma Dunn attempt to handle a message that far surpasses the material at hand.

Your Reviewer Says: Something for certain parents to think about.

✓ Minstrel Man (PRC)

WITH a more pretentious cast this could have been one of the best musicals of its kind, but even as it stands it's still a heart-warming, tender, nostalgic story bringing to the screen Benny Fields, whom we should have known before. Against the

WARM FLOORS



"MOM!—You ought to feel the difference now that we have Coleman Heat."

Yes, Mother—sit down where your baby plays, and see for yourself how nice and cozy your Coleman Heat Plant keeps him! Dad, lie down there on your back—and learn about *real* heat engineering.

Warm floors!—one of the toughest jobs in heat engineering to achieve. Yet, that one simple purpose has been accomplished so well by Coleman engineers that Coleman, prewar, sold more major warm-air home heat plants than any other maker. Coleman Automatic Heat Plants for gas, oil and butane fuels, in space heaters, floor furnaces and central heating plants. Available for homes everywhere after the war.

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The *PASSION* of great purpose

With white heat in his mind, and the passion of great purpose . . . Thomas Jefferson in 1776 drafted the Declaration of Independence . . . using goose quills for pens.

Today no man needs pointed feathers or any other antique implement for writing. Because in Inkograph he has an indomitable pen to pace his swiftest thought . . . with a point that pressure will not injure . . . fast acting, reliable, adapted to any hand—dependable for years.

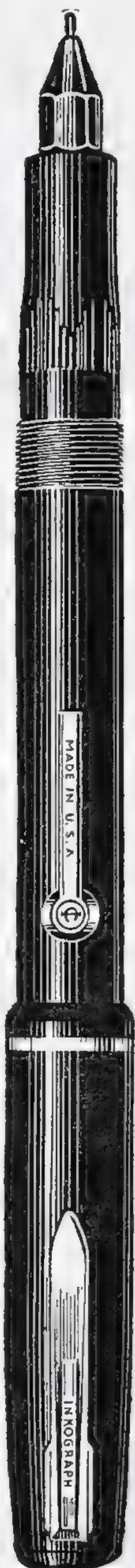
Inkographs are preferred by men in service. So if your dealer doesn't have one, keep trying!

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background of a minstrel show Fields is superb and we hope he's here to stay.

The story has the wife of Fields, a minstrel man, dying in childbirth. Grief-stricken over his loss, the actor leaves his newly born daughter in the care of Roscoe Karns and Gladys George. When he returns five years later he finds the pair bitter over his parental neglect so again he sets out on tour and years later is reported lost on the ill-fated Morro Castle. In the meantime the daughter, played by Judy Clark, has grown to young womanhood and, learning of her real father's profession, is seized with a desire to don blackface and become a minstrel woman. Her father, dejected and alone, is found in time to rejoice in the success of his daughter. The reunion, we promise you, is most touching and may even bring a tear or two to your eye. The music is good, too, and you'll remember Mr. Fields' singing of "Melancholy Baby" for a long time.

Your Reviewer Says: A simple tale told with sincerity.

Secrets Of Scotland Yard (Republic)

THIS story concerns the men of Britain who decode German secret messages and bring about their eventual downfall. Remembering Germany's threat after the last war that one of her own men would be among England's decoders during the next war, the men work in the knowledge that a spy is among them. When Edgar Barrier, the best of the code busters, is killed his twin brother is called from Scotland Yard to take his place and after suspicion fastens itself on everyone in the picture, the culprit is eventually found. C. Aubrey Smith, Stephanie Bachelor, Henry Stephenson and Lionel Atwill are all suspects. But guess who dunnit?

Your Reviewer Says: What is the code message for "oh for gosh sakes?"

Goodnight, Sweetheart (Republic)

NOW listen, sit down quietly in a chair before we tell you about this little number, for otherwise you'll never be able to take it standing up.

It seems there's a scandalmongering newspaper reporter Robert Livingston who buys half-interest in a small-town paper and proceeds to rip apart, without one iota of fact, the honest people of the community. When Ruth Terry, the "girl in the case," turns out to be the niece of Judge Thurston Hall, an able and decent man whom our reporter decides to besmirch, our reporter (we share the burden of him with you, you'll please note) invents a blonde dame. And who is said tamale? None other than the reporter in disguise who promptly gets himself arrested for having killed said blonde tamale, who is really the reporter in disguise or, no we said that, didn't we? Now you see what we mean?

Your Reviewer Says: Gee, look at all the pretty pads on our cell.

Secret Command (Columbia)

NAZI spies, Nazi spies, Nazi spies, how sick and tired we are of them! If Hollywood doesn't think up something else in a hurry we'll soon be a gibbering idiot cutting out Nazi-spy paper dolls. Here, for instance, we have an American shipyard reeking with them. It's a wonder any ships get launched at all. There's Pat O'Brien, for instance, ex-foreign correspondent and former prisoner in a Nazi



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1. Gives lustrous highlights.
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LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

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25¢ for 5 rinses
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Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c and \$1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get BROWNATONE today.

STAMMER?

This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 43 years. Benj. N. Bogue, Dept. 1163 Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.



Money Back If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, muddiness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, fairer, younger looking skin. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug stores or send 50c, plus Federal Tax, to Golden Peacock Co., Inc., Dept. MWG-11, Paris, Tenn., for regular 50c jar, postpaid.

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BLEACH CREME
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concentration camp who becomes a Federal agent and pretends he's broke and jobless in order to obtain a job in the shipyard's crew of his brother Chester Morris. To lend credibility to his story, O'Brien has Carole Landis and two refugee children pose as his wife and family. Despite all this prying and sleuthing, darned if O'Brien doesn't let the real spy all but blow up the place. There you have it, friends. It's your shipyard from now on and you run it.

Ruth Warrick, Barton MacLane and Tom Tully worked in the "pitcher" too.

Your Reviewer Says: Shoot if you must this old gray head, but we still don't like it.

✓ Marine Raiders (RKO)

HERE'S a little action story all about Marines in camp, in combat and in love. Unless you're too worn out with this type film you'll enjoy the action and the love-making. The battle scenes are terrific, but how Pat O'Brien survives all these service films we'll never know. And from the way he plays the role of the Colonel one would think he was still coach of a varsity eleven.

Ruth Hussey's the girl and Robert Ryan the Marine who wins her. But Frank McHugh, Barton MacLane and Richard Martin have too little to do. Or maybe that's the way they wanted it.

Your Reviewer Says: Good, but the Leather-necks deserve better.

Gildersleeve's Ghost (RKO)

IF you love *Gildersleeve* on the air as we do, don't see this picture, don't be a witness to the horrible thing they do to plump, ingratiating Hal Peary as *Gildersleeve*. For instance, they take him out of the homey, everyday incidents that mark his radio life and send him into the arms of that crazy scientist that movies can't live without, the one who renders people invisible. Does Universal know about this, we wonder. After all, they started this *Invisible Man* gag and now look who has it—RKO and *Gildersleeve*.

Anyway, *Gildy* is running for police commissioner and two ghosts (family relations and all that you know) decide to plunge him into a mystery in order that he may solve it and prove his marked ability. As if the scientist weren't enough, they've got that silly gorilla running around again.

Marion Martin, Margie Stewart, Richard LeGrande and Freddie Mercer (Leroy of



Good news: Good film coming up. Brad Taylor and Constance Moore in Republic's "Atlantic City"

Cover Girl tells — "How I really do Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor (and save up to 50%)"

"Beauty isn't enough," says bewitching Bettina Bolegard

"My job takes more than beauty," says chic Bettina, whose cameo-perfect face appears so often on the magazine covers. "In a long 2-hour sitting, I have to stay picture-perfect before the hot, hot, studio lights and never, never risk underarm damage to the glamour clothes I model!"

"That's why I'm so delighted with my Odorono Cream! It really is a charm protector—really does keep my underarms dry. That's because it contains an effective perspiration stopper that simply closes the tiny underarm sweat glands, and keeps them closed up to 3 days... my daintiness *can't* fail me!"

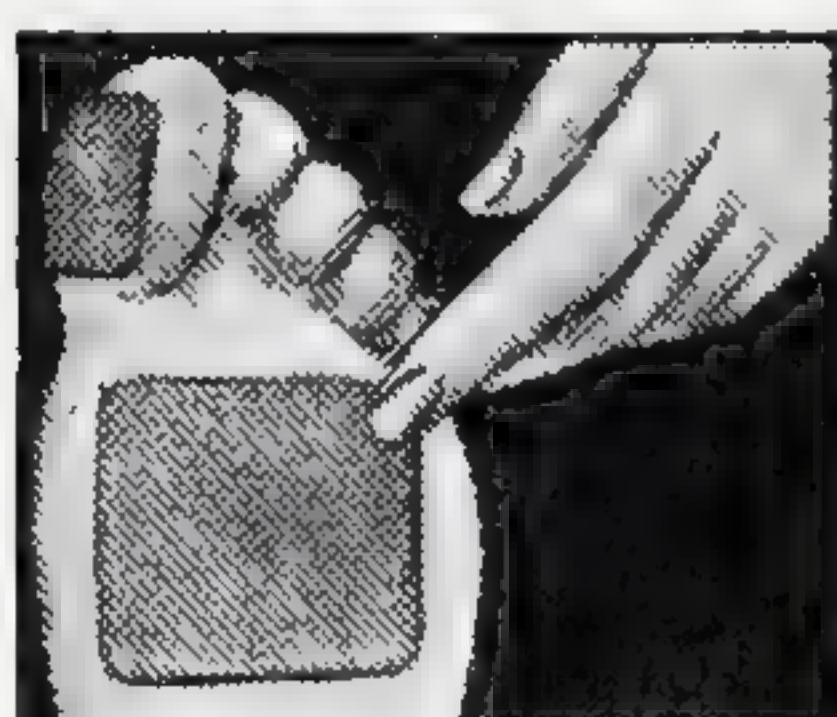
"Another must for me—Odorono Cream doesn't rot fabrics—I just follow directions. And it doesn't irritate my skin even after shaving—it actually contains soothing emollients.

"When I have lots of appointments, I use it every day. So I'm especially pleased that each jar gives up to 21 more applications for 39¢ than other leading deodorants.

"When you try velvety, white, fragrant Odorono Cream I'm sure you'll join with me and other Cover Girls in saying, 'It's wonderful—real glamour insurance!'"



Cameo-lovely Bettina Bolegard



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Try Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX—the new velvety-soft, flesh color, soothing, cushioning, protective foot plaster. When used on feet or toes, it quickly relieves corns, callouses on bottom of feet, bunions and tender spots caused by shoe friction or pressure. Helps ease new or tight shoes and "breaking-in" discomfort. Prevents corns, sore toes and blisters if applied at first sign of irritation.

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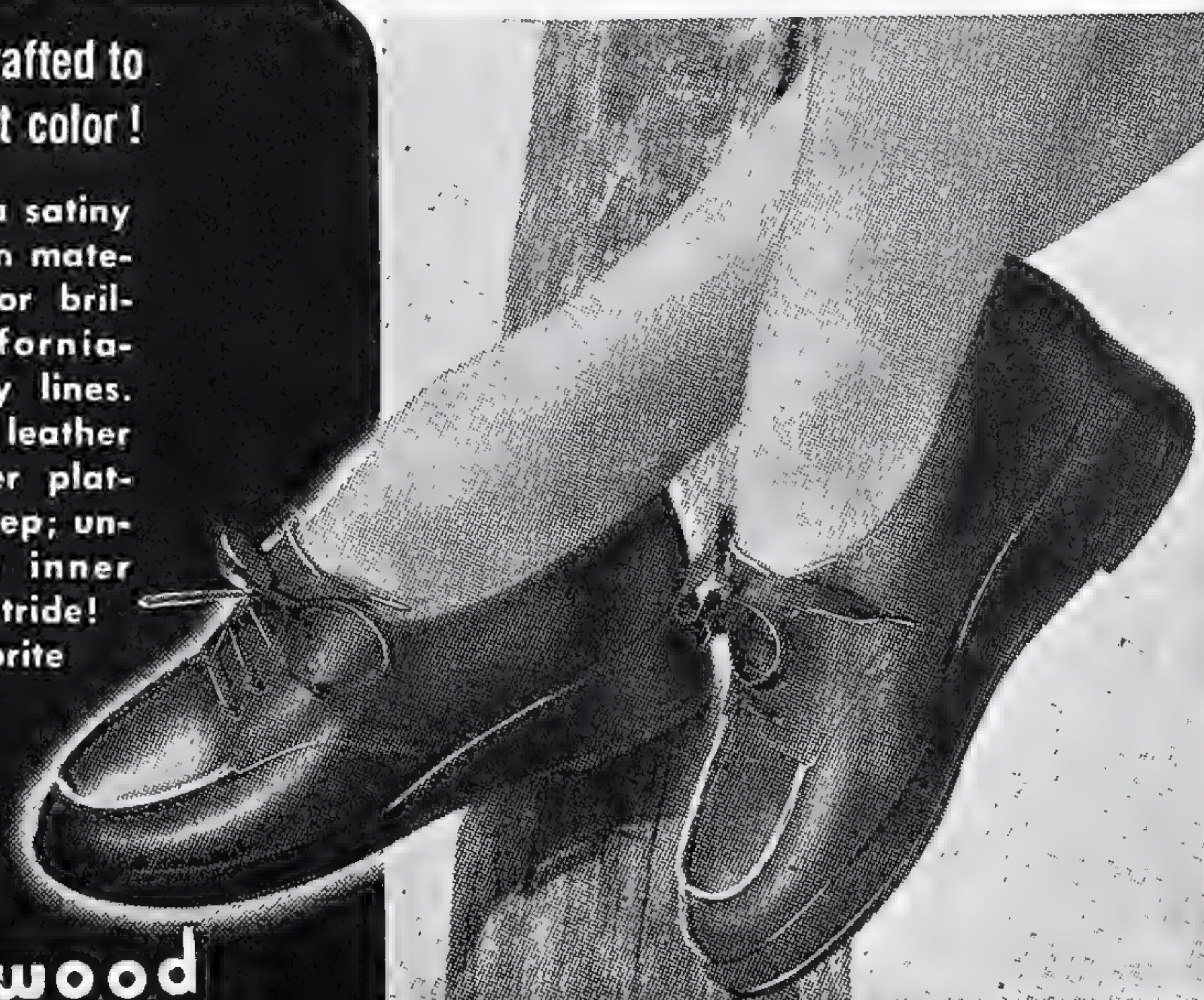


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These Californians are crafted to cushion your step, give it color!

Butter-soft elkskin with a satiny sheen, super stamina — in mate-with-everything brown or brilliant sun-tones — California-crafted to nimble, lively lines. Hand-lasted to genuine leather soles with resilient inner platforms that soften your step; unlined — there'll be no inner wrinkles to disturb your stride! About 5.95 at your favorite store or write



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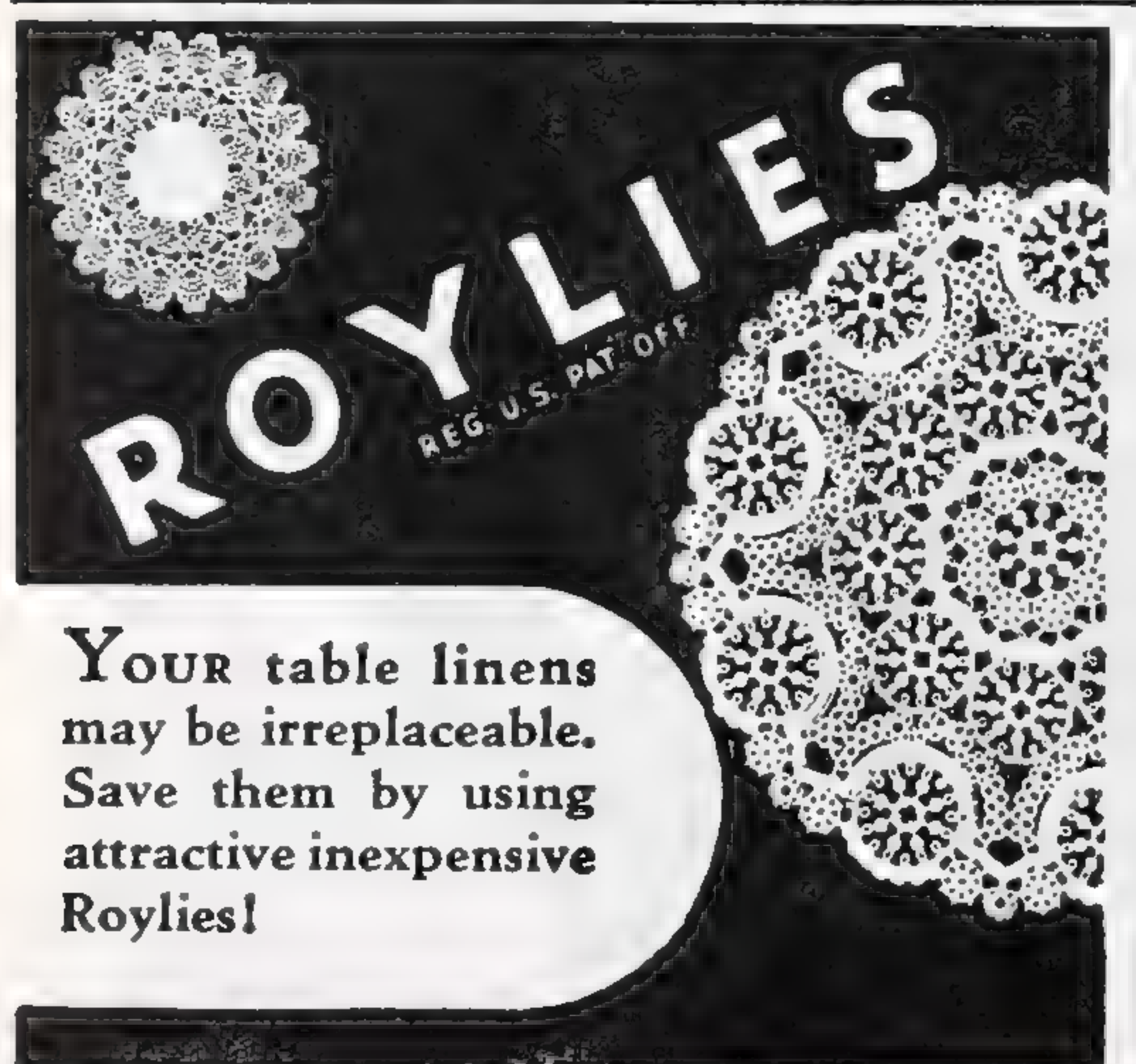


No man can entertain thoughts of romance if you're not dainty—and certainly scalp odor won't help you win him.

The scalp perspires, too—and oily hair in particular absorbs unpleasant odors. You might have scalp odor—and not know it. To be sure, make this test: check up on your hairbrush, your hat, your pillow.

Be on the safe side all the time—shampoo regularly with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This scientific shampoo, containing pure medicinal pine tar, not only cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly but also leaves the hair fresh and fragrant. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

Why take a chance that scalp odor will spoil romance? Get Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—at any drug, department and ten-cent store.



the radio show) and Amelia Ward are too nice—and so is that overweight old potpie Gildersleeve, to be caught up in a mess like this.

Your Reviewer Says: Silly, but you'll laugh when Gildersleeve does.

✓ The Great Moment (Paramount)

EVERY time Preston Sturges takes over the reins of a picture, for some frightening reason we have a feeling he's somehow dropped them and the horse is tearing off like mad with us, the story and Sturges flying in all directions at once. The feeling, oddly enough, steals over us even before our credit sheet tells us it's a Sturges picture, so we can't be prejudiced.

In this last written and directed Sturges story we have the same old runaway gallop over the cornfields in a story that tells us how Joel McCrea invented a practicable anesthetic and what he eventually did with it. The purpose in eulogizing Dr. William Thomas Green Morton, the real inventor, is commendable. He deserves it.

But the method of commemoration is lamentable, with Joel McCrea as Dr. Morton wandering on the outer edges of the story and never quite getting into it. Betty Fields as his wife and Harry Carey are other dream-world characters who seem to have wandered in by mistake from another picture and never knew the difference. William Demarest is as violent as always in Sturges pictures. We should think he'd be awfully tired by now. The abrupt ending, the background music of "Ave Maria," the sunlight framing the lone child on the operating table are—well, my friends, maybe we're all wrong. If such should prove to be the case, please send all the War Bonds you can, for we'll need them in our jobless old age.

Your Reviewer Says: You may like it, but—

✓ Song Of Nevada (Republic)

THIS is a rather involved story of a ranch owner, Thurston Hall, whose daughter, Dale Evans, is about to marry a wealthy playboy. Roy Rogers thwarts the villain playboy John Eldredge as the villain almost succeeds in getting Dale's ranch for his own when her father is reported killed in a plane crash.

Mary Lee, Bob Nolan and Sons of the Pioneers are in the cast, too. It's a good Roy Rogers film, a one-checker that will get cheers from Rogers followers and a pleasant little smile from the rest of the audience.

Your Reviewer Says: Good Western; good Rogers.

CAN YOU ANSWER THIS? WHY CAN'T THE STARS HAVE FRIENDS?

You may not be able to give the reasons right now—but you will after you read the facts

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Check these 4 beauty extras:

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Don Juan

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Lipstick
STAYS ON!

LIPS LOOK LOVELY—LONGER

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Send Velvatize as checked below. If not delighted, my money back in 10 days.

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I will pay postman for each Compact, plus postage. (Shipped postpaid if cash is enclosed.)
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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 66)

H1, GOOD LOOKIN'—Universal: The people in this are very nice people, such as Harriet Hilliard, Eddie Quillan, Betty Kean, Fuzzy Knight and Roscoe Karns, but the story is that silly one about a girl who comes to Hollywood to crash the movies, ends up on a late radio broadcast and clicks. Mixed up in it are a lot of specialty numbers and Ozzie Nelson's band.

✓✓HITLER GANG, THE—Paramount: The rise of Adolph Hitler and the men who forced and kept him in power as their Fuehrer is told with such convincing straightforwardness that the film takes on authority from its start, the inception of Nazi hoodlumism. Robert Watson walks off with honors in his role of Hitler, but the entire cast deserves praise.

✓✓HOME IN INDIANA—20th Century-Fox: Lon McCallister comes to the home of Walter Brennan, former successful horse breeder, trains a colt to sulky racing and eventually brings Brennan back to prosperity and happiness. Lon's fine performance, the Technicolor beauty and the heart appeal of the story make this a must see. Newcomers June Haver and Jeanne Crain show great promise.

JOHNNY DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANY MORE—Monogram: When William Terry goes off to join the Marines, defense worker Simone Simon persuades him to rent her his apartment. But Terry forgets to tell her he's also given keys to various of his friends who keep dropping in on Simone unexpectedly. The most attractive is sailor James Ellison. Minna Gombel, Chick Chandler and Alan Dinehart are also in the cast.

✓LADIES COURAGEOUS—Universal: Glorifying the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron, this picture has done all right by the WAFS. Loretta Young is steady and confident as the leader of the women fliers, Ann Gwynne is happily cast as the superstitious one, Geraldine Fitzgerald is the publicity seeker, and Evelyn Ankers, Diana Barrymore, Lois Collier and June Vincent are all good.

LADIES OF WASHINGTON—20th Century-Fox: A parade of young talent, with Sheila Ryan best as a fickle adventuress who uses a young doctor, Robert Bailey, to help another of the victims, Anthony Quinn, who has been shot in the very act of spying. Trudy Marshall and Ronald Graham carry the romantic leads, but the best character of all is John Philliber who's the proprietor of a boardinghouse.

LADY AND THE MONSTER, THE—Republic: A motor accident has provided scientist Erich Von Stroheim with a human brain which he keeps alive in his laboratory. This proves very upsetting to Richard Arlen who gradually comes under the brain's spell and to Vera Hruba Ralston who almost loses her life on account of the brain. It's a pretty good chiller-diller.

✓LUMBERJACK—Harry Sherman-UA: *Hopalong Cassidy* really hops along this time in a gallopy little number that generates plenty of fast action. Things really happen when Hoppy and his pals fail to stave off an eloping couple, but when the groom is shot almost immediately and the villains set in to defraud the young widow lots of action results. Ellen Hall is the purty gal.

MAKE YOUR OWN BED—Warners: This corny story deals with that old servant problem again. Alan Hale and his wife, Irene Manning, don't have any; so Hale hires detective Jack Carson and his girl friend Jane Wyman to act as butler and maid by pretending his life is endangered by Nazis. Carson is much too good for his silly role.

MAN FROM FRISCO—Republic: Michael O'Shea plays a shipbuilder who meets opposition at every turn in his plan to speed up ship production, but he plunges ahead anyhow in his methods. Anne Shirley plays the girl who first opposes and then encourages him. Gene Lockhart, Tommy Bond and Dan Duryea contribute some nice moments, but on the whole it's pretty dull.

✓✓MEMPHIS BELLE, THE—War Department-Paramount: The flying fortress, "The Memphis Belle," on her twenty-sixth mission flew from England to drop her bomb load over Germany. This is the story of that mission, of men at grim work, the exciting and heart-breaking story of the job being done by our 8th Army Air Force and a picture for us all to see.

MONSTER MAKER, THE—P.R.C.: Another nutty scientist, this time played by J. Carrol Naish who can make people's heads grow big as well as their hands and feet. He inflicts this horror on Ralph Morgan, a pianist, in order to force his consent to the marriage of his daughter, Wanda McKay, to Naish.

MOON OVER LAS VEGAS—Universal: Anne Gwynne and David Bruce are married but obtain a legal separation despite the fact they are still in love. After both of them play hard to get for several reels, they finally end up in a Las Vegas hotel still mad and still unreconciled until a gorilla settles the matter. Vivian Austin is cute as an innocent complicator.

MUMMY'S GHOST, THE—Universal: This is another one of those silly, dead-as-a-door-nail Egyptian things with Lon Chaney all wrapped up in those ridiculous mummy wrappings and pretty Ramsay Ames, John Carradine and Robert Lowery all involved in the thing.

MY BEST GAL—Republic: The routine formula of the talented kids who try to hit Broadway, with most of the action taking place in a drugstore where

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Dulled and dingy hair needn't cause despair. One refreshing shampoo with Admiracion makes a thrilling difference. It floats away dirt... loose dandruff... soap film. Lets *natural* loveliness of hair shine through. TWO TYPES—"foamy" in green carton or "no lather" in red carton. Ask your Hairdresser for Admiracion.



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Jane Withers soda-jerks. When her boy friend Jimmy Lydon is about to go in the Army she attempts to sell the musical he's written and actually puts on a preview of the show in the drugstore.

NINE GIRLS—Columbia: Nine lovely girls decide to vacation at a mountain lodge with Ann Harding as chaperone. One of the girls, Anita Louise, is murdered, and then comes the fun with detectives William Demarest and Willard Robertson trying to discover which of the girls murdered Anita. The girls include Evelyn Keyes, Jinx Falkenburg, Leslie Brooks and Jeff Donnell.

ONCE UPON A TIME—Columbia: Fantasy that misses very badly, all about a caterpillar that dances, although you never see it actually dance. But Cary Grant, theatrical producer, does and sees his chance to make a fortune out of the repulsive creature, but Ted Donaldson, the caterpillar's owner, is heartbroken by this. Janet Blair, as his sister, has very little to do.

PARDON MY RHYTHM—Universal: Gloria Jean is quite a young lady now and very pretty, too. The story she graces is about a hepcat drummer, Mel Torme, whom Marjorie Weaver tries to lure away from a juvenile band so he can play with Bob Crosby's orchestra. Patric Knowles and Evelyn Ankers are easy on the eyes and Gloria Jean's singing is mighty fine listening.

PIN-UP GIRL—20th Century-Fox: Not worthy of Betty Grable is this story that tells of her becoming a stenographer in Washington, stopping off in New York where she wows a night-club audience, meeting up with hero John Harvey, who doesn't recognize her because she's wearing glasses, and the silly stuff goes on from there. Joe E. Brown and Martha Raye are wasted, the Condos Brothers dance well and the Technicolor is very pretty.

ROGER TOUGHY—GANGSTER—20th Century-Fox: This is the life story of Touhy, the ex-Capone mobster who was sent to prison for kidnapping, escaped and was finally trapped by the FBI. Preston Foster has a lot of punch as Touhy, Victor McLaglen is his henchman, and others of the gang include Horace MacMahon, Frank Jenks, Anthony Quinn and George E. Stone. Trudy Marshall and Lois Andrews are in it too.

ROSIE THE RIVETER—Republic: Jane Frazee and Vera Vague, defense workers, share a room at night, with Frankie Albertson and Frank Jenks of the graveyard shift taking over the room in the daytime. But Jane's fiance, Frank Fenton, doesn't like the idea at all and finally suspects the worst and then Albertson attempts to patch up the quarrel. It's amusing in spots.

SEVEN DAYS ASHORE—RKO: An unexpectedly good little picture that will give you a pleasant evening's entertainment. Wally Brown and Alan Carney are shipmates, Gordon Oliver provides the romance, Marcy McGuire, Virginia Mayo, Dooley Wilson and Elaine Shepard add to the fun and the songs are very pleasing.

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON—Warners: Purporting to be the life story of vaudeville's popular Nora Bayes, Anne Sheridan comes to the screen in a story that's no more Bayes than you are, though it's an entertaining musical. Dennis Morgan plays her husband; Magician Jack Carson, Marie Wilson and S. Z. Sakall stick by them through it all, and Irene Manning and Robert Shayne are the heels.

SHOW BUSINESS—RKO: Eddie Cantor wins an amateur night contest and teams up with star George Murphy. Later they join up with sister act Constance Moore and Joan Davis and Murphy marries Constance only to break up over Nancy Kelly. Joan Davis is a riot in her attempts to win Cantor and you'll enjoy every minute of the picture, from its burlesque beginning to Ziegfeld finish.

SLIGHTLY TERRIFIC—Universal: Leon Errol's in a double role again and Eddie Quillan and Anne Rooney are busily engaged in trying to stage a big-time revue, just as though that weren't one of the oldest gags in pictures. The musical numbers are strictly from the breadline despite the efforts of Richard Lane, Betty Kean, Ray Malone and Lillian Cornell.

SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD—Charles Rogers, U.A. A bright new star comes into view in the person of little Jane Powell, who sings charmingly in this unbelievable little story of harvesting nomads. Edgar Bergen with his ubiquitous Charlie McCarthy and W. C. Fields put over some laughs; the Condos Brothers dance and Bonita Granville and Jackie Moran carry the romantic leads.

SOUTH OF DIXIE—Universal: David Bruce is a Brooklyn-born writer of Dixie songs so his press agent, Jerome Cowan, has him pretend to be a member of an old Southern family in order to profit through movies. So, with Anne Gwynne, they all go South where David meets up with Ella Mae Morse, juke singer, and daughter of a real Southern Colonel. There's a lot of singing.

STORY OF DR. WASSALL, THE—Paramount: A fitting tribute to a great and simple man is this story of Dr. Wassall played so well by Gary Cooper. The story of how, when the Japs took Java, Wassall disobeyed orders and remained behind to save his handful of wounded sailors and how he managed to get them off the island is a thrilling and moving one. Laraine Day is the nurse he meets in China and loves.

SUMMER STORM—Angelus-U.A.: Odd, fascinating and different, with Linda Darnell giving the performance of her career as a selfish, seductive temptress who takes what she wants. George Sanders is magnificent as the judge who succumbs to the illicit love offered by Darnell; Hugo Hass as her patient husband holds his own; and Anna Lee as

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Sander's fiancée and Edward Everett Horton as the decadent nobleman are excellent.

TAMPICO—20th Century-Fox: Edward G. Robinson is a tough old sea dog who rescues shipwrecked Lynn Bari and marries her. But when his ship is torpedoed shortly after he leaves her ashore he suspects his bride of espionage. Victor McLaglen, his pal and second officer aids and abets his belief, so he denounces his bride. From then on things take an unexpected turn.

THIS IS THE LIFE—Universal: Susanna Foster decides she's too grown up for Donald O'Connor, so she brushes him off in favor of Patric Knowles. When Donald discovers Louise Allbritton, ex-wife of Knowles, still loves him and he her, Donald manages to get the estranged pair reunited and Susie back in his heart. Peggy Ryan is around with her usual animation.

TROCADERO—Republic: When Rosemary Lane and her brother, Johnny Downs, inherit a night club, Rosemary foregoes college to run the cafe, while Johnny goes on to college and falls in love with a society girl. Dick Purcell is the band leader with whom Rosemary romances. It's packed with musical numbers, with everybody in it singing and dancing all over the place.

TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR—M-G-M: What a refresher for weary minds and peopled bodies is this gay and entertaining movie! Cutie-pie June Allyson and lovely Gloria De Haven are a team M-G-M can well be proud of and Van Johnson is perfect as the sailor both girls fall for. Harry James and his orchestra, Jose Iturbi, Gracie Allen, Jimmy Durante, Xavier Cugat and Tom Drake are all in there pitching too.

UNCERTAIN GLORY—Warners: There are several good moments in this story of a French criminal, played convincingly by Errol Flynn, who is permitted by his relentless captor, Paul Lukas, to offer himself up as a saboteur in order to save the lives of a hundred hostages held by the Nazis, but there are an awful lot of very weak moments in between.

UP IN MABEL'S ROOM—U.A.: A gay, senseless little comedy all about how Dennis O'Keefe has given Gail Patrick a silk slip with his signature on it. This preys on his mind and, at a week-end party, he induces Mischa Auer to get back that slip. Dennis' bride, Marjorie Reynolds, and Gail's fiancé, Lee Bowman, get all involved with the peculiar goings on. At times it's terribly funny.

WEIRD WOMAN—Universal: Well, it seems Lon Chaney is a college professor who returns from the South Seas with his bride, Nan Wynn, who has been reared in native superstition by a jungle tribe, whereupon the librarian Evelyn Ankers lets go with a mess of poison jealousy that drives everyone half silly. With Ralph Morgan, Elizabeth Russell and Elizabeth Risdon.

WHISTLER THE—Darmour-Columbia: Richard Dix, believing he has let his wife die, decides to die himself; so, through a go-between, he hires J. Carroll Naish to rub him out. Then Dix discovers his wife is still alive but he can't get to Naish to tell him he's changed his mind about dying, so he's on one awful spot. Both Dix and Naish are very good.

WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER, THE—M-G-M: Never has Irene Dunne given a finer performance than as the American girl who goes to England for a two weeks' visit and remains a lifetime, nor has Alan Marshall ever been better than as the Englishman who marries Irene, and loses his life in World War I. Roddy McDowall is their son who grows up to enter World War II. The picture has charm, dignity and great heart appeal.

WATERFRONT—PRC: Nazis spies are all over the place again, one of whom is that elongated string bean, John Carradine, who's trying to recover a stolen code book. J. Carroll Naish is all mixed up in the mess and Terry French is too. There's a lot of shooting going on almost all of the time.

YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS—Republic: Roy Rogers plays a cowboy who joins a showboat troupe and courts the leading lady, Dale Evans, with the idea that she may lead him to her father who's escaped jail. Both Rogers and Miss Evans sing well, Roy's work has improved enormously and it's a pretty good show.

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No. *What one big pocketbook can do—millions of small pocketbooks can do . . . without the hell of missing husbands and missing sons.*

They can if the millions of people who own those pocketbooks make up their minds that part of what they earn *today* belongs to *tomorrow*—and live that way.

They can if the millions of working people who represent the great American majority make up their minds never again to leave America's prosperity up to anyone else but themselves.

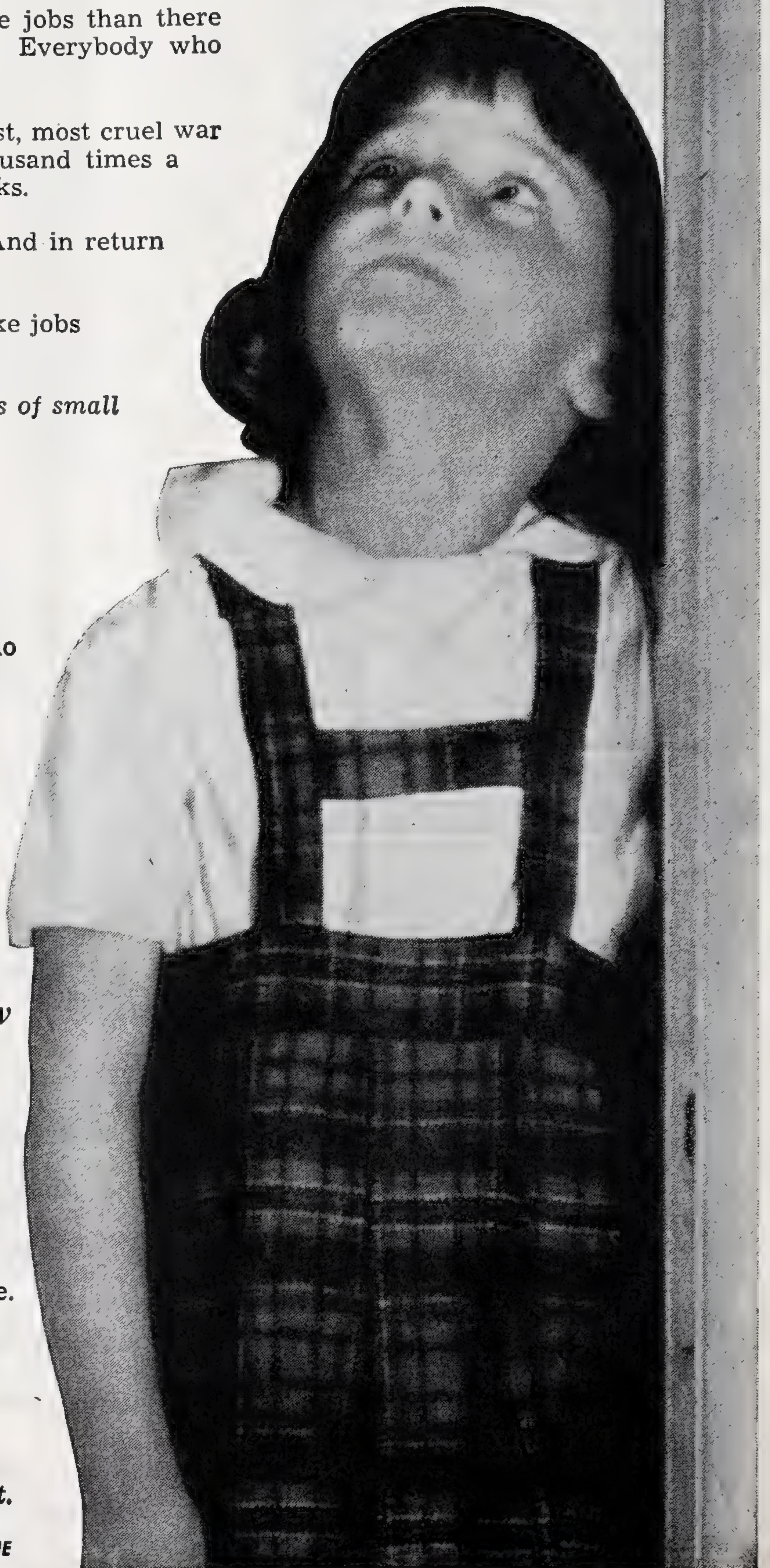
They can if they realize that Uncle Sam's pocketbook *cannot* keep right on spilling out jobs after the war is won. We—you, me, the neighbor next door—are the only ones who can provide those jobs, by buying Bonds which we can trade in after the war, for the things we want.

WAR BONDS *today* are JOB BONDS *tomorrow*

Every time you open your pocketbook, take out money and buy something, you make a job . . . or a hundred jobs. When—later on—your Bonds buy a washing machine, car, or refrigerator—you put men on the job. Yes, millions of men. Miners dig ore. Smelters refine it. Trainmen ship it. Pressers roll it. Electricians get busy. Lathe operators and welders pitch in. Then truckers and sales people.

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Yes, it's tough, but your postwar job is *worth it*.



PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Casts of Current Pictures

ARE THESE OUR PARENTS?—Monogram: Myra Salisbury, Helen Vinson; George Kent, Lyle Talbot; Terry Salisbury, Noel Neill; Hal Bailey, Richard Byron; Clint Davis, Addison Richards; Alexis, Ivan Lebedeff; Mona Larson, Robin Raymond; Ma Henderson, Emma Dunn; Sam Bailey, Anthony Ward; Meg, Jean Carlin; Jimmy, Jimmy Strand; Joan, Odessa Lauren; Commissioner, Emmett Vogan; Miss Winfield, Claire McDowell; Butler, Edgar Norton; Pa Henderson, Ian Wolfe.

BATHING BEAUTY—M-G-M: Steven Elliott, Red Skelton; Caroline Brooks, Esther Williams; George Adams, Basil Rathbone; Chester Klazenfrantz, Donald Meek; Jean Allen Wood, Jean Porter; Willis Evans, Bill Goodwin; Carlos, Carlos Ramirez; Organist, Ethel Smith; Harry James and band, Xavier Cugat and Orch.

CANTERVILLE GHOST, THE—M-G-M: Sir Simon, Charles Laughton; Lady Jessica Canterville, Margaret O'Brien; Cuffy Williams, Robert Young; Sgt. Benson, William Gargan; Lord Canterville, Reginald Owen; Sir Anthony, Peter Lawford; Sir Valentine, Donald Steward; Big Harry, Rags Ragland; Mrs. Umey, Una O'Connor; Bold Sir Guy, Thor Johnson.

GHOST CATCHERS, THE—Universal: Ole Olsen, Chic Johnson, Morton Downey, Ella Mae Morse, Themselves; Colonel Marshall, Walter Catlett; Sussanna Marshall, Martha O'Driscoll; Melinda Marshall, Gloria Jean; Clay Edwards, Kirby Grant; Gangster, Leo Carrillo; Bear, Lon Chaney; Horse, Andy Devine; Tough Guy, Thor Johnson; Tough Guy, Wee Willie Davis.

GILDERSLEEVE'S GHOST—RKO: Gildersleeve, Randolph, Jonathan, Harold Peary; Terry Vance, Marion Martin; Peavey, Richard LeGrand; Marie, Amelita Ward; Levey, Freddie Mercer; Margie, Margie Stewart; Harriet Morgan, Marie Blake; Haley, Emory Parnell; John Wells, Frank Reicher; Henry Lennox, Joseph Vitale; Birdie, Lillian Randolph; Gorilla, Charles Gemora; Chauncey, Nico-demus Stewart.

GOOD NIGHT, SWEETHEART—Republic: Johnny Newsome, Robert Livingston; Caryl Martin, Ruth Terry; Jeff Parker, Henry Hull; Matt Colby, Grant Withers; Judge James Rutherford, Thurston Hall; Police Chief Davis, Lloyd Corrigan; Johnny's Landlady, Maude Eburne; Slim Taylor, Olin Howlin; Collins, Lucien Littlefield; Caryl's Landlady, Ellen Lowe; Bottle Man, Chester Conklin; Pete, Emmett Lynn; Bellboy, Billy Benedict.

GREAT MOMENT, THE—Paramount: W. T. G. Morton, Joel McCrea; Elizabeth Morton, Betty Field; Prof. Warren, Harry Carey; Eben Frost, William Demarest; Dr. Horace Wells, Louis Jean Heydt; Dr. Jackson, Julian Tannen; Vice President Medical Society, Edwin Maxwell; President Pierce, Carter Hall; Dr. Heywood, Franklin Pangborn; Homer Quinby, Grady Sutton; Betty Morton, Donivee Lee; Judge Shipman, Harry Hayden; Dr. Dahlmeyer, Toben Meyer; Dental Patient, Vic Potel; Senator Borland, Thurston Hall; The Priest, J. Farrell MacDonald; Cashier, Robert Dudley; Mr. Abbot, Robert Frandsen; Young Mother, Sylvia Field; Young Father, Reginald Sheffield; Morton's Butler, Robert Creig; Servant Girl, Sheila Sheldon; Mr. Chamberlain, Harry Rosenthal; Porter, Frank Moran.

I LOVE A SOLDIER—Paramount: Eve Morgan, Paulette Goddard; Dan Kilgore, Sonny Tufts; Cissy Grant, Mary Treen; Stiff Banks, Walter Sande; Jenny, Ann Doran; Etta Lane, Beulah Bondi; Gracie, Marie McDonald; Williams, James Bell; Little Soldier, Frank Albertson; George Clarke, James Millican.

INVISIBLE MAN'S REVENGE, THE—Universal: Robert Griffin, Jon Hall; Mark Foster, Alan Curtis; Julie Herrick, Evelyn Ankers; Barney O'Dea, Leon Errol; Peter Drury, John Carradine; Lady Irene Herrick, Gale Sondergaard; Sir Jasper Herrick, Lester Matthews; Cleghorn, Halliwell Hobbes; Sir Frederick Travers, Leland Hudson; Maltby Bill, Cyril Delevanti.

MARINE RAIDERS—RKO: Major Steve Lockhart, Pat O'Brien, Captain Dan Craig, Robert Ryan; Ellen Foster, Ruth Hussey; Lew Leary, Frank McHugh; Sgt. Maguire, Barton MacLane; Jimmy, Richard Martin; Tony Hewitt, Russell Wade; Miller, Edmund Glover; Lt. Sherwood, Michael St. Angel; Sally, Martha MacVicar.

MASK OF DIMITRIOS, THE—Warners: Mr. Peters, Sydney Greenstreet; Dimitrios, Zachary Scott; Irana, Faye Emerson; Leyden, Peter Lorre; Gredek, Victor Francen; Bulic, Steven Geray; Mme. Chavez, Florence Bates; Marukakis, Edward Cianelli; Col. Haki, Kurt Katch; Mrs. Bulic, Marjorie Hoshelle; Werner, Georges Metaxa; Pappas, John Abbott; Abdul, Monte Blue; Konrad, David Hoffman.

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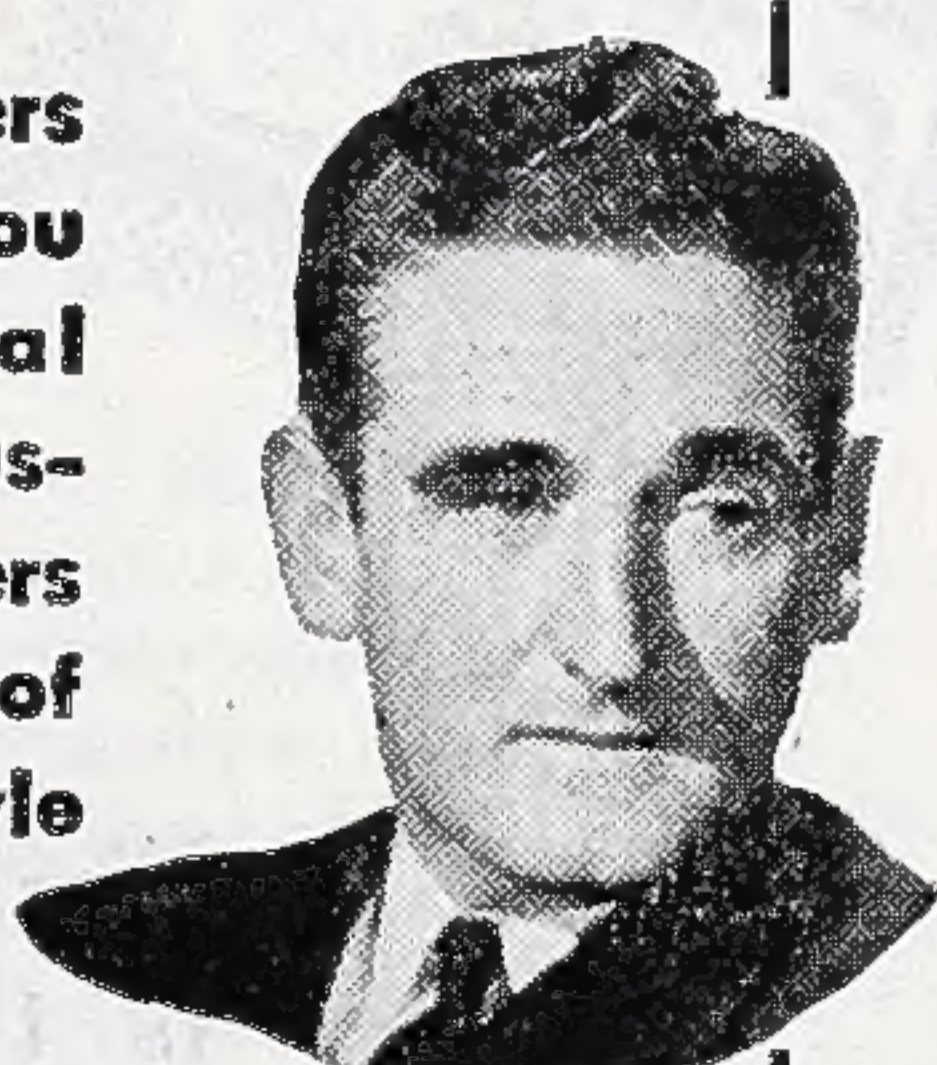
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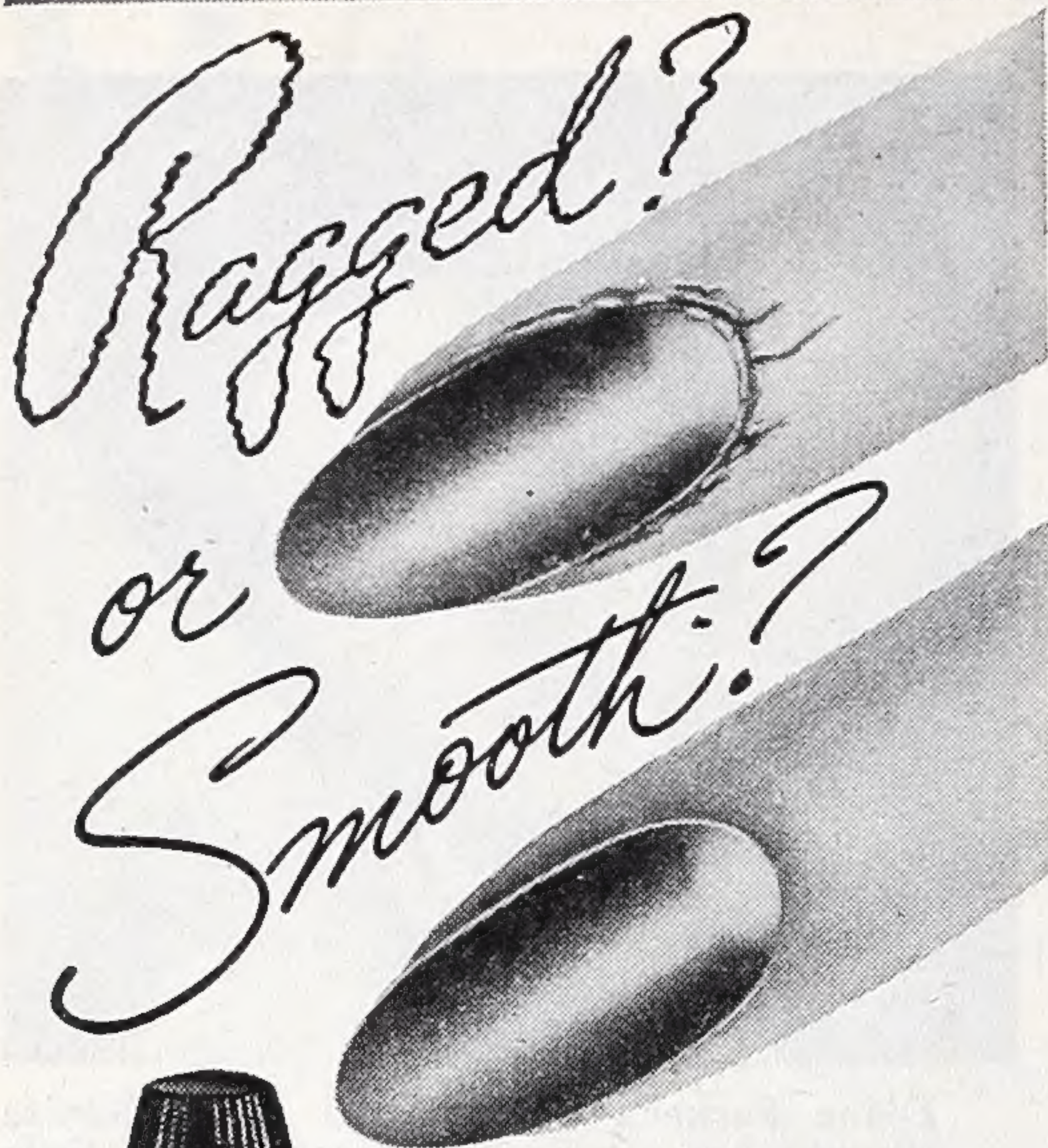
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Carole Anne De Luxe One Dollar

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MR. SKEFFINGTON—Warners: Fanny Trellis, Bette Davis; Job Skeffington, Claude Rains; George Trellis, Walter Abel; Trippy Trellis, Richard Waring; Dr. Byles, George Coulouris; Fanny Junior, Marjorie Riordan; MacMahon, Robert Shayne; Jim Conderley, John Alexander; Ed Morrison, Jerome Cowan; Johnny Mitchell, Johnny Mitchell; Manby, Dorothy Peterson; Chester Forbish, Peter Whitney; Thatcher, Bill Kennedy; Hyslop, Tom Stevenson; Soames, Halliwell Hobbes; Fanny (Age 10), Sylvia Arslan; Fanny (Age 5), Bunny Sunshine; Fanny (Age 2), Gigi Perreau; Singer, Dolores Gray; Dr. Melton, Walter Kingsford; Secretary, Molly Lamont.

MINSTREL MAN—PRC: Dixie Boy Johnson, Benny Fields; Mae White, Gladys George; Lew Dunn, Alan Dinehart; 'Lasses White, Roscoe Karns; Caroline, Judy Clark; Bill Evans, Jerome Cowan; Caroline's Mother, Molly Lamont; John Raitt, Himself; Minstrel, Lee 'Lasses White; Booking Agent, Eddie Kane and The Enestos.

NIGHT OF ADVENTURE, A—RKO: Mark Latham, Tom Conway; Erica, Audrey Long; Tony Clark, Louis Borell; Steve, Edward Brophy; Branson, Don Douglas; Regan, William B. Davidson; Sarto, Russell Hopton; Julie, Jean Brooks; Ruby, Claire Carleton; Connie, Nancy Gates; Judge, Emory Parnell; Benson, Alec Craig; Andrews, Edmund Glover.

SECRET COMMAND—Columbia: Sam Gallagher, Pat O'Brien; Jill McCann, Carole Landis; Jeff Gallagher, Chester Morris; Lea Damaron, Ruth Warwick; Red Kelly, Barton MacLane; Brownell, Tom Tully; Miller, Wallace Ford; Max Lessing, Howard Freeman; Ben Royall, Erik Rolf; Curly, Matt McHugh; Shawn, Frank Sully; Simms, Frank Fenton; James Thane, Charles D. Brown; Joan, Carol Nugent; Paul, Richard Lyon; Joe Day, George McKay; Parrish, Cyril Ring.

SECRETS OF SCOTLAND YARD—Republic:

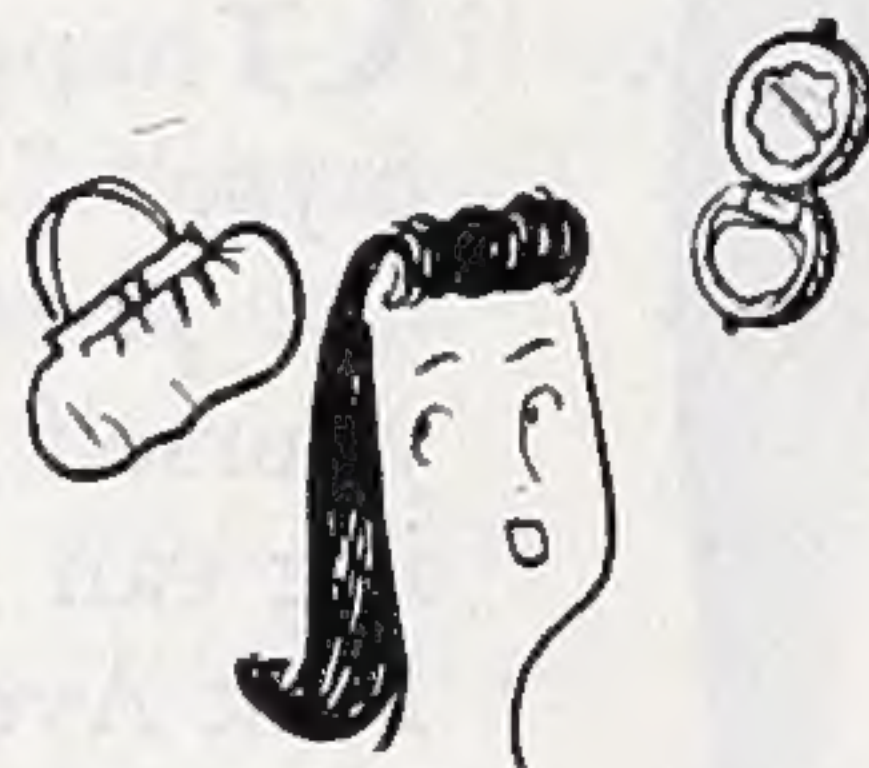
John Usher and Robert Usher, Edgar Barrier; Sudan Ainger, Stephanie Bachelor; Sir Christopher Pelt, C. Aubrey Smith; Sir Reginald Meade, Henry Stephenson; Waterlow, Lionel Atwill; Roylott Bevan, Walter Kingsford; Mortimer Cope, John Abbott; Mason, Frederic Worlock; Col. Hedley, Matthew Boulton; Alfred Morgan, Forrester Harvey; Col. Eberling, Louis V. Arco; Josef, Martin Koseleck.

SENSATIONS OF 1945—UA-Andrew Stone: Junior Crane, Dennis O'Keefe; Dan Lindsey, C. Aubrey Smith; Gus Crane, Eugene Pallette; Julia Wescott, Mimi Forsythe; Randall, Lyle Talbot; The Great Gustafson, Hubert Castle; Pendergast, Richard Hageman; Miss Grear, Marie Blake; Collins, Stanley Andrews; English Girl, Louise Currie; Photographer, Bert Toach; Doctor, Grandon Rhodes; Detective, Earl Hodgings; Mme Angostina, Constance Purdy; Silas Hawkins, Joe Devlin; Martinelli, George Humbert; Radio Announcer, Wendell Niles; Moroni, Anthony Warde; Mrs. Gustafson, Ruth Lee; and W. C. Fields, Sophie Tucker, Dorothy Donegan, The Christianis, Pallenberg Bears, Woody Herman and Cab Calloway Bands, David Lichine, Betty Wells, Gene Rodgers, Starless Night, Les Paul Trio, The Copelands, Mel Hall, Willie Pratt, Johnson Brothers, The Huberts.

SONG OF NEVADA—Republic: Roy, Roy Rogers; Kitty Hanley, Mary Lee; Joan Barrabee, Dale Evans; John Barrabee, Thurston Hall; Rollo Bingham, John Eldredge; Prof. Jeremiah Hanley, Lloyd Corrigan; Ferguson, LeRoy Mason; Col. Jack Thompson, Forrest Taylor; Matthews, Kenne Duncan, and the Sons of the Pioneers.

STEP LIVELY—RKO: Glen, Frank Sinatra; Miller, George Murphy; Wagner, Adolphe Menjou; Christine, Gloria De Haven; Gribble, Walter Slezak; Jenkins, Eugene Pallette; Binion, Wally Brown; Harry, Alan Carney; Dr. Glass, Grant Mitchell; Miss Abbott, Anne Jeffreys; Mother, Frances King; Father, Harry Noble.

CUTTING SOME



This is the "I Want" girl. She wants a new dress this fall—just to make her feel better; she wants a new compact; she wants a new purse...



This is Mr. C. D.—Mr. Civilian Demand—that is, everything the "I Want" girl desires multiplied by all the things her sisters all over America are deciding to buy this fall.



This is the figure of Civilian Supply—poor fellow, he gets smaller and smaller because a lot of his materials have gone to war. He's very discouraged—how can he ever keep pace with the needs of all those silly buyers?



And this is the villain of the piece—The Rising Cost of Living—he's growing by the minute because he has to keep pace with the uncontrolled Civilian Demand. After all, when more people want to buy more things, sellers ask higher prices and buyers will pay them.



And the hero—is you! You step in and rout the villain; stop buying unnecessary things, since you realize that when your demands are added to the thousands of others, prices go up; you pay your old debts; put your new savings into War Bonds and life insurance; and prices go down!

Finis: The war is won more quickly; America is that much nearer to happiness and peace.



China Doll



Blue Moss



Weeping Willow



Wistaria



Flowering Plum



Coolie



Opium Poppy



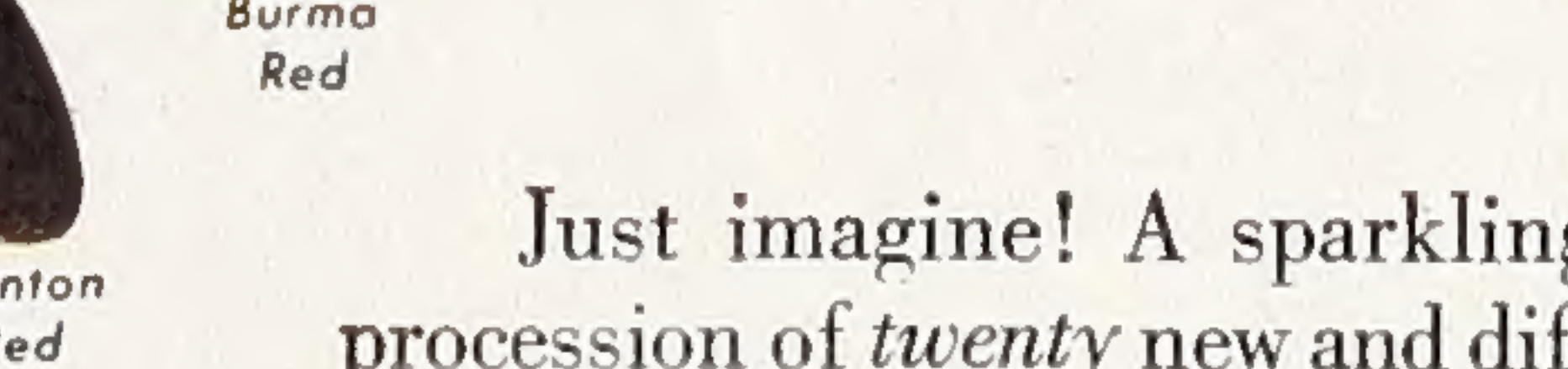
Brown Coral



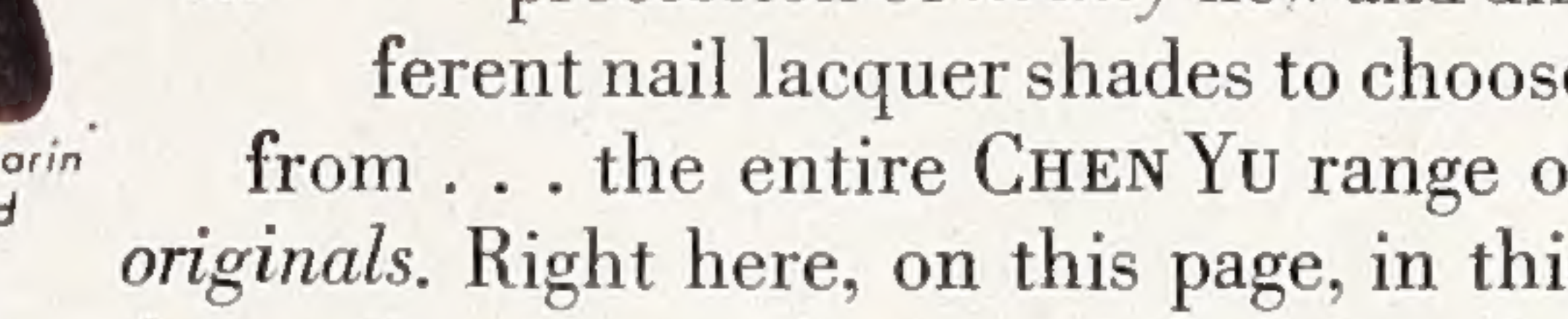
Temple Fire



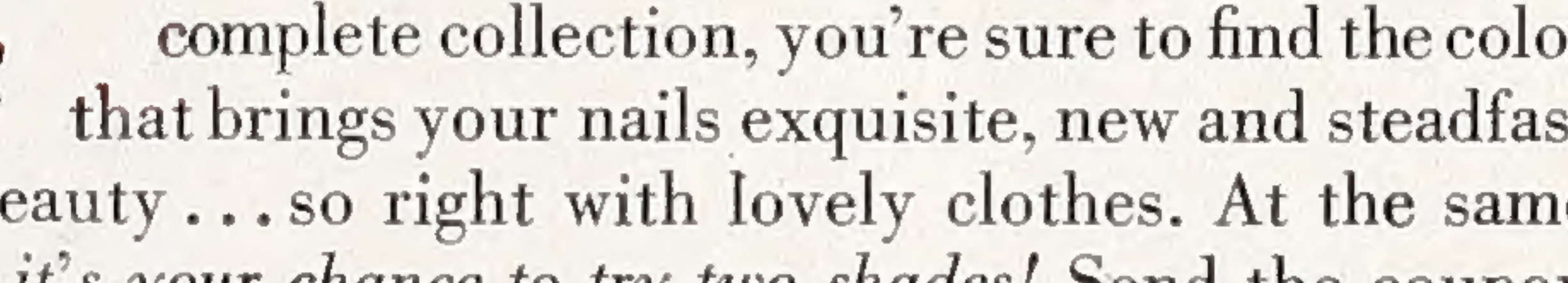
Dragon's Blood



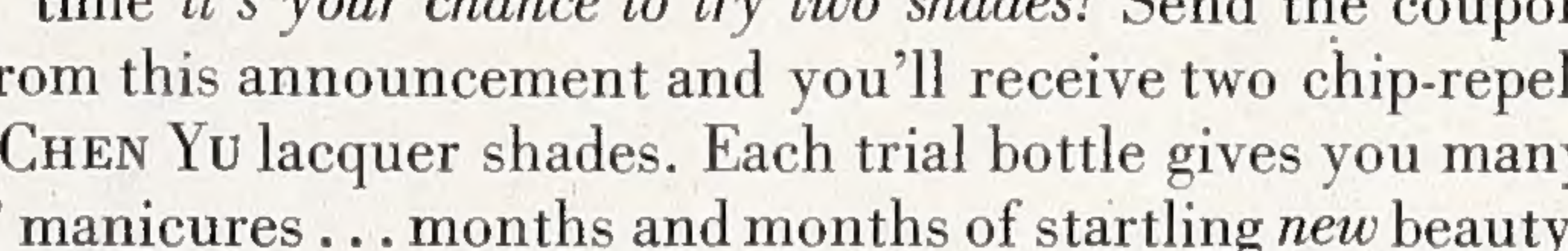
Burma Red



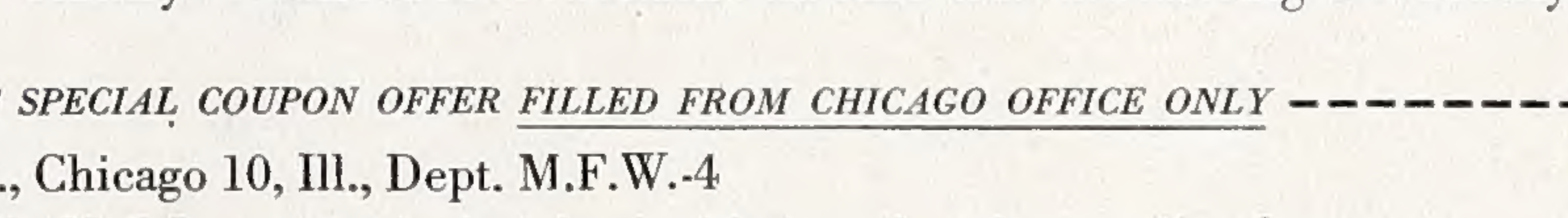
Canton Red



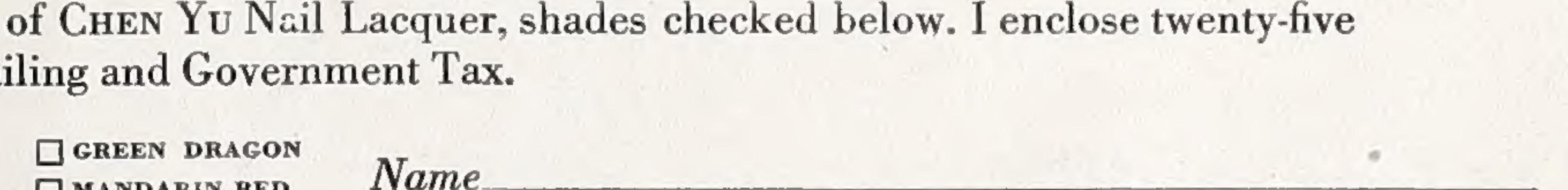
Mandarin Red



Opium Dream



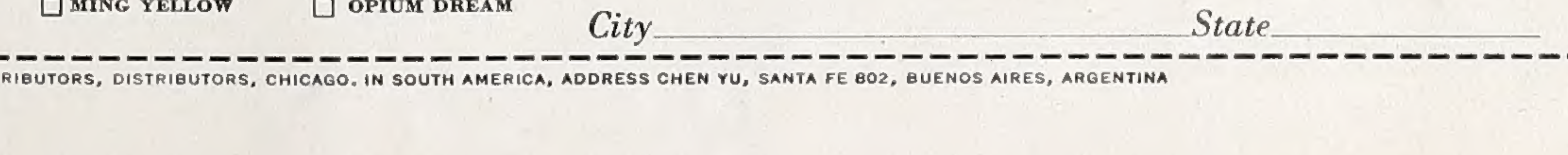
Heavenly Mauve



Royal Plum



Blue Dragon



Black Luster



Ming Yellow



Green Dragon

Please accept two trial bottles
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long-lasting nail lacquer
made in U. S. A



Just imagine! A sparkling procession of *twenty* new and different nail lacquer shades to choose from . . . the entire CHEN YU range of *originals*. Right here, on this page, in this complete collection, you're sure to find the color that brings your nails exquisite, new and steadfast beauty . . . so right with lovely clothes. At the same time *it's your chance to try two shades!* Send the coupon from this announcement and you'll receive two chip-repellent CHEN YU lacquer shades. Each trial bottle gives you many "luxury" manicures . . . months and months of startling *new* beauty.

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Send me two sample size flacons of CHEN YU Nail Lacquer, shades checked below. I enclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of packing, mailing and Government Tax.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> CHINA DOLL | <input type="checkbox"/> OPIUM POPPY | <input type="checkbox"/> GREEN DRAGON |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BLUE MOSS | <input type="checkbox"/> BROWN CORAL | <input type="checkbox"/> MANDARIN RED |
| <input type="checkbox"/> WEEPING WILLOW | <input type="checkbox"/> TEMPLE FIRE | <input type="checkbox"/> HEAVENLY MAUVE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> WISTARIA | <input type="checkbox"/> DRAGON'S BLOOD | <input type="checkbox"/> ROYAL PLUM |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FLOWERING PLUM | <input type="checkbox"/> BURMA RED | <input type="checkbox"/> BLUE DRAGON |
| <input type="checkbox"/> COOLIE | <input type="checkbox"/> CANTON RED | <input type="checkbox"/> BLACK LUSTER |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> MING YELLOW | <input type="checkbox"/> OPIUM DREAM |

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I've felt about Chesterfield ever
since I first sang for them
several years ago"

Bing Crosby



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Yes Sir... Millions know Chesterfields
always Satisfy... They're Cooler, Milder and
Better-Tasting. More smokers are finding this
out every day... so next time, do justice to
your taste... ask for Chesterfield's **RIGHT**
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